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ALDINE READERS



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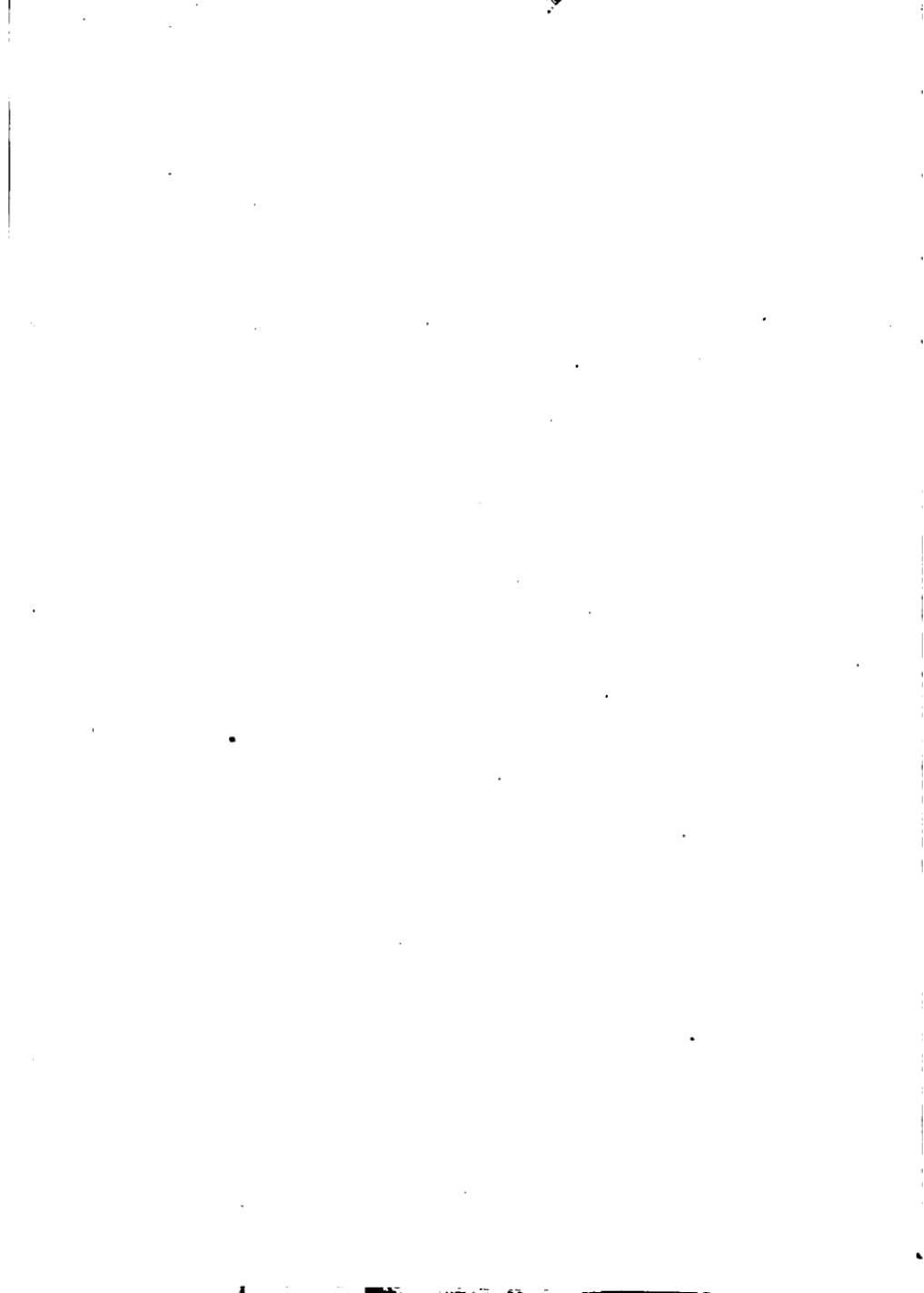
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ALDINE READERS BOOK FIVE

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PREFACE

THIS book is a basal fifth grade reader. It contains only critically selected material, most of which is representative of the writings of leading American and English authors. Every selection has literary merit.

In addition to their literary merit, and of no less importance, these selections are characterized by their power to interest and impress boys and girls of fifth grade age. To determine their power, every selection has been tested over and over again, with thousands of children; only those that ranked high in this crucial test have been given place in this book.

The chief and primary purpose of nearly every selection is inspiration rather than mere information. They appeal, as all real literature does, to fundamental, universal emotions and ideals.

The setting of these appeals covers the widest ranges of incident, space, and time. A suitable, but not excessive, proportion of the selections are quite "up-to-date," representing some of the best literature so far developed by the World War.

An original and, though increasingly imitated, still a distinguishing excellence of the Aldine Readers is found in the directions, suggestions, stimulus, and aids to the most interesting and successful use of the books, that are given throughout the series to pupils and teachers. Accompanying the Primer and the first two books is the incomparable Teacher's Manual —

"Learning to Read." In each of the five higher books of the series, including this book, a rare and most useful feature consists in the suggestions for study and the thought-provoking questions addressed to pupils under the caption, *Learning to Study and Think*, that follows each selection. Closely correlating with these directions to pupils are the *Suggestions to Teachers* in the Teacher's Edition.

These directions to pupils and suggestions to teachers are not of a kind to restrict the originality of pupils or teachers in their study and interpretation of the selections; on the contrary, as has been abundantly demonstrated, they are invaluable aids.

The selections from the writings of Henry W. Longfellow and Alice Cary are used by the kind permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of the works of these authors. Authors and publishers also make grateful acknowledgment for permission kindly granted to include in this book certain selections, as follows: to Harper & Brothers, for *The Troubles of a Lazy Little Boy*, by R. K. Munkittrick; to H. M. Caldwell Company, for *A Strange Witness*, from *Neddy, the Autobiography of a Donkey*; to D. C. Heath & Company, for *A Greedy Shepherd*, by Frances Browne; to Ginn & Company, for *The Rainbow Snake* and *Glooskap and the Winter Giant*, by Gilbert L. Wilson; and to the Century Company, for *Capturing a Torpedo*, by C. H. Claudy.

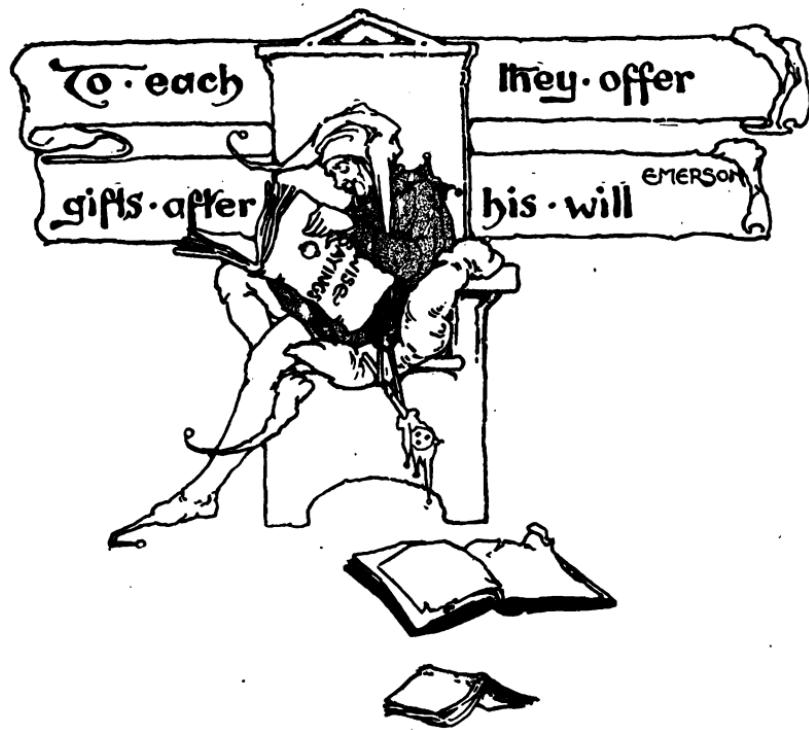
We would also express our obligations and gratitude to Mrs. R. D. C. Robbins for the use of *The Soldier's Reprieve*.

NEW HAVEN
August, 1920

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All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances.

Shakespeare

THE QUEEN'S CROQUET PARTY

A large rose tree stood near the entrance of the garden ; the roses growing on it were white, but there were three gardeners at it, busily painting them red. Alice thought this a very curious thing, and she went nearer to watch them, and just as she came up to them, she heard one of them say : " Look out now, Five ! Don't go splashing paint over me like that ! "

" I couldn't help it," said Five, in a sulky tone ; " Seven jogged my elbow."

On which Seven looked up and said : " That's right, Five ! Always lay the blame on others ! "

" You'd better not talk ! " said Five. " I heard the Queen say only yesterday you deserved to be beheaded."

" What for ? " said the one who had spoken first.

" That's none of *your* business, Two ! " said Seven.

" Yes, it *is* his business ! " said Five. " And I'll tell him — it was for bringing the cook tulip roots instead of onions."

Seven flung down his brush, and had just begun, "Well, of all the unjust things — " when his eye chanced to fall upon Alice, as she stood watching them, and he checked himself suddenly: the others looked round also, and all of them bowed low.

"Would you tell me, please," said Alice, a little timidly, "why you are painting those roses?"

Five and Seven said nothing, but looked at Two.

Two began, in a low voice: "Why, the fact is, you see, Miss, this here ought to have been a *red* rose tree, and we put a white one in by mistake, and if the Queen was to find it out, we should all have our heads cut off, you know. So, you see, Miss, we're doing our best, afore she comes, to — "

At this moment Five, who had been anxiously looking across the garden, called out: "The Queen! The Queen!" and the three gardeners instantly threw themselves flat upon their faces. There was a sound of many footsteps, and Alice looked round, eager to see the Queen.

First came ten soldiers carrying clubs; these were all shaped like the three gardeners, oblong and flat, with their hands and feet at the corners; next the ten courtiers; these were ornamented all over with diamonds, and walked two and two, as the soldiers did. After these came the royal children; there were ten of them.

and the little dears came jumping merrily along, hand in hand, in couples ; they were all ornamented with hearts. Next came the guests, mostly Kings and Queens, and among them Alice recognized the White Rabbit ; it was talking in a hurried, nervous manner, smiling at everything that was said, and went by without noticing her. Then followed the Knave of Hearts, carrying the King's crown on a crimson velvet cushion ; and last of all this grand procession came **THE KING AND THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.**

Alice was rather doubtful whether she ought not to lie down on her face like the three gardeners, but she could not remember ever having heard of such a rule at processions. "And, besides, what would be the use of a procession," thought she, "if people had all to lie down on their faces, so that they couldn't see it?" So she stood where she was, and waited.

When the procession came opposite to Alice, they all stopped and looked at her, and the Queen said severely, "Who is this?" She said it to the Knave of Hearts, who only bowed and smiled in reply.

"Idiot!" said the Queen, tossing her head impatiently ; and, turning to Alice, she went on, "What's your name, child?"

"My name is Alice, so please your Majesty," said Alice, very politely ; but she added to herself : "Why,

they're only a pack of cards, after all. I needn't be afraid of them!"

"And who are *these*?" said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners who were lying round the rose tree; for you see, as they were lying on their faces, and the pattern on their backs was the same as the rest of the pack, she could not tell whether they were gardeners, or soldiers, or courtiers, or three of her own children.

"How should *I* know?" said Alice, surprised at her own courage. "It's no business of *mine*."

The Queen turned crimson with fury, and began screaming: "Off with her head! Off with —"

"Nonsense!" said Alice, very loudly and decidedly, and the Queen was silent.

The King laid his hand upon her arm, and timidly said, "Consider, my dear; she is only a child!"

The Queen turned angrily away from him, and said to the Knave, "Turn them over!"

The Knave did so, very carefully, with one foot.

"Get up!" said the Queen, in a shrill, loud voice, and the three gardeners instantly jumped up, and began bowing to the King, the Queen, the royal children, and everybody else.

"Leave off that!" screamed the Queen. "You make me giddy." And then turning to the rose tree, she went on, "What *have* you been doing here?"



“May it please your Majesty,” said Two, in a very humble tone, going down on one knee as he spoke, “we were trying — ”

“I see!” said the Queen, who had meanwhile been examining the roses. “Off with their heads!” and the procession moved on, three of the soldiers remaining behind to execute the unfortunate gardeners, who ran to Alice for protection.

“You shan’t be beheaded!” said Alice, and she put them in a large flower pot that stood near. The three soldiers wandered about for a minute or two, looking for them, and then quietly marched off after the others.

“Are their heads off?” shouted the Queen.

“Their heads are gone, if it please your Majesty!” the soldiers shouted in reply.

“That’s right!” shouted the Queen. “Can you play croquet?”

The soldiers were silent and looked at Alice, as the question was evidently meant for her.

“Yes!” shouted Alice.

“Come on, then!” roared the Queen, and Alice joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.

“It’s — it’s a very fine day!” said a timid voice at her side. She was walking by the White Rabbit, who was peeping anxiously into her face.

“Very,” said Alice; “where’s the Duchess?”

“Hush! hush!” said the Rabbit, in a low, hurried tone. He looked anxiously over his shoulder as he spoke, and then raised himself upon tiptoe, put his mouth close to her ear, and whispered, “She’s under sentence of execution.”

“What for?” said Alice.

“Did you say, ‘What a pity’?” the Rabbit asked.

"No, I didn't," said Alice ; "I don't think it's at all a pity. I said, 'What for?'"

"She boxed the Queen's ears — " the Rabbit began. Alice gave a little scream of laughter. "Oh, hush!" the Rabbit whispered in a frightened tone. "The Queen will hear you. You see she came rather late, and the Queen said — "

"Get to your places!" shouted the Queen, in a voice of thunder, and people began running about in all directions, tumbling up against each other ; however, they got settled down in a minute or two, and the game began.

Alice thought she had never seen such a curious croquet ground in her life : it was all ridges and furrows, the croquet balls were live hedgehogs, and the mallets live flamingoes, and the soldiers had to double themselves up and stand on their hands and feet to make the arches.

The chief difficulty Alice found at first was in managing her flamingo ; she succeeded in getting its body tucked away, comfortably enough, under arm, with its legs hanging down, but generally, just as she had got its neck nicely straightened out and was going to give the hedgehog a blow with its head, it *would* twist itself round and look up in her face, with such a puzzled expression that she could not help bursting out laughing ;

and when she had got its head down and was going to begin again, it was very provoking to find that the hedgehog had unrolled itself and was in the act of crawling away: besides all this, there was generally a ridge or a furrow in the way wherever she wanted to send the hedgehog to, and, as the doubled-up soldiers were always getting up and walking off to other parts of the ground, Alice soon came to the conclusion that it was a very difficult game indeed.

The players all played at once without waiting for turns, quarreling all the while and fighting for the hedgehogs; and in a very short time the Queen was in a furious passion, and went stamping about and shouting “Off with his head!” or “Off with her head!” about once in a minute.

Alice began to feel very uneasy; to be sure, she had not as yet had any dispute with the Queen; but she knew that it might happen any minute. “And then,” thought she, “what would become of me? They’re dreadfully fond of beheading people here; the great wonder is, that there’s any one left alive!”

She was looking about for some way of escape and wondering whether she could get away without being seen, when she noticed a curious appearance in the air; it puzzled her very much at first, but after watching it a minute or two she made it out to be a grin, and she said

to herself, "It's the Cheshire Cat; now I shall have somebody to talk to."

"How are you getting on?" said the Cat, as soon as there was mouth enough for it to speak with.

Alice waited till the eyes appeared, and then nodded. "It's no use speaking to it," she thought, "till its ears have come, or at least one of them." In another minute the whole head appeared, and then Alice put down her flamingo and began an account of the game, feeling very glad she had some one to listen to her. The Cat seemed to think that there was enough of it now in sight, and no more of it appeared.

"I don't think they play at all fairly," Alice began, in rather a complaining tone, "and they all quarrel so dreadfully one can't hear one's self speak — and they don't seem to have any rules in particular; at least, if there are, nobody attends to them — and you've no idea how confusing it is all the things being alive; for instance, there's the arch I've got to go through next, walking about at the other end of the ground — and I should have croqueted the Queen's hedgehog just now, only it ran away when it saw mine coming!"

"How do you like the Queen?" said the Cat, in a low voice.

"Not at all," said Alice; "she's so extremely —" Just then she noticed that the Queen was close behind

her, listening; so she went on “likely to win, that it’s hardly worth while finishing the game.”

The Queen smiled and passed on.

“Who *are* you talking to?” said the King, coming up to Alice and looking at the Cat’s head with great curiosity.

“It’s a friend of mine — a Cheshire Cat,” said Alice; “allow me to introduce it.”

“I don’t like the look of it at all,” said the King; “however, it may kiss my hand, if it likes.”

“I’d rather not,” the Cat remarked.

“Don’t be impertinent,” said the King, “and don’t look at me like that!” He got behind Alice as he spoke.

“A cat may look at a king,” said Alice. “I’ve read that in some book, but I don’t remember where.”

“Well, it must be removed,” said the King, very decidedly; and he called to the Queen, who was passing at the moment, “My dear! I wish you would have this cat removed!”

The Queen had only one way of settling all difficulties, great or small. “Off with his head!” she said, without even looking round.

“I’ll fetch the executioner myself,” said the King, eagerly, and he hurried off.

Alice thought she might as well go back and see how the game was going on, as she heard the Queen’s voice

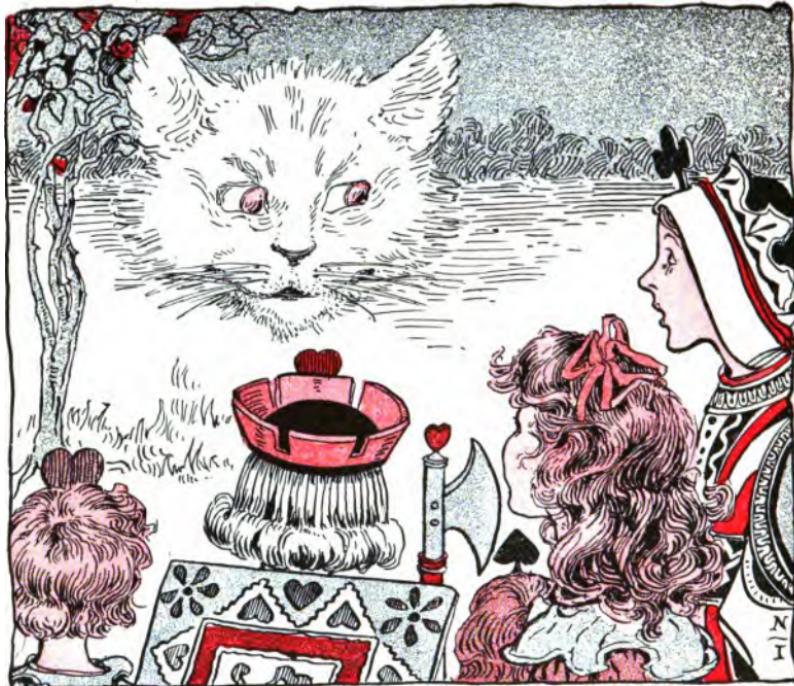
in the distance, screaming with passion. She had already heard her sentence three of the players to be executed for having missed their turns, and she did not like the look of things at all, as the game was in such confusion that she never knew whether it was her turn or not. So she went off in search of her hedgehog.

The hedgehog was engaged in a fight with another hedgehog, which seemed to Alice an excellent opportunity for croqueting one of them with the other: the only difficulty was, that her flamingo was gone across to the other side of the garden, where Alice could see it trying in a helpless sort of way to fly up into a tree.

By the time she had caught the flamingo and brought it back, the fight was over and both of the hedgehogs were out of sight; "But it doesn't matter much," thought Alice, "as all the arches are gone from this side of the ground." So she tucked it away under her arm, that it might not escape again, and went back to have a little more conversation with her friend.

When she got back to the Cheshire Cat, she was surprised to find quite a large crowd collected round it. There was a dispute going on between the executioner, the King, and the Queen, who were all talking at once, while all the rest were quite silent and looked very uncomfortable.

The moment Alice appeared, she was appealed to by



all three to settle the question, and they repeated their arguments to her, though, as they all spoke at once, she found it very hard to make out exactly what they said.

The executioner's argument was, that you couldn't cut off a head unless there was a body to cut it off from : that he had never had to do such a thing before, and he wasn't going to begin at *his* time of life.

The King's argument was, that anything that had a head could be beheaded, and that you weren't to talk nonsense.

The Queen's argument was, that if something wasn't done about it in less than no time, she'd have everybody executed, all around. It was this last remark that had made the whole party look so grave and anxious.

Alice could think of nothing else to say but, "It belongs to the Duchess ; you'd better ask *her* about it."

"She's in prison," the Queen said to the executioner ; "fetch her here." And the executioner went off like an arrow.

The Cat's head began fading away the moment he was gone, and, by the time he had come back with the Duchess, it had entirely disappeared : so the King and the executioner ran wildly up and down, looking for it, while the rest of the party went back to the game.

— LEWIS CARROLL

Learning to Study and Think

Find the meaning of the following words in the dictionary : *recognized, courtiers, fury, giddy, execute, provoking, appeared, impertinent, execution, opportunity*. Find each word in the story, and read aloud the sentence in which it appears, using in place of each some other word which has the same meaning.

Make a list of all the words you can find in the story

which express anger. Who is the person whom all these words are used to describe?

Why were the gardeners called Two, Five, and Seven? Why were they painting the roses? Can you suggest a better plan?

What word could be used in place of *severely*, on page 11? Instead of *dispute*, on page 16?

Was Alice afraid of the Queen? Why? Was any one afraid of her? Why?

Have you ever played croquet? How was the Queen's croquet game different from the game that you have played?

Why did Alice interrupt herself so suddenly? Did she give her real reason for disliking the Queen? What do you think she was going to say?

Why did the King get behind Alice when he was talking to the cat?

Why did the executioner refuse to behead the cat? How did the dispute end?

Would you like to read all of the book from which this story comes? Your teacher will tell you the title.

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek :
He looked again, and found it was
The middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that it cannot speak!"

—LEWIS CARROLL

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF SINBAD

After my first voyage, I meant to spend the rest of my days at Bagdad, but I soon grew weary of an idle life, and put to sea a second time, with merchants of known honesty. We embarked on board a good ship, and after committing ourselves to God, set sail. We traded from island to island with great profit.

One day we landed on an island where we could see neither man nor animal. There were many fruits and flowers, and whilst some were gathering them, I took my wine and food, and sat down near a stream betwixt two high trees which formed a thick shade. I made a good meal, and afterwards fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was gone.

In this sad plight, I was ready to die with grief. I cried out in agony, beat my head and breast, and threw myself upon the ground, where I lay some time in despair. Why was I not content with the produce of my first voyage, which would have kept me in comfort all my life? But it was too late to repent.

At last I resigned myself to the will of God. Not knowing what to do, I climbed to the top of a lofty tree, where I could look about on all sides for signs of hope. Towards the sea, there was nothing but sky

and water. Looking over the land, I saw something white, and, coming down, took some of the food I had left, and went towards it, not knowing at the great distance what it was.

As I drew near, I thought it to be a white dome of enormous size ; and when I touched it, I found it to be very smooth. There was no opening on any side, and there was no climbing to the top over the smooth surface. It was at least fifty paces round.

By this time the sun was about to set, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was amazed at this sudden darkness, but much more when I found it was caused by a bird of monstrous size that came flying towards me. I remembered that I had often heard mariners speak of a marvelous bird called the roc, and felt sure that the great dome by which I stood must be its egg.

As I saw her coming, I crept close to the egg, so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, which was as big as the trunk of a tree. I tied myself strongly to it with my turban, in hopes that the roc next morning would carry me with her out of this desert island.

After having passed the night in this condition, the bird flew away as soon as it was daylight, and carried me so high that I could not see the earth. Then she descended with so much speed that I lost my senses.

But when I found myself on the ground, I quickly untied the knot, and had scarcely done so when the roc, having taken up a serpent of monstrous length in her bill, flew away.

The spot where I was left was surrounded on all sides by mountains, that seemed to reach above the clouds, and so steep that I could not possibly get out of the valley. It seemed to me that the place was no better than the desert island from which the roc had brought me.

As I walked through the valley, I found it strewed with diamonds of a surprising bigness. But the pleasure of looking at them was soon destroyed by another sight, which filled me with terror, namely, a great number of serpents, so monstrous that the least of them could swallow an elephant. In the daytime they hid in their dens from their enemy, the roc, and came out only in the night.

I spent the day walking about in the valley. When night came, I went into a cave where I thought I might rest in safety. I closed the low and narrow entrance with a great stone, to preserve me from the serpents, but did not shut out all the light. Soon the serpents began hissing around me and put me in such extreme fear that I could not sleep. When day appeared the serpents retired, and I came out of the cave trembling.

I can justly say that I walked upon diamonds without feeling any desire to touch them. At last I sat down, and ate some of my food, and, in spite of my fears, fell asleep, for I had not closed my eyes during the night.

Scarcely were they shut when something that fell by me with a great noise awoke me. This was a large piece of raw meat, and at the same time I saw several others fall down from the rocks in different places.

I had never believed what I had heard sailors and others tell of the valley of diamonds, and of the means employed by merchants to obtain jewels from it. But now I found that I had heard the truth. Merchants come to the neighborhood of this valley when the eagles have young ones, and throw great joints of meat into it; the diamonds, upon whose points they fall, stick to them; the eagles, which are stronger in this country than anywhere else, pounce with great force upon these pieces of meat, and carry them to their nests on the edge of the rocks to feed their young; then the merchants run to their nests, drive off the eagles by their shouts, and take away the diamonds that stick to the meat.

By this device I saw the means of my escape.

I gathered the largest diamonds I could find, and put them into a leather bag fastened at my waist.



Then I took the largest of the pieces of meat, tied it close around me with the cloth of my turban, and laid myself upon the ground, with my face downwards. I had scarcely placed myself thus when one of the eagles bore me, with the piece of meat to which I was fastened, to his nest on the top of the mountain.

The merchants at once began their shouting to

frighten the eagles, and when they had driven the birds away, one of them came to the nest where I was. He was much alarmed when he first saw me, but soon began to quarrel, and asked me why I stole his goods.

“Do not be uneasy,” said I; “here are diamonds enough for you and me, more than all the others have together. They have to take what chance brings them; but I chose for myself, in the valley, those which you see in this bag.”

The other merchants now crowded around in amazement, and led me to their camp. When I showed them the diamonds in my bag, they confessed that they had never seen any of such size and beauty. I prayed the merchant who owned the nest to which I was carried (for every merchant had his own) to take for his share as many as he pleased. He contented himself with one, and that the least of them, and, when I urged him to take more, said :

“No, this will save me the trouble of making any more voyages, and will raise as great a fortune as I desire.”

When each of the merchants was satisfied with the diamonds which the eagles brought them, we left the place, and traveled near high mountains, where there were serpents of prodigious length, and from these we

had the good fortune to escape. We took ship at the first port we reached, and touched at the Isle of Roha, where the trees grow that yield camphor. Here, also, is found the rhinoceros. This animal fights with the elephant, runs his horn into the belly, and carries him off upon his head ; but when the blood and fat of the elephant run into his eyes and make him blind, he falls to the ground ; then, strange to relate, the roc comes and carries them both away in her claws, for food for her young ones.

In this island I exchanged my diamonds for merchandise. After trading at various towns, we landed at Bussorah, whence I proceeded to Bagdad. There I gave large presents to the poor, and lived in honor upon the vast riches I had gained with so much fatigue.

— ARABIAN NIGHTS' TALES

Learning to Study and Think

Make a list of the things in the story that were remarkable for their bigness. Make another list of the words and groups of words that express great size.

What is a turban ?

Write these words in a column and put opposite each a word having the same meaning : *embarked, plight, resigned, lofty, amazed, mariners, device.*

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might ;
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
“It’s very rude of him,” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun !”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry ;
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky ;
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand.

“If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “it would be grand!”

“If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“That they could get it clear?”
“I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

“O Oysters, come and walk with us!”
The Walrus did beseech.
“A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach;
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said;
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —



And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low;

And all the little Oysters stood,
And waited in a row.

“The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings.”

“But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,
“Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!”
“No hurry!” said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

“A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,
“Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed —
Now, if you’re ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.”

“But not on us!” the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
“After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!”

“The night is fine,” the Walrus said,
“Do you admire the view?

“It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!”
The Carpenter said nothing but
“Cut us another slice;
I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I’ve had to ask you twice!”

“It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,
“To play them such a trick,
After we’ve brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!”
The Carpenter said nothing but
“The butter’s spread too thick!”

“I weep for you,” the Walrus said;
“I deeply sympathize.”
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

“O Oysters,” said the Carpenter,
“You’ve had a pleasant run!

Shall we be trotting home again?"

But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

—LEWIS CARROLL

Learning to Study and Think

What strange and unusual happenings do you find in the poem?

What is the meaning of *billows*, *sulkily*, *wept*, *beseech*, *briny*, *eager*, *dismal*? Consult your dictionary.

What did the Walrus mean when he said,

"We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each"?

Did they get more than four? Do you think they wanted more?

Why did the eldest Oyster not go with them? Did he know what the Walrus and the Carpenter were planning to do? What do you find in the poem that makes you think so?

Did the Walrus and the Carpenter really sympathize with the Oysters? What were they doing all the time they were weeping and saying sympathetic words? Read some lines from the poem which answer this question.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

Success was not always with me. I had the misfortune to be overpowered by numbers, to be made prisoner of war; and, what is worse, but always usual among the Turks, to be sold for a slave. In that state of humiliation my daily task was not very hard and laborious, but rather singular and irksome. It was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to their pasture grounds, to attend them all the day long, and at night to drive them back to their hives.

One evening I missed a bee, and soon observed that two bears had fallen upon her, to tear her to pieces for the honey she carried. I had nothing like an offensive weapon in my hands but the silver hatchet which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. I threw it at the robbers, with an intention to frighten them away and set the poor bee at liberty; but by an unlucky turn of my arm, it flew upwards, and continued rising till it reached the moon. How should I recover it? how fetch it down again?

I recollect that Turkey beans grow very quickly and run up to an astonishing height. I planted one immediately; it grew, and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns. I had no more to do now but to climb up by it into the moon, where I

safely arrived, and had a troublesome piece of business before I could find my silver hatchet, in a place where everything has the brightness of silver; at last, however, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw.

I was now for returning; but, alas! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean; it was totally useless for my descent; so I fell to work, and twisted me a rope of that chopped straw, as long and as well as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's horns, and slid down to the end of it. Here I held myself fast with the left hand, and with the hatchet in my right, I cut the long, now useless, end of the upper part, which, when tied to the lower end, brought me a good deal lower: this repeated splicing and tying of the rope did not improve its quality, nor bring me down to the Sultan's farm.

I was four or five miles from the earth at least when it broke; I fell to the ground with such amazing violence that I found myself stunned, and in a hole nine fathoms deep at least, made by the weight of my body falling from so great a height. I recovered, but knew not how to get out again; however, I dug slopes or steps with my finger nails (the baron's nails were then of forty years' growth), and easily accomplished it.

Peace was soon after concluded with the Turks, and gaining my liberty, I left for St. Petersburg at the time of that singular revolution when the emperor in his cradle, his mother, the Duke of Brunswick, her father, Field-marshal Munich, and many others were sent to Siberia. The winter was then so uncommonly severe all over Europe that ever since the sun seems to be frostbitten. On my return to this place, I felt on the road greater inconveniences than those I had experienced on my setting out.

I traveled post, and finding myself in a narrow lane, bid the postilion give a signal with his horn, that other travelers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might; but his endeavors were in vain, he could not make the horn sound, which was unaccountable and rather unfortunate, for soon after we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming the other way.

There was no proceeding; however, I got out of my carriage, and being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head; I then jumped over a hedge about nine feet high (which, considering the weight of the coach, was rather difficult) into a field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other carriage; I then went back for the horses, and placing one upon my head and the other under my

left arm, by the same means brought them to my coach, put to, and proceeded to an inn at the end of our stage.

I should have told you that the horse under my arm was very spirited and not above four years old; in making my second spring over the hedge, he expressed great dislike to that violent kind of motion by kicking and snorting; however, I confined his hind legs by putting them into my coat pocket. After we arrived at the inn, my postilion and I refreshed ourselves: he hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire; I sat on the other side.

Suddenly we heard a *tereng, tereng, teng, teng*. We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn; his tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver; so that the honest fellow entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes, without putting his mouth to the horn, — “The King of Prussia’s March,” “Over the Hill and over the Dale,” with many other favorite tunes; at length the thawing entertainment concluded, as I shall this short account of my Russian travels.

— RUDOLPH ERICH RASPE

Learning to Study and Think

Do you find this story funny? Can you tell what makes it seem funny to you? Make a list of all the impossible things that you find in this story.

Do you think that the hatchet was worth a trip to the moon? What do you suppose happened to the poor bee while the baron was gone?

Can you explain how he descended from the moon?

Use a word that means the same in place of each of the following words where it appears in the story : *humiliation*, *singular*, *irksome*, *splicing*, *fathoms*, *postilion*, *endeavors*, *unaccountable*, *proceeded*. If you do not know the meaning of any of these words, look them up in the dictionary. .

THE RAINBOW SNAKE

Have you heard of the beautiful rainbow snake
Whose scales move to and fro,
As he arches his back to the blue sky floor,
And scratches off rain and snow?

Away in the West, where the Indians dwell,
In the land of the buffalo,
They tell this tale of the Rainbow Snake
Who sends down rain and snow.

Long, long ago, ere the white man came,
The rivers and lakes ran low,
And the brooks dried up, and the fishes died,
And the elk and the buffalo.

And the Indians cried, "Alas, we die!
No longer the rose pods grow;
And the rivers and brooks and ponds are dry,
For there falls no rain nor snow."

Then a little snake wriggled him out of the grass
And said, "My brothers, I know
That if I can only climb up to the sky,
I can send down rain and snow.

"For of blue, blue ice is the blue sky floor,
And it maketh the cold winds blow;
And if I can only climb up to the ice,
I can scrape down rain and snow."

So the little snake stretched and stretched himself,
And made himself grow and grow,
Until he was long as a river is long
Whose waters to ocean flow.

And he climbed the clouds to the cold ice sky,
Where his tail and his head drop low,
As he arches his back to the blue sky floor
And scratches off rain and snow.

For he wriggles, and wriggles, and wriggles himself,
And his scales move to and fro,
And scrapes the ice sky in the winter time,
And then we have beautiful snow.

But when in the summer he wriggles himself,
And the clouds roll over the plain,
The ice flakes melt as they fall to earth,
And then we have beautiful rain.

And still in the sky is the Rainbow Snake,
The serpent of long ago ;
And he wriggles, and wriggles, and wriggles himself,
And scratches off rain and snow.

— GILBERT L. WILSON

Learning to Study and Think

Among what people is this story told? What is it intended to explain?

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale !

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws !

THE TROUBLES OF A LAZY LITTLE BOY

Once upon a time there was a very lazy little boy. He never did any work that he could avoid, and any task that he was obliged to perform he did unwillingly, and with a long, sad face. At school he seldom knew his lessons, because he would not spend the time necessary to learn them; and when his teacher "kept him in" after school hours, the punishment had little effect on him, because he had only to sit still.

One day his parents went off on a visit, to be gone several days. Before leaving, they told him to cut up some branches of trees that were lying around the place, and to put them in the wood bin in the cellar.

After they had gone the lazy little boy sat down beside the wood and moaned, and drew his jacket sleeve across his face to remove the tears of discontent that coursed down his cheeks.

"I wish this wood would break itself up and take itself into the house, and that all my work would do itself. Then I should have nothing to do but play. But of course I can't be in such a fairyland as that would be."

"Yes, you can," said a Bumblebee that had alighted on a rose near by. "I have just signaled a number

of my fellow-bees and some ants. They are all hard workers, and from them I am going to select a jury to decide whether you are guilty or not."

The lazy little boy did not like the idea of being talked to in this way by a Bee, and he felt disposed to make some rude reply, but checked himself at thought of the Bee's sting and his ability to use it.

"Suppose you decide that I am guilty?" asked the lazy little boy. "What then?"

"Then," replied the Bee, in a tone of authority, "you shall not be obliged to take the slightest trouble about anything. Your work shall do itself, and you shall be in the kind of fairyland you just spoke of: That wood will break itself and go into the house, and your other duties will perform themselves."

"Good! good!" said the lazy little boy. "I shall be happy now." And he smiled kindly upon the Bee.

The Bee then plucked a number of rose leaves, and on each of twelve of them there was a dewdrop.

"The leaves without dewdrops are the blanks," remarked the Bee, "and those with the dewdrops on them mean that the bees and ants drawing them must serve on the jury."

Then the Bee took these leaves and dropped them into a great new-blown lily; and as he did this, he summoned a Bat to come down and do the drawing,



because the Bat was blind, and could not tell which leaves were gemmed and which were not.

And the Bat drew a leaf when a name was called, and the jury was soon selected. It consisted of about equal numbers of bees and ants, and they sat side by side in two rows upon one of the limbs that the lazy little boy had been ordered to cut.

The Bee that was to be the judge sat opposite, just under a large red rose, and looked very severe. A few humming-birds and butterflies lingered around to hear

the trial, and an indolent old spider stretched himself in his web and blinked lazily at the proceedings.

After the Bee had related the story of the lazy little boy's complaint on being asked to do an easy and reasonable piece of work, he asked the jury what they thought about it, and the jury looked very much concerned, as though it had a solemn case to decide.

So just as soon as the judge bee had concluded his story, the jury retired. The six ants got on the backs of the six bees, and they flew away into a crimson hollyhock that was so high from the ground that no one could hear what they were talking about. After they had been in the hollyhock about a minute, they agreed on a verdict ; and when they had returned to their seats, they pronounced the lazy little boy guilty, and the Bee sentenced him to become subject to his own wish.

After the judge and jury had departed, the lazy little boy sat looking at the limbs he had been ordered to chop. Much to his surprise, they began to bend themselves backward and forward until they broke themselves into pieces small enough to fit an ordinary fireplace. When the limbs were broken, the straight pieces rolled across the yard, and down the cellar steps, and over to the wood bin. The pieces that ended in forks and had twigs on them joined twigs as people would join hands, and scampered gayly down the

cellar steps, occasionally dancing a cotillion or playing leapfrog on the way. In a very short time the wood had got itself into the bin, and ceased its antics. The lazy little boy then attempted to close the cellar door; but before he could take hold of it, it slammed itself shut, as though by an angry gust of wind.

The lazy little boy was frightened, but as he was being relieved of unpleasant labor, he thought it was, on the whole, a good thing. What an advantage he would enjoy over his companions, and how they would envy him while watching him at play from morning until night!

When he went up to bed, his shoestrings, which were in hard knots, untied themselves, and his clothes unbuttoned themselves, and after his nightgown had jumped over his head and fastened around his neck, the bedclothes turned down and then over him up to his ears, and he was soon asleep.

In the morning his clothes put themselves on, and his shoes tied themselves, and the comb and brush danced all over his hair. Then he had to go down to build the fire — a duty that he disliked very much.

When he went into the kitchen, the lids lifted themselves off the range, the tongs ran across the room, got into the range, and jumped right out of the ashes into the scuttle with a cinder between its feet. The poker

commenced poking, and the shovel cleaning the ashes out. This being done, a newspaper rolled itself up into a ball and bounced into the range; and when the lazy little boy opened the cellar door to go down for an armful of wood, he was met by a whole army of twigs and forks swarming up the steps. They climbed up the coal-scuttle, and jumped into the range, and lay down on the paper. Then a match sprang down off the mantelpiece, and stood on its head on the hearthstone, and whirled around until it lighted, when it flew up like a little sky rocket, and descended through the twigs upon the paper ball, and started the fire. By this time the old black pot had hobbled back from the faucet on its three short legs, and was patiently waiting to boil.

“This seems as real as a pantomime,” said the lazy little boy. And then the stovepipes nudged each other with their elbows, and thought it capital fun.

While the lazy little boy was thinking about his good fortune, he sat down in the rocking chair and tried to rock it; but the chair began rocking itself so violently that he almost became seasick. Away went the old chair rocking all over the room as hard as it could, and the lazy little boy felt like calling for help and having some one catch the chair and hold it until he could get out. Finally he made up his

mind to jump out, but no sooner had he conceived the idea than the chair hurled him against the wall and made him ache all over.

Later in the day he saw an idle dog skulking around the place, and when he went to pick up a nice smooth stone lying near to throw at him, the stone flew off the ground like a bird, and frightened the dog into hasty flight.

Then the lazy little boy walked over to the piazza to get his wagon, but as soon as he got near this favorite toy, it started down the walk so fast that he could not overtake it. It then struck him that if he got on his stilts, he might catch the wagon, as he would be able to take such long strides ; so he ran for his stilts, that he might get them before the wagon was out of sight ; but just as he was about to take hold of them, they ran down the path and through the gate, just as the wagon had done. They took longer strides than ever, and he could no more catch them than he could the wind.

Then he thought he would go out and take a swing, because he knew the swing was tied up, and could not fly from him, as the wagon and stilts had done. So he got into the swing, and it sent him flying back and forth so swiftly that the branches of the trees looked like one great cobweb. He became greatly alarmed for

fear the swing might change its motions, and instead of flying backward and forward, keep going in one direction, until it should finally wind itself entirely up around the crossbeam and leave him on it to get down as best he could.

He therefore made up his mind to jump out of the swing. Just as he formed this resolution the swing shot him into the air, just as the rocking chair had done, and he fell into a large rosebush, and his hands and face and clothing were torn by the briars.

“I wish I could get a chance to do something myself occasionally,” moaned the lazy little boy.

“Oh, you do, do you?” buzzed the Bumblebee, who overheard his remark. “Not long ago you wished everything would do itself for you.”

“But when I don’t do my own work, everything goes wrong.”

“You will generally find it that way in this world,” remarked the Bee. “Perhaps you begin to realize that work was put into the world for us to do and not for us to shirk.”

“I do.”

“Do you wish to go on having things done for you, or will you take them just as they are?”

The little boy said he would take them just as they were.

"Then do you wish to be released from your own wish?" asked the Bee.

"If you please," said the boy.

"You know you will have to work," said the Bee.

"I think I *want* to work," said the little boy, timidly.

The Bee gave a loud buzz, and disappeared.

And when the little boy found that he could rub his own eyes and scratch his own head in wonderment, and that things did not do themselves any longer, he became the happiest as well as the most industrious little boy in all that great country.

— R. K. MUNKITTRICK

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Learning to Study and Think

What is meant by "which leaves were gemmed," on page 45? What gem is a dewdrop like?

How was the jury in this story drawn, or selected? Ask your teacher how a real jury is drawn.

What is meant by "the jury retired"? Where does a real jury go when it retires? Where did this jury go?

What is meant by "they agreed on a verdict"? What was their verdict, — guilty or not guilty? Of what was he guilty? After a jury pronounces a person guilty, who sentences him, or says what his punishment shall be?

What is meant by "the Bee sentenced him to become subject to his own wish"?

What is meant by "dancing a cotillion"?

Did you ever make a wish like the lazy little boy in the story? Do you think that you would like to have your own work do itself in this way?

Write a list of the pleasant things that happened as a result of the little boy's wish; of the unpleasant ones.

Look up these words in the dictionary: *avoid, signaled, authority, indolent, related, pantomime*.

THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY

The Gryphon led Alice to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.

"This here young lady," said the Gryphon, "she wants for to know your history, she do."

"I'll tell it her," said the Mock Turtle, in a deep, hollow tone. "Sit down, both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished."

So they sat down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Alice thought to herself, "I don't see how he can ever finish if he doesn't begin." But she waited patiently.

"Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle."

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of "Hjckrrh!" from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing

of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, "Thank you, sir, for your interesting story," but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.

"When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old turtle — we used to call him Tortoise —"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle, angrily. "Really, you are very dull!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon; and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth.

At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle: "Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!" and he went on in these words:

"Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it —"

"I never said I didn't!" interrupted Alice.

"You did!" said the Mock Turtle.

"Hold your tongue!" added the Gryphon, before

Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on :

“We had the best of educations — in fact, we went to school every day — ”

“*I've* been to a day school, too,” said Alice ; “you needn't be so proud as all that.”

“With *extras*?” asked the Mock Turtle, a little anxiously.

“Yes,” said Alice, “we learned French and music.”

“And washing?” said the Mock Turtle.

“Certainly not!” said Alice, indignantly.

“Ah ! then yours wasn't a really good school,” said the Mock Turtle, in a tone of great relief. “Now at ours they had at the end of the bill, ‘French, music, and washing — extra.’ ”

“You couldn't have wanted it much,” said Alice, “living at the bottom of the sea.”

“I couldn't afford to learn it,” said the Mock Turtle, with a sigh. “I only took the regular course.”

“What was that?” inquired Alice.

“Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with,” the Mock Turtle replied ; “and then the different branches of Arithmetic, — Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.”

“I never heard of ‘Uglification,’ ” Alice ventured to say. “What is it?”

The Gryphon lifted up both his paws in surprise. "Never heard of uglifying!" he exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Alice, doubtfully; "it means — to — make — anything — prettier."

"Well, then," the Gryphon went on, "if you don't know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton."

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it; so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said, "What else had you to learn?"

"Well, there was Mystery," the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers, — "Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography; then Drawling — the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week; *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils."

"What was *that* like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it you, myself," the Mock Turtle said; "I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it."

"Hadn't time," said the Gryphon; "I went to the Classical-master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was."

"I never went to him," the Mock Turtle said with a sigh; "he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say."

"So he did, so he did," said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn, and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle; "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked; "because they lessen from day to day."

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. "Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?"

"Of course it was," said the Mock Turtle.

"And how did you manage on the twelfth?" Alice went on eagerly.

"That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted, in a very decided tone.

— LEWIS CARROLL

Learning to Study and Think

Did Alice obey the Mock Turtle's order not to speak a word until he had finished his story?

Make a list of all the subjects which the Mock Turtle studied. Then write each of the school subjects which it reminds you of: Reeling—Reading; Writhing—Writing.

Can you explain the line "We called him Tortoise because he taught us"? Find other puns in the story.

There are two living countries
the one visible & the one invisible;

And when it is winter with us Years
it is summer in that country.



Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
 O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd?
 O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
 O sweet content, O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
 Honest labor bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny, nonny, hey nonny, nonny!

T. Dekker

THE LARK AND THE ROOK

“Good night, Sir Rook!” said a little lark,
“The daylight fades; it will soon be dark;
I’ve bathed my wings in the sun’s last ray,
I’ve sung my hymn to the parting day;
So now I haste to my quiet nook
In yon dewy meadow — good night, Sir Rook!”

“Good night, poor Lark,” said his titled friend,
With a haughty toss and a distant bend;
“I also go to my rest profound,
But not to sleep on the cold, damp ground:
The fittest place for a bird like me
Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine tree.

“I opened my eyes at peep of day
And saw you taking your upward way,
Dreaming your fond romantic dreams,
An ugly speck in the sun’s bright beams,
Soaring too high to be seen or heard,
And I said to myself: ‘ What a foolish bird ! ’

“I trod the park with a princely air,
I filled my crop with the richest fare ;
I cawed all day 'mid a lordly crew,
And I made more noise in the world than you !
The sun shone forth on my ebon wing ;
I looked and wondered — good night, poor thing !”

“Good night, once more,” said the lark’s sweet voice,
“I see no cause to repent my choice ;
You build your nest in the lofty pine,
But is your slumber more sweet than mine ?
You make more noise in the world than I,
But whose is the sweeter minstrelsy ?”

Learning to Study and Think

What is a rook ? a lark ?
Where does the lark stay at night ? Where does the rook stay ?

Read the lines which tell what the lark does during the day. Who is talking in these lines ? Why does he call the lark a foolish bird ? Does what the rook says make the lark dissatisfied with his mode of life ?

Which bird do you admire the more ? Why ?
Answer the questions in the last stanza.
What words are used in the poem to mean : *proud, deep, walked, food, black, sleep, music ?*

Fond in the third stanza means foolish. Is this its usual meaning ?

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

Many years ago, there lived an emperor who was so very fond of grand new clothes that he spent all his money upon them, that he might be very fine. He had a coat for every hour of the day.

In the great city in which he lived, it was always very merry. Every day came many strangers. One day two rogues came; they gave themselves out as weavers, and declared they could weave the finest stuff any one could imagine. Their colors and patterns, they said, were the most beautiful in the world. More than that, the clothes made of the stuff possessed a most wonderful quality; they became invisible to any one who was unfit for the office he held, or very stupid.

“What capital clothes!” thought the emperor. “If I wore them, I should be able to find out what men in my empire are not fit for the places they have; I could tell the clever ones from the dunces. Yes, the stuff must be woven for me directly.” And he gave the two rogues a great deal of cash in hand, that they might begin their work at once.

As for the rogues, they put up two looms, and pretended to be working; but they had nothing at all on their looms. They demanded the finest silk and the costliest gold thread; this they stowed away safely in a

bag, and worked at the empty looms till late at night.

Every one in the whole city had heard what a strange power the fabric had. All were longing to see how many of their neighbors would be found stupid and unfit for their positions.

“I should like to know how the weaving is getting on,” said the emperor to himself. But he was troubled with the thought that he might not be able to see the wonderful stuff on the looms; then his subjects would think him stupid, and not fit for his position. He finally decided, however, that he could have no cause for fear; yet he thought it best to send some one to look at the looms first and report to him the progress of the weaving.

“I will send my honest old minister to the weavers,” thought the emperor. “He can judge best how the stuff looks, for he has sense and no one understands his office better than he.”

Now the good old minister went out into the hall where the two rogues sat working at the empty looms.

“Mercy on us!” thought the old minister, and he opened his eyes wide. “I cannot see anything at all!” But he did not say this.

The two rogues were very polite. They begged the minister to be so good as to come nearer; they asked



for his approval of the colors and the pattern. Then they pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old minister went on opening his eyes ; but he could see nothing, for there was nothing to see.

“Mercy !” thought he, “can I indeed be so stupid ? I never thought that, and not a soul must know it. Am I not fit for my office ? No, it will never do for me to tell that I could not see the stuff.”

“Well, what do you think of our work ?” asked one, as he went on weaving.

“Oh ! it is charming — quite enchanting !” answered the old minister, as he peered through his spectacles. “What a fine pattern, and what colors ! Yes, I shall tell the emperor that I am very much pleased with it.”

“Well, we are glad of that,” said both the weavers; and then they named the colors, and explained the strange pattern. The old minister listened attentively, that he might be able to repeat it when the emperor came. And he did so.

Now the rogues asked for more money and silk and gold, which they declared they needed for weaving. But when it was given them, they securely stowed all away in their bag; not a thread was put upon the looms. Then they continued to work at the empty frames as before.

The emperor soon sent again to see how the weaving was going on, and if the stuff would soon be ready. This messenger, who was another trusted officer of the court, had the same experience as the first: he looked and looked, but, as there was nothing to be seen, he could see nothing.

“Is not that a pretty piece of stuff?” asked the two rogues; and they displayed and explained the handsome pattern, which was not there at all.

“I am not stupid!” thought the man; “it must be that I am not fit for my good office. It is very strange, but I must not let it be noticed.” And so he praised the stuff which he did not see, and expressed his pleasure at the beautiful colors and charming pattern. “Yes, it is enchanting,” he told the emperor.

All the people in the town were talking of the gorgeous stuff. The emperor wished to see it himself while it was still upon the loom. With a crowd of chosen men among whom were the two trusted statesmen who had already been there, he went to the two cunning rogues, who were now weaving with might and main, but without fiber or thread.

“Is not that splendid?” said the two statesmen. “Does not your Majesty admire the pattern and colors?” And they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought that the others could see the stuff.

“What’s this?” thought the emperor. “I can see nothing at all! That is terrible! Am I stupid? Am I not fit to be emperor? That would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me. Oh, it is very pretty!” he said aloud. “It has our highest approval.” And he nodded in a contented way, for he would not say that he saw nothing.

The whole company whom he had with him looked and looked, and saw nothing; but, like the emperor, they said, “That is pretty!” And they begged the emperor to wear the splendid new clothes for the first time at the great procession that was soon to take place.

“It is splendid — excellent!” went from mouth to mouth. On all sides there seemed to be general re-

joicing, and the emperor gave the rogues the title of Imperial Court Weavers.

The whole night before the morning on which the procession was to take place, the rogues were up, and kept more than sixteen candles burning. The people could see that they were hard at work, completing the emperor's new clothes. They pretended to take the stuff down from the loom ; they made cuts in the air with great scissors ; they sewed with needles without thread ; and at last they said, "Now the clothes are ready!"

The emperor came himself with his noblest cavaliers. The rogues lifted up one arm as if they were holding something, and said : "See ! here are the trousers ! here is the coat ! here is the cloak !" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web. One would think he had nothing on ; but that is just the beauty of it."

"Yes," said all the cavaliers, admiringly.

"Will your Imperial Majesty please to take off your clothes ?" said the rogues ; "then we will put on you the new clothes here in front of the great mirror."

The emperor took off his clothes, and the rogues pretended to put on him each new garment as it was ready ; and the emperor turned round and round before the mirror.

"Oh, how well you look ! how capitally they fit !" said

all. "What a pattern ! what colors ! That is a splendid dress !"

"They are standing outside with the canopy which is to be borne above your Majesty in the procession !" announced the headmaster of the ceremonies.

"Well, I am ready," replied the emperor. "Does it not suit me well?" And he turned himself about once more before the looking-glass as he spoke, for he wished it to appear that he was admiring himself in his pretty finery.

The two pages who were to carry the train stooped down with their hands toward the floor, just as if they were picking up the mantle ; then they pretended to be holding something in the air. They did not dare to let it be noticed that they saw nothing.

So the emperor went in procession under the rich canopy, and every one in the streets said : "How splendid are the emperor's new clothes ! What a train he has to his mantle ! How it fits him !"

No one dared to say that he saw nothing, for who-ever should do so would be at once considered stupid or unfit for his office. Such a success with his clothes the emperor had never had before.

"But he has nothing on !" a little child cried out at last.

"Just hear what that innocent says !" said the

father ; and one whispered to another what the child had said.

“But he has nothing on !” said the whole people at length.

That touched the emperor, for it seemed to him that they were right ; but he thought within himself, “I must go through with the procession.” And so he held himself a little higher, and the pages held on tighter than ever, and carried the train which did not exist at all.

— HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Learning to Study and Think

What is the meaning of *rogue*? Why were the two men called rogues? What was it that they were really trying to do? Why did they declare that any one who could not see the fabric was stupid and unfit for his position?

Why did every one who looked at the cloth pretend that he could see it? Who was the only person who dared say the truth about the emperor’s clothes? Why did he not pretend like the rest?

What meaning has the word *capital* in this story? *minister*?

What are cavaliers?

What is a canopy?

Make a list of all the words that are used in the story to describe the emperor’s new clothes and the material of which they were made.

BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD

In the olden times, a British prince set up a statue to the goddess of Victory, at a point where four roads met. In her right hand she held a spear, and her left rested upon a shield. The outside of the shield was of gold, and the inside of silver, and on each side was an inscription.

It happened one day that two knights — one in black armor, the other in white — arrived at the same time, but from opposite directions, at the statue. As neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to examine the beautiful workmanship and read the inscription.

“This golden shield,” said the Black Knight, after examining it for some time, “this golden shield — ”

“Golden shield!” cried the White Knight, who was as closely observing the other side; “why, if I have my eyes, it is silver.”

“Eyes you have, but they see not,” replied the Black Knight; “for if I ever saw a golden shield in my life, this is one.”

“Oh, yes, it is so likely that any one would expose a golden shield on the public road!” said the White Knight, with a sarcastic smile. “For my part, I wonder that even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for some people who pass this way.”

The Black Knight could not bear the smile with which this was spoken, and the dispute grew so warm that it ended in a challenge.

The knights turned their horses, and rode back to have sufficient space ; then, fixing their spears in their rests, they charged at each other with the greatest fury. The shock was so violent and the blows on each side were so heavy, that they both fell to the ground, bleeding and stunned.

In this condition a good Druid who was traveling that way found them. He was a skillful physician, and had with him a balsam of wonderful healing power. This he applied to their wounds, and when the knights had recovered their senses, he began to inquire into the cause of their quarrel.

“Why, this man,” cried the Black Knight, “will have it that yonder shield is silver !”

“And he will have it that it is gold !” cried the White Knight.

“Ah !” said the Druid, with a sigh, “you are both of you, my brethren, in the right, and both of you in the wrong. If either of you had taken the trouble to look at the opposite side of the shield, as well as that which first met his eye, all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided.

“However, there is a very good lesson to be learned

from the evils that have befallen you. In the future, never enter into any dispute till you have fairly considered both sides of the question."

— FRANCIS BEAUMONT

Learning to Study and Think

What is a knight? What is a Druid?

What caused the argument between the two knights?

What did the White Knight mean when he said, "I wonder that even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for some people who pass this way"? Did this speech have anything to do with the fight?

What is the meaning of *challenge*?

Do you think that the difference of opinion between the two knights was serious enough to fight over? How could the fight have been prevented?

Do people nowadays ever quarrel over things as foolish? Do they ever disagree because they are not willing to look at a question from both sides?

State clearly in your own words the lesson which this story teaches.

Give the meaning of *inscription*, *armor*, *sarcastic*, *balsam*. The dictionary will help you.

What would you say instead of "all this passion and bloodshed"?

THE LOST CAMEL

SCENE I. — *The Desert*

Characters: TWO MERCHANTS; A DERVISH

Dervish. Good day, my friends. You seem to be much troubled about something.

First Merchant. Indeed, we are.

Dervish. I think I can tell what the matter is. You have lost a camel.

Merchants. We have! we have!

Dervish. Your camel was blind in the right eye, I believe.

Second Merchant. He was.

Dervish. And he was lame in the left fore leg.

First Merchant. Yes, yes! You are right!

Dervish. Had he not lost a front tooth?

First Merchant. He had. Where is he?

Dervish. He was loaded with wheat on one side —

Merchants. True, O dervish!

Dervish. And with honey on the other side.

First Merchant. Most certainly he was.

Second Merchant. And now, good dervish, pray lead us to our camel.

First Merchant. How glad we are you have found him!

Merchants. Accept our best thanks.

Dervish. My friends, I have never seen your camel.

Merchants. Never seen our camel !

First Merchant. Then how do you know about him ?

Second Merchant. Who told you about him ?

Dervish. I repeat, I have never seen your camel, nor has any one spoken of him to me, except yourselves.

First Merchant. A pretty story, truly ! But where are the jewels that formed part of his burden ?

Dervish. I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels.

Second Merchant. He means to rob us of our treasure.

First Merchant. That he shall never do. We will take him before the judge and demand justice.

Second Merchant. Yes, let us drag him before the judge. He shall either return to us our treasure or be punished for its theft.

SCENE II. — *The Hall of Justice*

Characters: THE JUDGE; TWO MERCHANTS; THE DERVISH

Judge. Merchants, you bring me a strange prisoner. Of what do you accuse this dervish ?

First Merchant. O learned Judge ! we accuse this man of stealing our camel.

Judge. Tell your story.

Second Merchant. My friend and I, having saved some money, invested it in jewels. These we decided to carry to Bagdad to sell in the bazaar. That no one might suspect we carried such riches, we loaded our camel with wheat and honey. Among the wheat we hid our little bag of jewels.

First Merchant. We rested at midday under some palms by a well, and being very tired, fell asleep. When we awoke, our camel was gone. Thinking it had wandered into the desert, we sought it diligently. In the desert we met this dervish. He at once informed us that we had lost a camel. He also —

Second Merchant. Yes, and he described our camel, exactly, telling of his blind eye, his lame leg, and his missing tooth!

First Merchant. He even told us with what the camel was loaded.

Second Merchant. And now, O Judge! have we not proved that he is the thief?

Judge. You certainly have shown that the dervish knows a great deal about your missing camel. — Dervish, either confess that you have stolen the camel and restore it and its load to the owners at once, or explain how you know so much about the matter.

Dervish. O learned Judge! I can easily prove that I



know no more about the lost camel than any one might know by going through the desert with his eyes open. As I walked along, I saw some footprints in the sand. These I knew at once were camel's tracks. As no human footmarks were seen, I knew the animal had strayed away.

Judge. But how did you know he was blind in one eye?

Dervish. As the grass was cropped only on the left

side of the tracks, I judged that he was blind in the right eye.

Judge. But you said he was lame in one leg.

Dervish. Yes, I thought he might be, because I noticed that the mark he left in the sand with one foot was fainter than the other tracks.

Judge. But how could you know he had lost a tooth?

Dervish. I looked carefully at the places he had grazed, and found everywhere a little tuft of grass, uncropped, in the very middle of every bite. This led me to believe he had lost a front tooth.

Judge. Very good. You have proved that you are innocent. You —

First Merchant. Wait, wait, good Judge! There is something more to explain! How did the dervish know what loads the camel carried?

Dervish. That is easily explained. The ants, busy carrying grains of wheat from one side of the tracks, and the flies gathering on the other side, told me that the load was wheat and honey.

Judge. You are not guilty, dervish. You may go.— As for you, merchants, if you will follow the tracks of your camel, and use your eyes as carefully as has this good dervish, I think you will soon find the lost beast.

Learning to Study and Think

Where did this story happen? Tell why you think so.
What is a dervish?

How did the dervish learn so much about a camel he had never seen?

Why did the merchants think that the dervish had stolen their camel?

What ought they to have done before they took him before the judge? What would they have saved themselves by so doing?

What was the camel doing while they were wasting time before the judge?

Can you get any lesson from the story?

Learn this story as a play and ask your teacher to allow you to dramatize it. What part would you prefer to take? Why?

THE CHARCOAL BURNER WHO BECAME A KNIGHT

PART I

HOW THE CHARCOAL BURNER ENTERTAINED THE KING

On the feast of St. Thomas, which is four days before Yule, King Charles rode out of the city of Paris with a great company of princes and nobles. As they rode across the moor, a tempest from the east fell upon

them. So fierce was the wind and so heavy the rain, that they were scattered over the country; nor could they tell, the day being well nigh as dark as night, whither they were going. Of what befell the rest of the company, there is no need to tell; this tale concerns King Charles only.

As he rode in sore plight, not knowing where he might find shelter, he was aware of a churl, who was leading a mare carrying two great panniers. "Now tell me your name," said the king.

"They call me Ralph the charcoal burner," said the man. "I live in these parts,—my house is seven miles hence,—and I earn my bread with no little toil, selling coals to such as need them."

"Friend," said the king, "I mean you no ill, for I judge you to be an honest man."

"Judge as you will," answered Ralph, "I care not."

"I am in sore need of a friend," said the king; "for both my horse and I are ready to perish, the storm is so fierce. Tell me then where I can find shelter."

"Shelter!" said Ralph, "I know of none, save in my own cottage, and that is far hence in the forest. But to that you are welcome, if you care to come with me."

The king was right glad to hear these words. "That is well," said he. "God reward you for your goodness."

"Nay," answered the churl, "keep your thanks till

they have been earned. As yet you have had from me nothing, — neither fire, nor meat, nor dinner, nor resting-place. Tomorrow, when you go, you can thank me, if you be so minded, with better reason. To praise first, and, maybe, to blame afterwards — that is contrary to sense."

"So shall it be," said the king. So they went their way, talking as they went.

When they were come to the house, Ralph called with a loud voice to his wife: "Are you within, dame? Come out, open the door without delay. My guest and I are shivering with the cold; such evil weather I have never seen."

The good wife, when she heard her husband's voice, made all haste to the door, knowing that he was a man of hasty temper. "You are welcome home," said she to Ralph; and to the stranger, "You are welcome also."

"Kindle a great fire," said Ralph, "and take two capons of the best, that we may have good cheer."

And he took the king by the hand, and would have him go before him into the house. But the king stood back by the door, and would have the charcoal burner pass in before him.

"That is but poor courtesy," said the man, and took him by the neck and pushed him in.

When they had warmed themselves awhile by the fire, which was blazing in right royal fashion, Ralph cried to 'his wife: "Let us have supper, Gillian, as quickly as may be, and of the best, for we have had a toilsome day, and may well have a merry night. Never have I suffered worse weather or been so near to losing my way as when I met with this stranger here."

In no long time, when they had washed themselves, the supper was ready. "Now, friend," said Ralph, "take the dame by the hand and lead her to the board." And when the king held back, he cried, "Now this is the second time," and smote him suddenly under the ear with his right hand, so strongly that he staggered half across the chamber and fell to the ground.

When the king rose, and indeed he could scarcely stand, "Now, Gillian," said Ralph, "take him by the hand and go to the table as I bid you." To his guest he said, "Now this is the second time that you have been lacking in courtesy: first by the door, and then at the table. Will not you do as you are bid? Am not I the master of my own house?"

The king said to himself: "These are strange doings. Never have I been so dealt with in all my life."

Nevertheless, for peace' sake, he did as he was bid, and giving his hand to the dame, led her to the table. So they sat, the charcoal burner on one side of the

table, and the king and dame Gillian on the other. Right good cheer they had,—fat capons, and bread, and wine of the best. Truly, they wanted for nothing.

Said the churl to the king, “Sir, the foresters in this place threaten me much about the deer. They say that I am ever bringing down the fattest of the herd. They will hale me, they say, to Paris, and bring me before the king. Say what they will, why should I not have enough for myself, aye, and to set before a guest? And now, my friend, spare not; there is enough and more.”

When they had well eaten, Ralph said to his wife: “Now, Gill, send around the cup. I will drink to my friend, and he shall drink to me.”

So the dame handed the cup, and the two drank to each other. Then, supper being ended, they sat by the fire, and the charcoal burner told many merry tales.

When it grew late, he said to the king, “Tell me now where you live.”

“I live at Court,” said he, “where I have an office with the queen.”

“And what is your name?”

“My name is Wymond; Wymond of the Wardrobe, they call me. And now, if you will come to Court, I can doubtless serve you, for I will see that you have a good sale for your fuel.”

Said Ralph, "I know not where the Court of which you speak may be."

But Charles urged him, saying that the king and queen would be in Paris to spend Yuletide together, and that there would be much merrymaking, and that without doubt he would sell his fuel to great advantage.

"You seem to talk reason," said Ralph; "I will come. And now let us have another cup, and so to bed."

So the collier and the dame led him to another chamber, where there was a bed handsomely furnished, and closed with curtains. When they saw that he was well served, and had all that he needed, they bade him good night, and the king thanked them for their courtesy.

The next day, as soon as it was light, the king rose from the bed and dressed himself without help, for indeed, he had neither valet nor squire. Then he groomed and saddled his palfrey. When he had mounted he called to Ralph, where he lay, for he would take his leave in friendly fashion, as was fitting in one that had had such good cheer.

When the churl was roused, he said to the king, "Now tarry awhile till this evil weather be ended."

"Nay," answered the king, "I must needs to my work and office; Yuletide is now at hand, and he that

is found wanting will be greatly blamed. And now call thy good wife that I may pay her for the shelter and good cheer that I have had."

"Nay," cried Ralph, "that shall never be; to think that I should take pay for sheltering one that is of the Court of King Charles!"

"So be it," answered the king; "but at least if you will not take pay, come to the Court with a load of fuel as soon as may be; I warrant that if you will do so, you will make good profit of your goods."

"That will I," answered Ralph. "I would fain see how coals sell at Court. And now tell me your name once more, lest I forget it."

PART II

RALPH VISITS THE PALACE

The next day, Ralph, having thought much on what he had undertaken, loaded his mare, as he was wont to do, with two panniers full of coals, and made ready to start on his journey to the Court.

"This is not of my counsel," said Gillian, his wife; "this journey will not be to your profit. Remember the shrewd blow that you dealt him. Keep from the Court, say I."

"Nay, Gill," said the charcoal burner, "I must have my

way. I promised that I would go, and go I will, whether my going be for profit or for harm." So he loaded the panniers and went his way to the Court.

Meanwhile, King Charles had not forgotten the matter. He called Roland to him, for, indeed, there was no man whom he trusted more, and said to him, "To-morrow morning take your horse and your harness, and watch well the road by which we went on the day that I was lost, and if you see any one coming this way, whatever his errand may be, bring him with you to this place, and take care that he sees no one before he sees me."

Roland wondered what the king might mean, for it seemed a strange thing that on the very day of Yule-tide, when a man should rest, he should be sent on such an errand. Nevertheless, he took his horse and his harness and rode forth early in the morning, and watched the roads as he had been commanded. For a long time he saw nothing either far or near ; but a little past midday he saw the charcoal burner come driving his mare before him, with two panniers filled with coals. The sight pleased him well ; so he rode up to him with all the speed that he could. The man saluted him courteously ; and Roland, in his turn, also saluted him.

Their greetings ended, he said to the man, "Come now to the king ; let nothing hinder you."

“Nay,” said Ralph, “I am not so foolish. This is a jest, Sir Knight, and it is ill courtesy for a knight to jest with a common man. There be many men better than I that come and go to Paris, and the king has no thought of them, whether it be morning or night. If you are in mind to trick me, I can hold my own, for all that I am ill-clad.”

“This is not foolishness,” said Roland; “the king has straightly commanded that you should be brought to him.”

“Nay,” answered Ralph, “I am on my way, according to promise made to one Wymond, and to him I will go and to none other.”

“Have done with your Wymond,” cried Roland; “I must take you to the king, as the king has commanded.”

So they wrangled a long time, and still the churl was firmly set that he would go to Wymond, and to none other.

“And where dwells this Wymond of yours?” said Roland.

“He dwells with the queen at Paris, if his tale be true.”

“If that be so,” answered Roland, “seeing that I know well the queen and her ladies, and you are on your way to them, I will trust to your going. Only you must give me a pledge that this is truly your purpose.”

“Nay,” said the charcoal burner, “I will pledge you no pledge. And as for you, get you out of my way, or it will be the worse for you.”

Roland said to himself, “Now this is but folly to dispute any longer with this fellow.” And he took his leave of the man full pleasantly.

But Ralph liked not such ways; for he thought that this knight that was so gayly clad had him in scorn. “Come hither, Sir Knight, tomorrow, when we can be alone together, you and I; surely you shall see how I will deal with you.”

Then Roland rode back to the king.

“You are well come, Sir Roland,” said he; “have you done my errand?”

“Sire,” answered Sir Roland, “I went as you gave me commandment, and watched the ways, but saw no man, but one only.”

“And who was this one?” asked the king.

“He,” said Roland, “was but a churl that had with him two panniers of coal.”

“Why did you not bring this said churl to me, as I bid you? It may be you durst not.”

Roland saw that the king was wroth, and was not a little glad to go forth from his presence. Going forth, he met a porter. “Whither go you, lazy loon?” said he.

Said the porter, “There is one at the gate, a churl

that hath a mare and two panniers of coals, and he clamors to be let in at the gate."

"Whom does he want?" said Roland.

The porter answered, "He asks for one Wymond."

Then Roland said, "Go back to your place, porter, and open the gate and bid him enter. But say that it does not lie within your office to go to this Wymond, but that he must seek him himself."

So the porter went back to the gate and opened it, saying to the charcoal burner: "Enter, man, but I have no leisure to seek for this Wymond for whom you ask. You must seek him yourself."

Said Ralph, "If you will not seek the man, I must needs do it myself; see you then that no harm come to the mare and the coals, and I will look for Wymond, for certainly it was he that bade me come hither."

So the charcoal burner went his way through the palace asking for Wymond. There was not one that knew the man, or had so much as heard the name. They seemed to Ralph to lack courtesy; nevertheless, he would not cease from his quest, nor was there any one of whom he failed to inquire.

After he had passed through many chambers, he came to one that was more splendid than all that he had seen before. It was a great hall finely painted and hung about with tapestries, and there the king sat at dinner

in great state. On the table were many dainties, and there was a store of dishes, both silver and gold, and many other adornments.

"Here is royalty enough," cried Ralph. "If I could only have speech with Wymond, I would away, for this, methinks, is no place for a simple man."

And still he went on. Many sought to put him back, for he seemed to press on in an unmannerly fashion; but he was a stalwart man that gave as much as he took.

At last, after not a little trouble, he came near to the king, where he sat in state at the table. "See," he cried, "that is Wymond, yonder, the man whom I seek. Well do I know him, though, indeed he is otherwise clad than when I last saw him. Now he is in cloth of gold. Truly, he must be some greater man than he said. Alas! that I have been wiled hither. Truly, this man has beguiled me." When the king heard this, he laughed.

Ralph looked about on the company that sat with the king, for many worshipful men were there. But when he saw the queen, then was he greatly troubled.

"Lady," he said, "I am sorely troubled to see your fine attire, so splendid is it. Now if I can but escape hence this day, nothing in the whole world shall bring me hither again."



And now, dinner being over, the king rose from the table; and he told before the whole company how he had fared with the charcoal burner.

The churl quaked as he heard the tale. And he said, "Would I were on the moor again this very hour, and the king alone, or any one of his knights, be he the bravest and strongest of them all."

Then the lords laughed aloud. Some, however, were angry, and would have had the man hanged. "What is this churl," said they, "that he should so misuse the king."

But Charles would have none of such doings. "He is a stalwart man, and can strike a hard blow. Heaven forbid that I should harm him. Rather will I make him a knight."

So he dubbed Ralph the charcoal burner a knight, and gave him a revenue of £300 by the year; and "the next fee in France that shall come into our hands, that," said he, "will I give you. But now you must win your spurs."

So the king gave him his armor and arms, and sixty squires of good degree to be his company. And Ralph was in after time a very perfect, noble knight, and did good service to the king.

— ALFRED J. CHURCH

Learning to Study and Think

What meaning has *sore* in the phrases "sore plight" and "sore need"?

What is a knight? Explain these terms of knighthood: *churl, valet, squire, palfrey, harness*, "dubbed a knight."

On page 88, has *simple* its usual meaning?

Explain these phrases in Part I: "aware of a churl";

‘hale me to Paris’; “I warrant that if you will do so”; “I would fain see.”

Look up these words in the dictionary: *panniers, collier, tarry*.

Explain these phrases in Part II: “shrewd blow”; “has straightly commanded”; “this said churl”; “would not cease from his quest”; “have been wiled hither”; “has beguiled me”; “many worshipful men.”

Look up these words in the dictionary: *wrangle, pledge, durst, wroth, loon, clamors, tapestries, stalwart, quaked*.

Of what country was Charles king? At what season of the year did this story happen?

What events in the story show that Ralph was not a well-bred man? Which show that he was kind-hearted? What shows that he was a brave man?

How did Ralph’s idea of courtesy differ from the king’s?

Why did the king not tell who he was? What was his reason for giving a false name to the charcoal burner? Why did he invite him to come to court?

Why did King Charles not punish Ralph for his rough treatment? What can you find in the story to prove that Ralph really had much regard for the king whom he thought he had never seen?

Why did Gillian not want Ralph to go to court? Why was Ralph determined to go?

Was Ralph afraid in the presence of the king? What in the story tells you that he was not? What feeling do you think he had?

Why did the king make Ralph a knight?

PETER THE GREAT AND THE DESERTER

Peter the Great, Czar of Russia two hundred years ago, went to Saardam, Holland, to learn shipbuilding. While there he dressed like a common workman, drew his wages with his fellow-laborers, and lived like them. No one knew that he was the great Czar of Russia.

SCENE I. — *Shipyards at Saardam*

Characters: PETER THE GREAT and STANMITZ

Peter (disguised as a carpenter). Well, before I quit this place, I may let you into my secret.

Stanmitz. And do you think of leaving us?

Peter. I have now been absent from my native country a twelvemonth. I have acquired some knowledge of shipbuilding, the object for which I came here, and it is time I should return home.

Stanmitz. Our master, Von Block, will be sorry to lose you, because you are the most industrious fellow in the yard ; and I shall be sorry, because — because, Peter, I like you.

Peter. And I don't dislike you.

Stanmitz. Peter, I think I may venture to tell you a secret.

Peter. Why, surely you have done nothing to be ashamed of?

Stanmitz. No, not ashamed ; but I'm considerably afraid. Know, then, that I was born at Moscow.

Peter. Well, there is no crime in being born at Moscow ; besides, that was no fault of yours.

Stanmitz. That's not it. Listen ! It happened, one day, that a party of soldiers halted near my mother's hut. The commanding officer saw me, liked my appearance, and made me join his company.

Peter. Ay, you were enlisted.

Stanmitz. Enlisted ! Why, I can't say but what I was. Now, I was always an independent sort of fellow, fond of my own way, and couldn't stand being ordered about.

Peter (aside). So ! so ! This fellow is a deserter !

Stanmitz. I put up with it a long while, though ; till, one bitter cold morning in December, just at three o'clock, I was roused from my comfortable, warm sleep, to turn out and mount the guard on the bleak, blustering corner of a rampart, in the snow. It was too bad, wasn't it ?

Peter. I don't doubt you would rather have been warm in bed.

Stanmitz. Well, as I couldn't keep myself warm, I laid down my musket and began to walk ; then I began to run, and — will you believe it ? — I didn't stop running till I found myself five leagues away from the outposts !

Peter. So, then, you are a deserter !

Stanmitz. A deserter ! You call that being a deserter, do you ? Well, putting this and that together, I shouldn't wonder if I were a deserter.

Peter. Do you know, my dear fellow, that if you are discovered, you will be shot ?

Stanmitz. I've some such idea. Indeed, it occurred to me at the time ; so, thinking it hardly worth while to be shot for being so short a distance as only five leagues away from my post, I made the best of my way to Saardam ; and here I am.

Peter. This is an awkward affair, indeed, and if the burgomaster were informed of it — however, be assured your secret is safe in my keeping.

Stanmitz. I don't doubt you, for I suspect you're in a similar scrape, yourself.

Peter. I ? — Ridiculous !

Stanmitz. There's something very mysterious about you, at any rate. But, I say — you will keep my secret ?

Peter. Oh ! trust me for that.

Stanmitz. Because, if it should get to the ears of any of the agents of the Czar, I should be in rather a bad fix, you know.

Peter. The Czar shall know no more about it than he does now, if I can help it ; so don't be afraid. He

himself, they say, is rather fond of walking away from his post.

Stanmitz. Ha, ha, ha! Is he, indeed? Then he has no business to complain of me for running away, — eh?

Peter. You must look out for him, though. They say he has a way of finding out everything. Don't be too sure of your secret.

Stanmitz. Come, now; he's in Russia, and I'm in Holland; and I don't see where's the danger, unless you mean to tell.

Peter. Fellow-workman, do you take me for a traitor?

Stanmitz. Not so, Peter; but, if I am ever taken up here as a deserter, you will have been the only one to whom I have told my secret.

Peter. A fig for the Czar!

Stanmitz. Don't say that — he's a good fellow, is Peter the Czar; and you'll have to fight me if you say a word against him.

Peter. Very well, I promise to speak no evil of the Czar in your presence. Farewell. Your secret is safe with me.

Stanmitz. Farewell, Peter.

SCENE II.—*Home of Mrs. Stanmitz, Moscow*

Characters: STANMITZ, MRS. STANMITZ, PETER THE GREAT, AN OFFICER

Stanmitz. Well, mother, I mustn't be skulking about here in Moscow any longer. I must leave you, and go back to Holland to my trade. At the risk of my life I came here, and at the risk of my life I must go back.

Mrs. Stanmitz. Ah! Michael, Michael, if it hadn't been for your turning deserter, you might have been a corporal by this time!

Stanmitz. Look you, mother,—I was made a soldier against my will, and the more I saw of a soldier's life the more I hated it. As a poor ship carpenter I am at least free and independent; and if you will come with me to Holland, you shall take care of my wages and keep house for me.

Mrs. Stanmitz. I should be a drag upon you, Michael. You will want to get married, by and by. Besides, it is hard for me to leave the old home at my time of life.

Stanmitz. Some one is knocking at the door. Wait, mother, till I have concealed myself.

(Enter Peter the Great, disguised)

Peter. What, ho! comrade. No skulking! Come

out from behind that screen ! Didn't I see you through the window, as I passed ?

Stanmitz. Is it possible ? Peter ! My old fellow-workman ! Give us your hand, my hearty ! How came you to be here in Moscow ? There is no ship-building going on so far inland.

Peter. No ; but there is at St. Petersburg, the new city that the Czar is building up.

Stanmitz. They say the Czar is in Moscow just now.

Peter. Yes, he passed through your street this morning.

Stanmitz. So I heard. But I didn't see him. I say, Peter, how did you happen to find me out ?

Peter. Why, happening to see your mother's sign over the door, it occurred to me, after I returned to the palace —

Stanmitz. The palace ?

Peter. Yes ; I always call the place where I put up a palace. It is a way I have.

Stanmitz. You always were a funny fellow, Peter !

Peter. As I was saying, it occurred to me that Mrs. Stanmitz might be the mother or aunt of my old messmate ; and so I put on this disguise —

Stanmitz. Ha, ha ! Sure enough, it is a disguise — the disguise of a gentleman. Peter, where did you get such fine clothes ?

Peter. Don't interrupt me, sir!

Stanmitz. Don't joke in that way again, Peter! Do you know you half frighten me by the stern tone in which you said, "Don't interrupt me, sir!" But I see how it is, Peter, and I thank you. You thought you could learn something of your old friend, and so stopped to inquire and saw me through the window.

Peter. Ah! Stanmitz, many's the big log we have chopped at together, through the long summer day in Von Block's shipyard.

Stanmitz. That we have, Peter! Why not go back with me to Saardam?

Peter. I can get better wages at St. Petersburg.

Stanmitz. If it weren't that I'm afraid of being overhauled for taking that long walk away from my post, I would go to St. Petersburg with you.

Peter How happened you to venture back here?

Stanmitz. Why, you must know that this old mother of mine wanted to see me badly; and then I had left behind here a sweetheart. Don't laugh, Peter! She has waited all this while for me; and the misery of it is that I am too poor to take her along with me yet. But next year, if my luck continues, I mean to return and marry her.

Peter. What if I should inform against you? I could make a pretty sum by exposing a deserter.

Stanmitz. Don't joke on that subject! You'll frighten my mother. Peter, old boy, I'm so glad to see you — Halloo! Soldiers at the door! What does this mean? An officer? Peter, excuse me, but I must leave you.

Peter. Stay! I give you my word it is not you they want. They are friends of mine.

Stanmitz. Oh! if that's the case, I'll stay. But do you know one of those fellows looks wonderfully like my old commanding officer?

(Enter officer)

Officer. A dispatch from St. Petersburg, your Majesty, claiming your instant attention.

Mrs. Stanmitz. Majesty!

Stanmitz. Majesty! I say, Peter, what does he mean by Majesty?

Officer. Knave! Know you not that this is the Czar?

Stanmitz. What! — Eh? — This? — Nonsense! This is my old friend, Peter.

Officer. Down on your knees, rascal, to Peter the Great, Czar of Russia.

Mrs. Stanmitz. O your Majesty, your Majesty! don't hang the poor boy. He knew no better! He knew no better! He is my only son! Let him be whipped, but don't hang him!

Stanmitz. Nonsense, mother! This is only one of Peter's jokes. Ha, ha, ha! You keep it up well, though. And those are dispatches you are reading, Peter!

Officer. Rascal! Dare you interrupt his Majesty?

Stanmitz. Twice you've called me rascal. Don't you think that's being rather familiar? Peter, have you any objection to my pitching your friend out of the window?

Officer. Ha! Now I look closer, I remember you! Soldiers, arrest this fellow! He's a deserter!

Stanmitz. It's all up with me! And there stands Peter, as calm as if nothing had happened.

Mrs. Stanmitz. I'm all in a maze! Good Mr. Officer, spare the poor boy!

Officer. He must go before a court-martial. He must be shot.

Peter. Officer, I have occasion for the services of your prisoner. Release him.

Officer. Your Majesty's will is absolute.

Stanmitz (aside). Majesty again? What does it all mean? A light breaks in upon me. There were rumors in Holland, when I left, that the Czar had been working in one of the shipyards. Can my Peter be the emperor?

Peter. Stanmitz, you have my secret now.

Stanmitz. And you are —

Peter. The Czar! Rise, old woman; — your son, Baron Stanmitz, is safe!

Mrs. Stanmitz. Baron Stanmitz!

Peter. I want you to superintend my shipyard at St. Petersburg. No words. Prepare, both of you, to leave for the new city tomorrow. Baron Stanmitz, make that sweetheart of yours a baroness this very evening, and bring her with you. No words. I have business claiming my care, or I would stop and see the wedding. Here is a purse of gold. One of my secretaries will call with orders in the morning. Farewell.

Stanmitz. O Peter! Peter! — I mean your Majesty! your Majesty! I'm in such a bewilderment!

Mrs. Stanmitz. Down on your knees, Michael! — I mean Baron Stanmitz! Down on your knees!

Stanmitz. What! to my old friend, Peter — him that I used to wrestle with? Excuse me, your Majesty — I mean, friend Peter — Czar Peter — I can't begin to realize it! 'Tis all so like things we dream of.

Peter. Ha, ha! Goodbye, messmate! We shall meet again in the morning. Commend me to your sweetheart.

(*Exit*)

Stanmitz. Mr. Officer, that court-martial you spoke of isn't likely to come off.

Officer Baron, I am your very humble servant. I hope, Baron, you will speak a good word for me to his Majesty when opportunity offers. I humbly take my leave of your Excellency.

Learning to Study and Think

Find these cities on the map: Saardam, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. What is the present name of St. Petersburg? Why was it changed?

Who was Peter the Great? Why was he disguised as a carpenter? Why did he go to Holland to learn shipbuilding?

What was the crime which Stanmitz confessed to Peter? What is the usual punishment for that crime? Why did he tell his secret to Peter? Would he have told it if he had known who Peter really was?

What can you find in the story to show that Stanmitz really loved his native land? What shows you how much he loved his mother?

How do you suppose that Peter knew Stanmitz was in Moscow? How did he know where to find him? Was it only by chance that Stanmitz's old commanding officer was with him?

Show how Stanmitz acted when he learned that Peter was the Czar.

Did Stanmitz deserve the honor that Peter conferred upon him? What things in his character show that he was not a bad man?

Why did Peter promote Stanmitz instead of punishing him? What does this show you about Peter's character?

GLOOSKAP AND THE WINTER GIANT

There once lived a man whose name was Glooskap. He kept two tame wolves about his wigwam. One wolf was white like day, the other was black like night. Glooskap called them his hunting dogs.

He often took them out with him to hunt, when he would say to them, "Dogs, grow big!"

At once the two wolves would grow as big as bears.

When he had done hunting, Glooskap would say, "Dogs, grow small!" and the wolves would become as small as before.

Glooskap's wigwam stood alone, for he did not like to dwell near other people. His old grandmother cooked for him and mended his moccasins.

One day he came home with a fat deer on his shoulders. He threw the deer on the ground before the door and went into the wigwam. His grandmother was stirring a pot of fat on the fire.

"Here, grandmother," he cried, "I have brought you some meat. I am tired of staying in the wigwam; I am going off on a journey."

He put a knife in his belt, took his bow, and went out without saying another word. His grandmother stopped stirring the fat and watched him as he went out of the door.

“My grandson is brave,—he will do something wonderful,” she said; and she began to stir the fat again over the fire.

When Glooskap left the wigwam, he set off toward the North. It was summer when he started, but after a time the air began to get colder, the forest leaves turned red and fell to the ground, and the rivers froze hard with ice. Glooskap had to put on snowshoes, for the ground had become covered with snow.

He came at last to the far North, where he saw a tall wigwam standing alone in the snow. Snowdrifts were piled about its sides and a white bearskin hung over the door. Glooskap lifted the bearskin and looked in. There sat a great giant inside.

The giant was old. Deep wrinkles were on his face, and his hair was white like snow. Glooskap wondered who he was.

“Grandfather, who are you?” he asked.

“I am Winter; I bring the snow and ice,” answered the giant.

He then invited Glooskap to come into the wigwam.

Glooskap stooped his head under the bearskin and went in. The giant gave him a seat beside the fire and filled a pipe with sweet tobacco. As they smoked, the giant told wonderful stories of olden times. Glooskap was astonished.

"Wonderful! I never heard such strange stories," he cried.

But as the giant talked a change came over Glooskap. He grew chilled; his head began to nod; his eyes closed; the pipe fell out of his mouth. He rolled over at last and lay on the floor like a fat, sleepy toad. The Winter Giant had charmed him to sleep.

For six months he lay on the giant's floor. The charm then left him and Glooskap awoke. He was angry when he found what the giant had done.

"The Winter Giant has mocked me; but perhaps I shall mock him," he thought.

Then he said aloud to the giant, "Grandfather, I must be going." And he left the wigwam and went away toward the South.

For weeks he journeyed on, until he came to the Summer country, where strange little men were dancing under the trees. They were the Little People of the South. As they danced, they shook rattles and sang.

The Summer Woman was their queen. A wee little woman she was, scarcely taller than a warrior's foot. All the little men loved her and obeyed her.

Glooskap was glad when he saw the little Summer Woman.

"I will steal her and take her away with me; then I can mock the Winter Giant," he thought.

He went into the forest, killed a moose, and cut its skin into a long string. This he wound into a ball and came again to the place where the little men were dancing.

When her people were not looking, Glooskap caught up the little queen and ran off with her. As he ran, he unwound the moose-string ball and let the loose end drag behind him.

The little men were terribly angry. They shouted shrill cries and ran after Glooskap, hoping to catch him. Soon they found the end of the moose-skin string which he had dropped.

“Let us pull at the string! It is tied to Glooskap. Thus we shall stop him,” they cried.

So all the little men pulled stoutly at the moose-skin string, thinking they were pulling Glooskap; but they were only unwinding the ball.

Once more Glooskap came to the Winter Giant's wigwam. The giant welcomed him, for he hoped to charm Glooskap again; but this time Glooskap had the little Summer Woman hid under his coat.

As before, he went into the wigwam and sat down. Again the giant gave him a pipe full of sweet tobacco. As they smoked, Glooskap told wonderful tales to the giant.

By and by a change came over the giant. Sweat

ran down his face; his voice grew weak; his legs trembled; water ran out of his eyes.

At last he fell down on the floor and melted away. The wigwam fell in and melted too. Nothing was left but a bare place on the ground.

The snow melted and ran into the rivers. Grass and flowers came out of the ground. Everything was beautiful, for spring had come.

And all the little men came too. They had followed the moose-string which Glooskap had let fall behind him.

Glooskap gave the little Summer Woman back to them, and the little men danced and sang once more.

Then Glooskap went back to his home.

— GILBERT L. WILSON

Learning to Study and Think

Among what people is this story told? Make a list of all the things in it which tell you.

Who was the giant who lived in the wigwam? How did he charm Glooskap? How did Glooskap charm the giant?

What other myths do you know that describe the contrast between summer and winter?

A NOBLE DEED

A rich Persian, feeling himself growing old, and conscious that the cares and anxieties of business were too much for him, resolved to divide his goods among his three sons, reserving a small portion to himself as a provision for his latter years. The sons were all well satisfied with the distribution, and each took his share with thanks, and promised that it should be well and frugally employed.

When this important business was settled, the father said to his sons, "There is one thing which I have not included in the share of any one of you. It is this costly diamond which you see in my hand. I will give it to that one of you who shall earn it by the noblest deed. Go, therefore, and travel for three months; at the end of that time we will again meet here, and you shall tell me what you have done."

And so the sons departed, and traveled three months, each in a different direction. At the end of that time they returned; and all came together to their father to give an account of their journeys.

The eldest son spoke first. He said: "On my journey a stranger intrusted to me a great number of valuable jewels. One or two of them would never have been missed, and I might have enriched myself

easily and safely. But I did no such thing; I gave back the parcel exactly as I had received it. Was not this a noble deed?"



"My son," said the father, "simple honesty cannot be called noble. You did what was right, and nothing more. If you had acted otherwise, you would have

been dishonest, and your deed would have shamed you. You have done well, but not nobly."

The second son now spoke. He said: "As I was wending on my journey, I one day saw a poor child playing by the margin of a lake; and, just as I rode by it fell into the water and was in danger of being drowned. I immediately dismounted from my horse and, wading into the water brought it safe to land. All the people of the village where this occurred can bear witness to the deed. Was it not a noble action?"

"My son," replied the old man, "you did only what was your duty, and you could hardly have left the innocent child to die without making an effort to save it. You, too, have acted well, but not nobly."

Then the third son came forward to tell his tale. He said: "I had an enemy, who for years has done me much harm and sought to take my life. One evening, during my late journey, I was passing along a dangerous road which ran beside the summit of a steep cliff. As I rode cautiously along, my horse started at sight of something lying in the road. I dismounted to see what it was, and found my enemy lying fast asleep on the very edge of the cliff. The least movement in his sleep, and he must have rolled over, and would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks below. His life was in my hands. I drew him away from the

edge, and then woke him, and told him to go on his way in peace."

Then the old Persian cried out, in a transport of joy, "Dear son, the diamond is thine; for it is a noble and a godlike thing to succor an enemy, and to reward evil with good."

Learning to Study and Think

Find the meanings of the following words: *anxieties, frugally, departed, parcel, wending, cautiously, transport, succor*. Explain the meaning of *noble*.

Why was the eldest son's deed not noble? What is the difference between honesty and nobility?

Why was the second son's deed not considered noble?

How did the third son's act differ from those of the other two? Which deed would you have found it hardest to perform?

I count this thing to be grandly true:

That a noble deed is a step toward God,

Lifting the soul from the common clod

To a purer air and a fairer view.

—J. G. HOLLAND

He liveth long who liveth well,

All else is life but flung away;

He liveth longest who can tell

Of true things truly done each day.

THE BOY CAPTIVE

One summer morning, in the year 1734, Aaron and Peter Hite, brothers, were gathering berries near the little village of Woodstock, in Virginia. Suddenly painted savages sprang up in the bushes around them, and before they could cry out, they were made prisoners by a war party of Indians.

The Indians, with the kidnaped boys, set off on a hurried march toward the home of their tribe. The way was long and the road hard to travel. Aaron, who was the elder of the brothers, was tall and strong, and managed to keep up with the warriors. For this the Indians admired him.

His brother Peter was small and delicate. He could not march as fast as the rest of the party. Whenever he fell behind, the Indians kicked and beat him and prodded him with their tomahawks to hasten his speed.

When Aaron saw his little brother so ill used, he flew into a rage. He tugged at the thongs that bound him and tried to reach his brother. The Indians only laughed and beat Peter the more. At the same time, Aaron's daring and bravery in showing his anger won the Indians' favor more and more.

The rapid march and his harsh treatment began to tell on Peter. He lagged more and more as the jour-

ney continued. At last it was evident to all that he could not keep up with the party. Then a dreadful thing happened. A tall, powerful Indian stepped in front of the boy, with an arrow drawn tight in his bow.

The poor boy trembled with fear, while Aaron shouted: "Let me go! Let me go! Kill me instead of my little brother!"

But the other Indians held him tight, while the big Indian drew his bow. As Peter fell to the ground dead, Aaron also fell unconscious.

The Indians carried Aaron home to their lodges, where for many weeks he lay between life and death. But one morning he opened his eyes and looked around the miserable hut in which he had lain so long.

An old Indian squaw came up to the lad and gave him a drink. Aaron tried to ask her some questions, but found that he could not speak a word. The shock of his brother's death, or his long illness, had deprived him of the power of speech.

The poor boy's captors were kind to him, and he recovered his health and strength rapidly, but not his speech. Finally, the Indians adopted him into their tribe and gave him an Indian name. They dyed his face the color of their own and dressed him like their own boys. A stranger would have found only Indians in the village.

In every way the Indians treated Aaron as though he were one of their own boys. They taught him to hunt, to shoot straight with the bow and arrow, and to do all other things that Indian boys must learn.

At first Aaron could think only of his home. But he had no idea in which direction it lay and he could not ask any one the way. After a while he grew fond of the Indians and was happy in the forest, except when he thought of his little brother's cruel death and of his poor mother and father, robbed of their boys.

Three years went by. Aaron had grown to be a fine young man, strong and tall, and a great favorite with the tribe. He had learned to understand the Indian language perfectly; but not one word could he speak, either of their language or of his own. During all this time, he had heard no word about his home.

One evening, at the end of several days' journey, the Indians made camp in a place that seemed familiar to Aaron. He soon discovered that they were not far from the village of Woodstock.

That night he heard the warriors about the campfire say that a party was to be sent out against this little village. By signs he let them know that he would like to go with the party. The Indians, thinking he had forgotten all about his old home, consented.

During the following day, the war party marched to

the woods surrounding the village — the very woods in which he and his little brother had been captured just three years before. Can you imagine how the boy felt? Oh, if only he could send some word to the village!

While the braves rested in the forest, Aaron crept to the edge of the clearing. There he saw two girls driving some cows home from pasture. He could not speak to them. How could he warn them of the danger?

At last he thought of a plan. Creeping very softly through the trees, he stood for a moment just before the girls. They saw him and ran screaming into the town. Aaron knew that they would tell the people Indians were lurking in the vicinity, and that the settlers would be ready for the war party when it attacked the town. Night came on. The Indians waited under cover of the forest until they thought the people of the village would all be in bed. Then they peered forth from their hiding. Not a light was to be seen; all the settlers must be asleep. They crept quietly towards the village.

Suddenly the terrible war-whoop rang out on the stillness. The Indians rushed towards the nearest house — the house of Aaron's father. But they did not go far.

Bang! went a gun; an Indian fell. Other guns

rang out in the darkness from all around. The Indians turned and ran back to the forest.

The girls had given the alarm as Aaron expected. The settlers were prepared for the attack.

While the Indians ran for the woods, Aaron stood still near his old home. Some men took him prisoner and led him to the house. That was just what he wanted. There, for the first time in three years, Aaron saw his mother and father. They were old and grief-stricken, and Aaron's heart ached as he looked at them.

Of course the settlers did not know him. They thought he was an Indian.

"What shall we do with our one prisoner?" some one asked.

"Leave him to me," said Aaron's father. "I will deal with him."

Slowly and deliberately, the old man began to load his pistol.

"You will not kill him?" asked the neighbors.

"Yes, I will," answered the old man. "They killed my boys, and I will kill him. Stand back!"

Poor Aaron! What would he not have given for power to speak one word!

His mother begged her husband to spare the young Indian, but the old man heeded her not. The boy

was bound to a tree, where the light from the fire shone full upon him.

Slowly the old man raised his arm and aimed at the heart of his son. The boy could not bear it one minute longer. To die by the hand of his own father ! Oh, the horror of it !

He tugged and pulled at the cords that bound him. Then with all his will he made a mighty effort to speak.

“Father !” he gasped. His voice had returned.

The old man dropped the pistol, and running to the tree clasped his long-lost son in his arms.

Learning to Study and Think

Why were the Indians cruel and merciless to little Peter ? What did they admire in Aaron ? Why were they kind to him when he was ill and helpless ?

What qualities did Indians most admire ? What qualities did they dislike and scorn ? What is the difference in attitude toward weakness and suffering, between savage and civilized people ?

Have you heard or read other stories in which Indians adopted white people into their tribes ?

What caused Aaron to become dumb ? What restored his power of speech ? Have you heard any stories about soldiers in the World War who suffered from shell-shock ? In what ways do they remind you of Aaron’s case ?

A DESPERATE RIDE

At the beginning of the Revolutionary war, there dwelt in a beautiful home in Maryland, Albert de Courcy and his brother Ernest. When the news of the battle of Bunker Hill reached them, Albert felt it his duty to join the patriots in their fight for independence. So bidding goodbye to his brother and to his betrothed, Helen Carmichael, he joined Washington's army.

At first the home folks heard from him occasionally, but after a time his letters ceased. For a year no word came to relieve their anxiety. Then one night a ragged soldier who had fought with Albert came to the house. He brought news of the missing man.

"Albert is dead," he said. "He was shot by the British on the retreat from Long Island. Our company was in the rear, with the division left to guard the retreat of the main army. No man fought more bravely or exposed himself more recklessly than our gallant young captain. While trying to swim across a creek, many of the men were bogged in the mire. The British overtook us and captured or killed most of our soldiers. I, myself, saw the captain fall."

But the soldier was partly mistaken. Albert, indeed, was one of the men mired at the edge of the creek, but

he was captured, not killed. With his men he was sent to a British prison ship.

In this loathsome place, ill fed and surrounded by wretched, dying soldiers, he often wished that he had been shot instead of made prisoner. Not the least of his sorrow arose from the fact that he could neither write to nor hear from Helen and his brother Ernest.

At last, one morning, he was marched on deck and told that he was to be transferred to a prison on shore. And can you imagine how great was his joy when he learned that his new prison was only about twenty miles from his old home?

His new prison proved to be a large, open stockade, surrounded by a narrow ditch. He had the liberty of the whole inclosure, and soon grew strong and well.

One day a captured horse was brought into the inclosure. The British officers gathered around admiring it, for it was a beautiful creature.

Albert was talking to some fellow-prisoners just back of the officers. As soon as the horse heard Albert's voice, he pricked up his ears and looked around the inclosure. Then, with a neigh of delight, he trotted straight up to Albert.

"What does this mean?" inquired one of the officers.

"It is my horse! It is Cecil!" cried Albert. "There is not a swifter horse in all Maryland!"

"Are you related to Ernest de Courcy?" asked the officer.

"Yes, he is my brother," answered Albert.

"Well, we have just captured this horse from him. He has been making trouble for us with his revolutionary speeches. We missed him just now, but we will have him a prisoner before long. He is to be married today, and a party is even now on the way to capture him in church at his own wedding. A good joke, isn't it?"

"Married! today!" cried Albert. "Whom is he going to marry?"

"A beautiful young lady named Helen Carmichael," replied the officer.

"Rather rough on the bridegroom," said another officer.

"Yes, but if all reports are true, the bride will not be sorry. It is said she mourns a lover who was lost in the war," answered the first officer.

For a moment Albert stood speechless. Helen to be married! Today! And to Ernest!

Suddenly a plan was formed in his mind. Turning to the officers, he said: "In the old days I could ride. Why, on Cecil here, I could snatch up a pebble from the ground without slackening speed."

"Can't you do it now?" they asked.

"I hardly think so," answered Albert. "I had no chance to keep up my practice in riding when I was in the prison ship. But if you wish, I will try with something easier — say, a handkerchief."

Cecil stood proudly by while his beloved master mounted him, then started at a gallop around the inclosure.

"Good! Bravo!" cried the British officers. "How beautifully he rides!" — "He seems born to the saddle!" — "An excellent horseman, truly!"

A handkerchief was dropped, and Albert swooped down upon it, and rising in his stirrups waved it toward the group of officers. Then, before they realized what was happening, he rode, full-gallop, to the wall, leaped it, and went dashing straight across the country.

"Halt! or we fire!" cried the watchers. But he heeded them not. A musket ball sang past his head. But on he rode, without once looking back.

By well-known byways he evaded the soldiers sent to capture his brother and reached the church before them. He didn't even wait to dismount, but rode straight into the church.

The wedding party was gathered before the altar. All turned and stared at the intruder in amazement. At the sight of his brother, Ernest shrank back in fear; but with a glad cry, Helen hastened to meet him.

Quickly he swung her to the saddle behind him, then turning, he galloped to the door, shouting : "The British are coming ! They are almost here."

Hardly had he vanished, when the British soldiers rode up. Ernest was taken prisoner and took his brother's place in the stockade. There he remained till the end of the war.

Soon after the guests again assembled for Helen Carmichael's wedding, and this time there was no interruption to the ceremony. Albert de Courcy was the bridegroom.

Learning to Study and Think

What was the difference between the two brothers in this story ? How did Albert serve his country ? Did Ernest do anything patriotic ? Read the part that tells you.

How did the false report of Albert's death start ? Have you heard of any similar cases that happened during the World War ?

Why is Albert's ride called *desperate* ? Which part of it was the most dangerous ? Mention all the objects which he had to gain by his daring deed.

How did Albert outwit the British officers ? How did he manage to reach the church ahead of the soldiers who had started so long before him ?

Make a list of all the words in the story that you do not understand. Look them up in your dictionary.

THE MINSTREL BOY

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
His father's sword he has girded on;
And his wild harp slung behind him. —
“Land of song !” said the warrior bard,
“Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee !”

The minstrel fell ! — but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he loved ne'er spake again,
For he tore its chords asunder,
And said, “No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery !”

— THOMAS MOORE

Learning to Study and Think

What is a minstrel? What are “the ranks of death”?
Was the boy's father living? Read the line which tells.
Why did the boy go to war? What happened to him?
What did he do with his harp? Why?

Look up these words in the dictionary: *girded, bard, chords, asunder, sully*.

A STRANGE WITNESS

Neddy, a pretty little gray donkey, lived on Mr. Morton's farm. He had a good home and was the particular pet of Miss Anna, Mr. Morton's daughter.

A peddler stole him from his early home in the country and took him to London. Here he had to work hard and was brutally treated by his cruel master. How he at last found his mistress we will let him tell in his own words.

My master had had a more than usually successful morning's round; my load was disposed of, and we were returning leisurely down Regent Street, when he was suddenly accosted by a man who was walking on the pavement.

Being in particularly good humor, my master returned the greeting cordially enough, and the two friends soon agreed to go together to a saloon that was near by.

"Here, you see to the donkey, Tom," said my master to a boy who generally went his rounds with him; "let nobody touch him nor the cart till I come back. Do you hear, Tom?"

"Yes, I hear," was the somewhat sulky reply.

My master drew me up close to the curbstone, where I should be as much as possible out of the way. Then

saying he should not be gone long, he turned up a narrow street with his companion, and was soon out of sight.

Tired with my morning's round, and having had but a scanty breakfast, I was glad enough of the rest. Indeed, I was just composing myself to a quiet sleep, when I suddenly heard a voice which made every limb in my body tremble with joy.

“Why, Neddy, Neddy! dear Neddy! Do you remember me?” exclaimed the voice.

Remember her! my own, dear, dear mistress! Could I ever forget her? Half wild with delight, I forgot where I was. Dragging the cart after me on to the pavement, I began a series of joyous brays, rubbing my nose at the same time against the kind hand that was held out to me. I tried to show, by every means in my power, my unbounded joy at again beholding my beloved mistress.

“Oh, look, papa, papa!” exclaimed my mistress. “Neddy knows me! Neddy remembers me! Dear old Neddy!”

In her delight at seeing me, my mistress had, like myself, forgotten that Regent Street, in the middle of the day, is a rather public place in which to give way to outbursts of affection. Already a crowd had gathered around us, some wondering, some laughing, some standing by in silent curiosity to see what would be the end

of this strange greeting. Cabmen drew up to enjoy the fun ; omnibus drivers and conductors lingered, and looked back to see what all the confusion was about ; every moment the mob increased, swelled by the crowd of dirty boys and idle loungers that in London springs up at a moment's notice, no one knows how, no one knows from where.

“Annie, my dear Annie, this is no place for you !” exclaimed a voice that I did not recognize ; and, looking up, I saw a fine, tall, handsome man, who drew my mistress's hand away from me and placed it on his own arm.

“Papa, dear, will you see about Neddy ?” said my mistress, looking around. She was evidently frightened and bewildered by the confusion around her, as she tried to make her way through the crowd of bystanders.

But having so lately discovered her, I was in no humor to let her go ; and utterly disregarding every obstacle in my way, I pushed on, braying loudly as I went. Peals of laughter greeted my attempt.

“Make way for the lady ! make way for the donkey !” “Hurrah, Neddy, hurrah !” “Do it again, Neddy ! do it again !” shouted the boys. Encouraged by their cheers, I pushed and pushed more eagerly than before.

Louder and louder rose the peals of laughter ; higher and higher swelled the cheers ; and, thinking I was



doing the most proper thing possible, I redoubled my efforts to keep up with my mistress. Then, just at this moment, who should come down the street but my late master!

“Hallo!” he exclaimed, with a coarse oath; “what is all this row about? Who is interfering with my property?” and he put out his hand to seize me fiercely by the rein.

“Stay! stay!” said Mr. Morton, in a voice so calm and firm that I felt the hand upon my bridle tremble. “I rather think it is you, my man, who have been interfering with my property. Here,” added Mr. Mor-

ton, turning to two or three of the police, who had by this time made their way to the spot, "I want your assistance here. I have reason to believe that this donkey, which belongs to my daughter, was stolen from me three years ago by this man. I give him into custody on this charge, and require that you take the donkey into safe-keeping."

It would be impossible to describe the man's rage as he listened to these words. He swore, he stamped, he abused Mr. Morton with every angry word he could think of ; and yet all the time he trembled, and did not once dare to look his accuser in the face.

Directing the policeman to bring their prisoner to a police station, Mr. Morton jumped into a cab, and was driven quickly from the spot, leaving me in the hands of the policemen, quite bewildered by the rapidity of events.

My first feeling at finding that my dear mistress had again departed was one of terror. I looked around in trembling dread lest now, being once more at the mercy of my brutal master, I should be made to suffer some horrible punishment for having thus given way to my delight at seeing my long-lost friend.

But I soon found that — for the present, at any rate — I had nothing to dread. Struggle as he would, my master was in stronger hands than his own. He

might curse and swear at me, but he had no power to do more. Led along gently by a tall, grave, powerful-looking man, and followed by a crowd of noisy, hooting, cheering boys, I slowly made my way down street after street, until, finally, I was stopped before the door of one of the largest police stations of the city.

Here my master disappeared from my view, while I remained standing in the street, under the charge of my grave-looking conductor. I was surrounded by a continually increasing crowd, to whom I was evidently an object of the greatest amusement and curiosity.

Some time had passed in this manner, when the policeman who led me was joined by one of his companions. Some words were exchanged, of which I only caught "donkey and cart"; then there was a renewed bustle and stir around me. The traces that fastened me to the cart were unhooked, and I was led through the crowd, now cheering more loudly than before. I soon came to a doorway so blocked up by people that I felt quite frightened, and refused to go on.

"Come, Neddy, come along," said the policeman who had held me hitherto. "There is no one who will hurt you here; you need not be afraid."

I was encouraged by the kind voice in which he spoke and by seeing that the people fell back right and left at the orders of his companion. So I plucked up

my courage, and stepped through the door into a passage, broad and paved with stones like those on which people walk in the streets of London. I had never been in such an odd place before, and I did not half like it, and was more than once inclined to turn back ; but the man kept a firm though gentle hold of me, leading me on, till at last two great doors were thrown open, and I found myself in a large room filled with people, sitting on benches raised one above another. I was quite bewildered at the sight of so many heads,—more especially as at my first coming in there was a general buzz of voices, and all eyes were evidently fixed on myself.

A loud cry of “Silence ! silence !” gave me a moment to recover myself, and then I heard a grave voice say :

“Let the donkey judge for himself. You are at liberty to call him,” added the gentleman, turning to my late master, whom I now saw standing in an open space in the center of the room.

“Here, Neddy — Neddy — come here,” said the man in a most gentle voice ; but as I had never heard him speak so before, no wonder I did not recognize his tones. The only answer I made was to hang down my ears and plant my tail very firmly between my legs.

There was a general burst of laughter that not the presence of that grave-looking gentleman nor the repeated cries of "Silence ! silence in the court, there !" could in any measure suppress ; while a voice exclaimed : "He has had the donkey, that is clear enough, for the poor brute thinks he is going to beat him now. Hush ! hush ! See what he is going to do next. Here comes the lady. Silence ! Hush ! hush !"

"Now, madam, it is your turn," I heard the grave-looking gentleman say ; and in another moment I saw my dear mistress rise up from a seat by his side. Leaning on the arm of her father, she came down into the open court.

"Neddy ! dear Neddy !" she said, just in the way that she used to call me up to the fence years ago. I forgot all my past misery, and set up such a bray as I had never brayed in all my life before ! Oh, how the people shouted with laughter ! The very judge could not resist the effect of their merriment, and gave way in spite of himself.

Why, what had I done that was so ridiculous ? I could only express my joy with the voice which nature had given me. If it was not so sweet and gentle as some of theirs, that was not my fault. Breaking away from the policeman who held me, I went right up to my mistress, and, rubbing my nose against her hand, I

whinnied out my happiness, entreating her as best I could to let me stay with her now and forever.

There was no laughter in the court then ; and I have heard my mistress say since that there were tears in many an eye. Real, genuine affection is something rare in this world, and, when it is found, it goes straight to the heart even of the most hardened ; and there are few so bad that they will make fun of the evidence of pure, unselfish love.

There was a minute's pause, and then I heard the grave man say, in tones of kindness that showed his interest in my fate : "I am quite satisfied, madam. No witnesses that could be produced could speak half so strongly to the truth of your case as does the affectionate remembrance of the poor dumb beast. That the donkey is the one that was stolen from you three years ago, there can be no doubt. All that remains to be proved is, who did the deed ; and that, I am afraid, the animal will not be able to tell us. I shall send the case to trial ; and in the meanwhile," — as he said this, he turned to Mr. Morton — "it is for you to produce the evidence that the man now charged with the theft was the person who stole the donkey."

"I have no doubt whatever that I shall be able to do so," replied Mr. Morton.

"You can remove the donkey out of court," said the grave gentleman.

In my anxiety to remain by my mistress's side, I quite forgot that I was in a court of justice, and that, as a well-bred English donkey, it was my duty to submit myself to the laws of my land. I struggled hard to pull away from the policeman's hold, and to follow my mistress, who was now led back by her father to the seat from which she had risen.

I do not know how the struggle might have ended ; but, seeing that my endeavors to get free were disturbing the whole court, my mistress once more came up to me, and, patting me gently on the forehead : "Oh, Neddy," she said, "this is very naughty of you ! Come with me !" How could I disobey ?

"You may leave him," she said to my conductor ; "he will go away with me directly."

Go away with her ? Of course I would, to the world's end.

— CHARLES WELSH, *Editor*

Learning to Study and Think

In what country did this story happen ? How do you know ?

What was the difference between Neddy's life before he was stolen and afterward ? Why was he so glad to see his former mistress ?

What sort of street do you think Regent Street was, judging by the description of the scene?

How did the judge decide who was the rightful owner of the donkey?

Which two characters in this story, by their treatment of the donkey, show "the opposite side of things"?

What is the meaning of *conductor*, on pages 129 and 133?

Explain these legal phrases: "give him into custody"; "silence in the court"; "to produce the evidence"; "man now charged with theft."

Tell in your own words what these phrases mean: "utterly disregarding every obstacle," on page 126; "rapidity of events," on page 128; "recover myself," on page 130; "could in any measure suppress," on page 131.

What is the meaning of *accosted*?

They · are · that · city's · shining
spires · we · travel · to

VAUGHAN





How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Shakespeare

THE TRUTH SPEAKER

In the year 1777, war was going on in this country, for King George the Third wanted to make unjust laws in America, but the people would not obey them. A governor, whose name was Griswold, found himself in danger of being seized by the king's soldiers, and took shelter in a farmhouse which was the home of a relation. While hidden there, he heard that a band of soldiers was on the road, with orders to search the farm and seize him.

Griswold thought he would try to reach a stream where he had left a boat. He ran out of the house, through an orchard, where he found a young girl, about twelve years old, with her dog.

They were watching some long pieces of linen cloth which lay around, stretched out in the sun, to bleach. Hetty was on a bank with her knitting, and near her was a pail of water from which she sprinkled the cloth, to keep it damp. She started up when a man leaped over the fence, but she soon saw it was her cousin.

"Hetty," he said, "I shall lose my life unless I can get to the boat before the soldiers come. You see

where the roads part close by the orchard ; I want you to run down towards the shore, and meet the soldiers, who are sure to ask for me, and then you must tell them that I have gone up the road to catch the mail cart, and they will turn off the other way.”

“But, cousin, how can I say so? — it would not be true. Oh! why did you tell me which way you were going?”

“Would you betray me, Hetty, and see me put to death? Hark! they are coming. I hear the clink of the horses’ feet. Tell them I have gone up the road and Heaven will bless you.”

“Those who speak false words will never be blessed. But they shall not make me tell which way you go, even if they kill me — so run as fast as you can.”

“It is too late to run. Where can I hide myself?”

“Be quick, cousin! Come down and lie under this cloth; I will throw it over you, and go on sprinkling the linen.”

“I will come down, for it is my last chance.”

He was soon hidden under the heavy folds of the long cloth. In a few minutes a party of horse soldiers dashed along the road. An officer saw the girl, and called out to her in a loud voice, “Have you seen a man run by this way?”

“Yes, sir,” replied Hetty.

“Which way did he go?”

“I promised not to tell, sir.”

“But you must tell me this instant, or it will be the worse for you.”

“I will not tell, for I must keep my word,” replied the child, firmly.

“Let me speak, for I think I know the child,” said the guide to the party. “Is your name Hetty Marvin?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Perhaps the man who ran past you was your cousin?”

“Yes, sir, he was.”

“Well, we wish to speak with him. What did he say to you when he came by?”

“He told me that he had to run to save his life.”

“Just so,—that was quite true. I hope he will not have far to run. Where was he going to hide himself?”

“My cousin said that he would go to the river to find a boat, and he wanted me to tell the men in search of him that he had gone the other way to meet the mail cart.”

“You are a good girl, Hetty, and we know you speak truth. What did your cousin say when he heard that you could not tell a lie to save his life?”

“He said, ‘Would you betray me and see me put to death?’”

“And you said you would not tell, if you were killed for it.”

Poor Hetty’s tears fell fast as she said, “Yes, sir.”

“Those were brave words, and I suppose he thanked you, and ran down the road as fast as he could?”

“I promised not to tell which way he went, sir.”

“Oh, yes! I forgot; but tell me his last words, and I will not trouble you any more.”

“He said, ‘I will come down, for it is my last chance.’”

Hetty was now in great fear; she sobbed aloud, and hid her face in her apron. The soldiers thought they had got all they wanted to know, and rode off to the riverside.

While Griswold lay hidden at the farm, he had agreed upon a signal with his boatmen; if in trouble, he was to put a white cloth by day or a light at night, in the attic window of his hiding place, and when either signal was seen, the men were to be on the watch ready to help him.

No sooner did the soldiers ride away, than Griswold’s friends in the house hung out a white cloth from the window, to warn the boatmen, who pulled out to sea when they saw the red coats of the soldiers who were dashing along the riverside.

The boat, with two men in it, was nearly out of sight by the time the soldiers got to the shore and this caused them to think that Griswold had made his escape.

Meantime he lay safe and quiet until the time came for Hetty to go home to supper. Then he bid her go and ask her mother to put the signal lamp in the window as soon as it grew dark, and send him clothes and food. The signal was seen, the boat came back, and Griswold made his way to it in safety.

In better days, when the war was over, he named his first child Hetty Marvin, that he might daily think of the brave young cousin whose sense and truth-speaking had saved his life.

— CROMPTON

Learning to Study and Think

During what war did this story happen?

Why would Hetty not tell an untruth? Would a lie have saved her cousin? Would you have refused to tell it under the circumstances?

Did the soldiers believe she was telling the truth? Why did they think that they had found out what they wanted to know?

Did Hetty deceive the British, after all? Did she do it purposely or knowingly? Was it what she said or the way they understood it that deceived them?

HARVEST SONG

Sickles sound ;
On the ground
Fast the ripe ears fall ;
Every maiden's bonnet
Has blue blossoms on it ;
Joy is over all.

Sickles ring,
Maidens sing
To the sickles' sound ;
Till the moon is beaming,
And the stubble gleaming,
Harvest songs go round.

All are springing,
All are singing,
Every lisping thing.
Man and master meet ;
From one dish they eat ;
Each is now a king.



Hans and Michel
Whet the sickle,
Piping merrily.
Now they mow; each maiden
Soon with sheaves is laden,
Busy as a bee.

— GOETHE

Learning to Study and Think

Read the whole poem silently.

What picture does the first stanza give you? What is a sickle? What were the blue flowers on every maiden's bonnet? Do corn-flowers grow in our wheat fields as in the wheat fields of Europe?

What is the picture in the second stanza? What is stubble? Read the fourth and fifth lines; what do they mean?

What picture does the third stanza give? What are all doing, in the first and second lines? What is meant by "every lisping thing"? Study the illustration. What is meant by "each is now a king"?

In the fourth stanza, what are the reapers doing? What is the maidens' part in the harvest work?

Which of the pictures in this poem do you like best? Why?

Is this harvest scene like a harvest scene in our country? Find and read to the class a description of harvest in our great Wheat Belt.

HEROISM OF A MINER

In a certain Cornish mine, two miners, deep down in the shaft, were engaged in putting in a shot for blasting. They had completed their affair, and were about to give the signal for being hoisted up. One at a time was all the assistant at the top could manage, and the second was to kindle the match, and then mount with all speed.

Now it chanced, while they were still below, that one of them thought the match too long. He accordingly tried to break it shorter. Taking a couple of stones, a flat and a sharp, he succeeded in cutting it at the required length ; but horrible to relate, he kindled it at the same time, while both were still below ! Both shouted vehemently to the man at the windlass ; both sprang at the basket. The windlass man could not move it with both in it.

Here was a moment for poor Miner Jack and Miner Will ! Instant, horrible death hangs over them. Will generously resigns himself. "Go aloft, Jack ; sit down ; away ! In one minute I shall be in heaven ! "

Jack bounds aloft, the explosion instantly follows, bruising his face as he looks over ; but he is safe above ground.

And what of poor Will ? Descending eagerly, they find him, as if by miracle, buried under rocks which had arched themselves over him. He is little injured. He, too, is brought up safe. Well done, brave Will !

— THOMAS CARLYLE

Learning to Study and Think

What is a "shot for blasting" ? What was the *match* that caused the danger ? How was it kindled in cutting it shorter ? What did you expect to happen to Will when you read of his brave decision ?

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE

"I thought, Mr. Allan, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift — no, not one. The dear boy slept only a minute — just one little minute, at his post ; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was ! I know he fell asleep only one little second — he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine ! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen ! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty ! Twenty-four hours, the telegram said — only twenty-four hours ! Where is Bennie now ?"

"We will hope with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan, soothingly. "Yes, yes, let us hope ; God is very merciful !"

"'I should be ashamed, father,' Bennie said, 'when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm' — and he held it out so proudly before me — 'for my country when it needed it. Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow !' 'Go, then — go, my boy,' I said, 'and God keep you !' God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allan !" and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

“Like the apple of His eye, Mr. Owen ; doubt it not.”

Blossom sat near them, listening with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor’s hand a letter.

“It is from him,” was all she said. It was like a message from the dead. Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope, on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan, with the helplessness of a child. The minister opened it and read as follows :

“DEAR FATHER:— When this reaches you, I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me ; but I have thought about it so much that now it has no terror. They say they will not bind me nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the field of battle for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously ; but to be shot like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty ! Oh, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me ! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone you may tell my comrades. I cannot now.

“You know I promised Jemmie Carr’s mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went on double-quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired, too ; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp and then it was Jemmie’s turn to be sentry, and I would take his place ; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head ; but I did not know it until — well, until it was too late !”

“God be thanked !” interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. “I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post.”

“They tell me today that I have a short reprieve — given to me by circumstances — time to write to you, our good colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty ; he would gladly save me if he could ; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

“I can’t bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father ! Tell them that I die as a brave boy

should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Goodbye, father! God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if He wished me to perish forever, but as if He felt sorry for His poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with Him and my Saviour in a better — better life."

A deep sigh burst from Mr. Owen's heart. "Amen!" he said solemnly. "Amen!"

"Tonight, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop, waiting for me: but I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly, and a little figure glided out and down the footpath that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor to the left, looking only now and then to heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer.

Two hours later the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all; and

no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it.

The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute now might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had just seated himself to his morning's task of looking over and signing important papers when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want, so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes!" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the

paper before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely; "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself,—that he was tired, too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand;" and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind passed through Blossom's mind, but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read. He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell. Blossom heard this order given: "Send this dispatch at once."

The President then turned to the girl and said, "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it

took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back ; or — wait until tomorrow ; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death ; he shall go with you.”

“God bless you, sir !” said Blossom ; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the prayer ?

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his sister. He was called into the President’s private room, and a strap fastened “upon the shoulder.” Mr. Lincoln then said, “The soldier that could carry a sick comrade’s baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country.”

Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back ; and, as Farmer Owen’s hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently, “The Lord be praised !”

— MRS. R. D. C. ROBBINS

Learning to Study and Think

Who is talking in the first paragraph ? What trouble has come to him ? Who is Mr. Allan ?

What crime did Bennie commit? Why did he commit it? Why was the crime so serious? How was he to be punished?

Did the army commanders know why Bennie was not able to keep awake? Do you think that they could have excused him if they had known? Who was the only person who could pardon him?

Who was Blossom? How did Mr. Lincoln receive her story? Did he think Bennie deserved to die? Was it like him to grant this pardon? Have you heard any other stories like this about him?

What was the strap that the President fastened on Bennie's shoulder? Why did he place it there?

What is there in the story that tells in what part of the country Bennie's home was?

Look up these words in the dictionary: *blanched, sentry, reprieve, incredibly.*

Explain the following phrases: "occupied herself mechanically"; "shall be in eternity"; "culpable negligence"; "justification of an offense"; "heard and registered the prayer."

As the yellow gold is tried in the fire, so the faith of friendship can only be known in the season of adversity.

— OVID

THE RESCUE OF THE GARRISON

In the year 1141, Wolf, Duke of Bavaria, was besieged in his castle by Friedrich, Duke of Swabia. The two men were bitter enemies, and Duke Wolf knew that he could expect no mercy if Duke Friedrich took the castle. Therefore he and his men fought bravely and the siege lasted long.

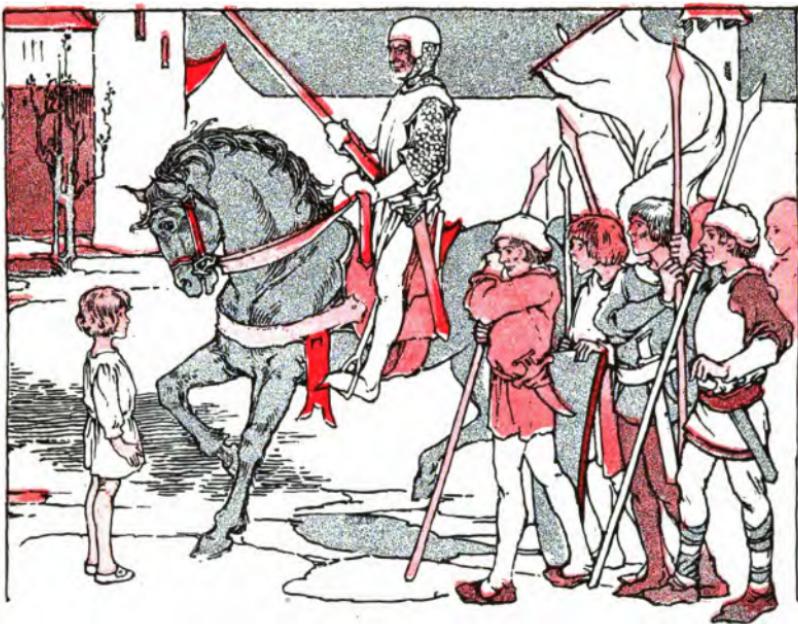
At last the food gave out and Duke Wolf was obliged to surrender. The only condition he made was that his wife and all other women in the castle might leave in safety. This left the duke and his brave garrison at the mercy of their worst enemy.

When the poor wives heard the news, they were heartbroken. They felt sure that there was no escape for their husbands from a most cruel death. And sad were the partings in the castle while all waited for Duke Friedrich to come and take possession.

At last all was in readiness. The drawbridge was lowered and Duke Friedrich and his victorious army entered the castle grounds.

A little page ran from the castle and approached Duke Friedrich.

“My lord duke,” he said, “my mistress, the wife of Duke Wolf, sends me to you with a message.”



"Speak out," answered Duke Friedrich. "We will hear your message."

"She prays, Duke Friedrich, that, by your favor, she and all the women in the castle be permitted to leave, carrying with them their most valued possessions, before you take possession of the castle."

"Tell your lady," replied the duke, "that I grant her request. Every woman may pass out in safety, each carrying that which she values most."

The page returned to the castle and Duke Friedrich gave orders for his men to fall back, leaving a passage-way for the women.

While they waited, the soldiers laughed and jeered at the "greed of the women."

"Little care they for the fate that awaits their husbands."

"They care only for their own safety."

"And for their precious gold and jewels."

Presently the castle gates opened. From beneath them came the ladies,— but what a sight met the surprised eyes of the soldiers! No gold nor silver was carried by them, but each one was bending under the weight of her husband.

Duke Friedrich's eyes filled with tears. He hastened to meet the women.

"My dear ladies," he said, "you may put down your burdens. I pledge you my knightly word that no harm shall befall you or any man in the garrison; though I will admit that I had planned to put every man to the sword."

He then invited the half-starved defenders of the castle to a banquet, and made peace with Duke Wolf.

Learning to Study and Think

Where is Bavaria? How many years ago did these events happen?

What is the meaning of *besieged*? What is a garrison? What is a drawbridge?

Why did the duke and his men expect to be put to death?

What did Duke Friedrich think the women meant by their "most valued possessions"? What did they really mean?

How did the women's act affect Duke Friedrich?

Use other words in place of the following where they appear in the story: *page, jeered, hastened, banquet.*

FIRST GRENADIER OF FRANCE

For many years there was a touching and beautiful custom to be witnessed in a certain regiment of French grenadiers, which was meant to commemorate the heroism of a departed comrade. When the companies assembled for parade and the roll was called, there was one name to which its owner could not answer, — it was that of La Tour d'Auvergne. When it was called, the oldest sergeant present stepped a pace forward, and, raising his hand to his cap, said proudly, "Died on the field of honor."

La Tour d'Auvergne was not unworthy in life the honor thus paid him after his death. He was educated for the army, which he entered in 1767. He served always with distinction, but constantly refused offers of promotion, saying that he was only fit for the command of a company of grenadiers; but, finally, the

various grenadier companies being united, he found himself in command of a body of eight thousand men, while retaining only the rank of captain. Hence he was known as the first grenadier of France.

When he was forty years of age, he went on a visit to a friend, in a region that was soon to become the scene of a campaign. While there, he was busy in acquainting himself with the country, thinking it not unlikely that this knowledge might be of use to him, when he was astonished to learn that the war had actually shifted to that quarter.

A regiment of Austrians was pushing on to occupy a narrow pass, the possession of which would give them an opportunity to prevent an important movement of the French which was then on foot. They hoped to surprise this post, and were moving so rapidly upon it that they were not more than two hours distant from the place where he was staying, which they would have to pass in their march.

He had no idea of being captured by the enemy in their advance, and he at once set off for the pass. He knew that it was defended by a stout tower and a garrison of thirty men, and he hoped to be able to warn these of their danger.

He hastened on, and, arriving there, found the tower in perfect condition. But it had just been

vacated by the garrison, who, hearing of the approach of the Austrians, had fled, leaving their arms, consisting of thirty excellent muskets.

La Tour d'Auvergne gnashed his teeth with rage when he discovered this. Searching in the building, he found several boxes of ammunition which the cowards had not destroyed. For a moment he was in despair; but then, with a grim smile, he began to fasten the main door and pile against it such articles as he could find.

When he had done this, he loaded all the guns and placed them, together with a good supply of ammunition, under the loopholes that commanded the road by which the enemy must advance. Then he ate heartily of the provisions he had brought with him, and sat down to wait. He had formed the heroic resolution to defend the tower alone against the enemy.

There were some things in his favor in such an undertaking. The pass was steep and narrow, and the enemy's troops could enter it only in double files, in doing which they would be fully exposed to the fire from the tower. The original garrison of thirty men could easily have held it against a division, and now one man was about to hold it against a regiment.

It was dark when La Tour d'Auvergne reached the

tower, and he had to wait some time for the enemy. They were longer in coming than he expected, and for a while he was tempted to believe they had abandoned the expedition.

About midnight, however, his practiced ear caught the tramp of feet. Every moment they came nearer, and at last he heard them entering the defile. Immediately he discharged a couple of muskets into the darkness, to warn the enemy that he knew of their presence and intentions; then he heard the quick, short commands of the officers, and, from the sounds, supposed the troops were retiring from the pass.

Until the morning he was undisturbed. The Austrian commander, feeling assured that the garrison had been informed of his movements and was prepared to receive him, saw that he could not surprise the post, as he had hoped to do, and deemed it prudent to wait till daylight before making his attack.

At sunrise he called on the garrison to surrender. A grenadier answered the summons. "Say to your commander," he said, in reply to the messenger, "that this garrison will defend this pass to the last extremity."

The officer who had borne the flag of truce retired, and in about ten minutes a piece of artillery was brought into the pass. In order to bear upon the tower, it had to be placed directly in front and within

easy musket range of it. Scarcely was it got into position when a rapid fire was opened on it from the tower, and continued with such marked effect that it was withdrawn after the second discharge, with a loss of five men.

This was a bad beginning; so, half an hour after the gun was withdrawn, the Austrian colonel ordered an assault.

As the troops entered the defile, they were received with so rapid and accurate a fire, that, when they had passed over half the distance they had to traverse, they had lost fifteen men. Disheartened by this, they returned to the mouth of the defile.

Three more assaults were repulsed in this manner, and the enemy by sunset had lost forty-five men, of whom ten were killed.

The firing from the tower had been rapid and accurate, but the Austrian commander noticed this peculiarity about it,— every shot seemed to come from the same place. For a while this perplexed him, but at last he came to the conclusion that there were a number of loop-holes close together in the tower, so constructed as to command the ravine perfectly.

At sunset the last assault was made and repulsed, and at dark the Austrian commander sent a second summons to the garrison.

This time the answer was favorable. The garrison offered to surrender at sunrise the next morning, if allowed to march out with its arms and return to the army unmolested. After some hesitation, the terms were accepted.

Meantime La Tour d'Auvergne had passed an anxious day in the tower. He had opened the fight with thirty loaded muskets, but had not been able to discharge them all. He had fired with great rapidity, but with surprising accuracy,—for it was well known in the army that he never threw away a shot.

He had determined to stand by his post until he had accomplished his end,—which was to hold the place twenty-four hours, in order to allow the French army time to complete its maneuver. After that he knew the pass would be of no consequence to the enemy.

The next day at sunrise the Austrian troops lined the pass in two files, extending from the mouth to the tower, leaving a space between them for the garrison to pass out.

The heavy door of the tower opened slowly, and in a few minutes a bronzed and scarred grenadier, literally loaded with muskets, came out and passed down the line of troops. He walked with difficulty under his heavy load. To the surprise of the Austrians, no one followed him from the tower.

In astonishment the Austrian colonel rode up to him, and asked in French why the garrison did not come out.

“I am the garrison, Colonel,” said the soldier, proudly.

“What!” exclaimed the colonel, “do you mean to tell me that you alone have held that tower against me?”

“I have had the honor, Colonel,” was the reply.

“What possessed you to make such an attempt, grenadier?”

“The honor of France was at stake.”

The colonel gazed with admiration at the soldier. Then, raising his cap, he said warmly: “Grenadier, I salute you. You have proved yourself the bravest of the brave.”

The officer caused all the arms which La Tour d'Auvergne could not carry to be collected, and sent them with the grenadier into the French lines, together with a note relating the whole affair.

When the knowledge of it came to the ears of Napoleon, he offered to promote La Tour d'Auvergne, but the latter preferred to remain a grenadier.

The brave soldier met his death in an action at Aberhausen, in June, 1800, and the simple and impressive scene at roll-call in his regiment was com-

menced and continued by the express command of the emperor.

Learning to Study and Think

What is a grenadier? Explain the meaning of *first* as used in this story. Why was La Tour d'Auvergne called "First Grenadier of France"?

Is a man's name usually kept on the roll of his company after he is dead? Why was La Tour's name kept on the roll and always called at roll-call?

Explain how the shape of the pass and the location of the tower made it possible to defend the pass against the enemy. Why had the garrison abandoned the tower? Why was it important for the French to hold the pass?

How had the Austrians expected to take the tower?

How long did La Tour hold the pass? Could he have held it longer? Why do you think so? Why did he not continue to hold it?

How did the Austrian commander show his admiration for La Tour?

Look up these words in the dictionary: *commemorate*, *campaign*, *loopholes*, *abandoned*, *traverse*, *repulsed*, *ravine*, *unmolested*.

Explain these phrases: "shifted to that quarter"; "two hours distant"; "commanded the road"; "formed the heroic resolution"; "in double files"; "against a division"; "entering the defile"; "to the last extremity"; "flag of truce"; "complete its maneuver"; "by the express command."

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure ;
My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.

The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel :

They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.

Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
“O just and faithful knight of God !
 Ride on ! the prize is near.”

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

— ALFRED TENNYSON

Learning to Study and Think

Look up in the dictionary : *casques*, *brands*, *reel*, *lists*, *combat*, *hostel*, *grange*, and any other words you do not understand.

Your teacher will tell you about Sir Galahad and the Holy Grail.

Read the first stanza of the poem. How was Sir Galahad armed ? What gave him his great strength ?

The second and third stanzas describe a tournament. Your teacher will explain to you what a tournament was. The signal to begin was the shrill blast of a trumpet shattering the silence. Note the description of the combat : Swords shivering on steel — helmets, shields, and armor of opposing knights ; spear-shafts broken into splinters ; unseated riders and their horses rolling on the ground ; noise and confusion everywhere. Why does the poet say "clang-ing lists" ?

What words are used for *sword* in the first and second stanzas ? What word is used for *lance* in the second stanza ?

The last lines of the third stanza tell how the victorious knights are rewarded when the conflict ends, or *stands*.

The fourth and fifth stanzas describe a vision which appeared to Sir Galahad. Were the voices that he heard the

voices of angels? Read the line that tells. What words of praise did he hear? What words of encouragement?

What does the sixth stanza tell? When only will Sir Galahad stop? What is meant by *all-armed*?

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use,—
As though to breathe were life!

— ALFRED TENNYSON

LITTLE GIFFEN

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire ;
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen !)
Specter ! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee !

“Take him and welcome !” the surgeons said ;
Little the doctor can help the dead !
So we took him, and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air ;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed —
Utter Lazarus, heel to head !

And we watched the war with bated breath, —
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such !
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch ;

And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that *wouldn't* die,

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite,
The crippled skeleton learned to write.

"Dear mother," at first, of course; and then
"Dear captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: "Of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war one day;
Johnston pressed at the front, they say;
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear — his first — as he bade goodbye
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight;
But none of Giffen. — He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "Little Giffen" of Tennessee.

— FRANCIS O. TICKNOR

Learning to Study and Think

Look up these words : *focal, gangrene, balm, bated, despite, legend, chivalry.*

How old was Giffen ? In how many battles had he fought ?

Why was the hospital as *dire* for him as the battle had been ? What happened to him in the battle ? in the hospital ? Why is he called a *specter* ? Who was Lazarus ? What is meant by "utter Lazarus" ?

What war is spoken of in this poem ?

Is there anything in this poem that tells you to which army Giffen belonged ? Where did he go when he was "up and away" ? What do you think happened to him ? Why do you think so ?

Tell in your own words what the last stanza means.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE

On the death of Robert the Bruce, the great hero king of Scotland, it was decided to send his heart to the Holy Land for burial. Sir James Douglas, his very good friend and a brave soldier, was chosen as most worthy to perform this pilgrimage.

As soon as the season of the year permitted, Douglas, carrying the heart of the Bruce inclosed in a casket of gold, set sail, with some other brave knights, for Jerusalem.

At a port at which they stopped, they heard that the king of Spain was at war with the Moors. Douglas thought that it was his duty, as a Christian and a knight, to help the Spaniards. So, with his knights, he landed in Spain, and offered his services to the king. Very glad was the Spanish king to accept this aid.

In the battle that followed, the Moors were defeated. So eager were the Scottish knights in following the Moors, that they became separated from the Spanish army. When the Moors saw that they were followed by so few men, they turned, rode back, and quickly surrounded the brave Scots.

The Scots fought well, and were cutting their way through the enemy, when Sir William St. Clair fell. Sir James Douglas immediately turned to rescue his friend. In doing so he was completely cut off from his men and surrounded by the enemy.

Taking from his neck the golden casket which contained the heart of the Bruce, he cast it before him, crying in a loud voice, "Now pass onward as thou wert wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die!"

These were the last words and act of the gallant knight, for as he finished speaking he fell, overpowered by his enemies.

Next day the body and the casket were found on the field; friends carried them back to Scotland. There they were buried in the land which Bruce and Douglas had loved so well, — the land for which both had fought so bravely.

1. It was upon an April morn,
 While yet the frost lay hoar,
 We heard Lord James's bugle horn
 Sound by the rocky shore.
2. Then down we went, a hundred knights,
 All in our dark array,
 And flung our armor in the ships
 That rode within the bay.
3. We spoke not as the shore grew less,
 But gazed in silence back,
 Where the long billows swept away
 The foam behind our track.
4. And aye the purple hues decayed
 Upon the fading hill,
 And but one heart in all that ship
 Was tranquil, cold, and still.
5. The good Lord Douglas paced the deck —
 Oh, but his face was wan !
 Unlike the flush it used to wear
 When in the battle van.
6. “Come hither, I pray, my trusty knight,
 Sir Simon of the Lee ;
 There is a freit lies near my soul
 I needs must tell to thee.

7. "Thou know'st the words King Robert spoke
Upon his dying day :
How he bade me take his noble heart
And carry it far away ;
8. "And lay it in the holy soil
Where once the Savior trod,
Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,
Nor strike one blow for God.
9. "Last night as in my bed I lay,
I dreamed a dreary dream :
Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand
In the moonlight's quivering beam.
10. "His robe was of the azure dye —
Snow-white his scattered hairs —
And even such a cross he bore
As good Saint Andrew bears. .
11. "'Why go ye forth, Lord James,' he said,
'With spear and belted brand ?
Why do you take its dearest pledge
From this our Scottish land ?
12. "'The sultry breeze of Galilee
Creeps through its groves of palm,
The olives on the Holy Mount
Stand glittering in the calm.

13. ““But 'tis not there that Scotland's heart
Shall rest, by God's decree,
Till the great angel calls the dead
To rise from earth and sea !
14. ““Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede !
That heart shall pass once more
In fiery fight against the foe,
As it was wont of yore.
15. ““And it shall pass beneath the Cross,
And save King Robert's vow ;
But other hands shall bear it back,
Not, James of Douglas, thou !’
16. “Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,
Sir Simon of the Lee —
For truer friend had never man
Than thou hast been to me —
17. “If ne'er upon the Holy Land
'Tis mine in life to tread,
Bear thou to Scotland's kindly earth
The relics of her dead.”
18. The tear was in Sir Simon's eye
As he wrung the warrior's hand.
“Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll hold by thy command.

19. "But if in battle front, Lord James,
'Tis ours once more to ride,
Nor force of man, nor craft of fiend,
Shall cleave me from thy side!"

20. And aye we sailed, and aye we sailed,
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
Rose grimly on our lee.

21. And as we rounded to the port,
Beneath the watch tower's wall,
We heard the clash of the atabals,
And the trumpet's wavering call.

22. "Why sounds yon Eastern music here
So wantonly and long,
And whose the crowd of armèd men
That round yon standard throng?"

23. "The Moors have come from Africa
To spoil, and waste, and slay,
And King Alonzo of Castile
Must fight with them today."

24. "Now, shame it were," cried good Lord James,
"Shall never be said of me,
That I and mine have turned aside
From the Cross in jeopardie !

25. "Have down, have down, my merry men all —
 Have down unto the plain :
 We'll let the Scottish lion loose
 Within the fields of Spain!"

26. "Now welcome to me, noble lord,
 Thou and thy stalwart power ;
 Dear is the sight of a Christian knight,
 Who comes in such an hour !

27. "Is it for bond or faith you come,
 Or yet for golden fee ?
 Or bring ye France's lilies here,
 Or the flower of Burgundie?"

28. "God greet thee well, thou valiant king,
 Thee and thy belted peers —
 Sir James of Douglas am I called,
 And these are Scottish spears.

29. "We do not fight for bond or plight,
 Nor yet for golden fee ;
 But for the sake of our blessed Lord,
 Who died upon the tree.

30. "We bring our great King Robert's heart
 Across the weltering wave,
 To lay it in the holy soil
 Hard by the Savior's grave.

31. "True pilgrims we, by land or sea,
 Where danger bars the way;
And therefore are we here, Lord King,
 To ride with thee this day!"

32. The King has bent his stately head,
 And the tears were in his eyne.
"God's blessing on thee, noble knight,
 For this brave thought of thine!"

33. "I know thy name full well, Lord James;
 And honored may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce
 Should fight this day for me!"

34. "Take thou the leading of the van,
 And charge the Moors amain;
There is not such a lance as thine
 In all the host of Spain!"

35. The Douglas turnèd towards us then,
 Oh, but his glance was high!
"There is not one of all my men
 But is as frank as I."

36. "There is not one of all my knights
 But bears as true a spear —
Then — onwards, Scottish gentlemen,
 And think, King Robert's here!"

37. The trumpets blew, the cross bolts flew,
 The arrows flashed like flame,
As, spur in side and spear in rest,
 Against the foe we came.

38. And many a bearded Saracen
 Went down, both horse and man ;
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
 So furiously we ran !

39. But in behind our path they closed,
 Though fain to let us through ;
For they were forty thousand men,
 And we were wondrous few.

40. We might not see a lance's length,
 So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
 Still held them hard at bay.

41. "Make in ! make in !" Lord Douglas cried —
 "Make in, my brethren dear !
Sir William of St. Clair is down ;
 We may not leave him here !"

42. But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,
 And sharper shot the rain ;
And the horses reared amid the press,
 But they would not charge again.

43. "Now, Jesu help thee," said Lord James,
 "Thou kind and true St. Clair !
 An' if I may not bring thee off,
 I'll die beside thee there!"

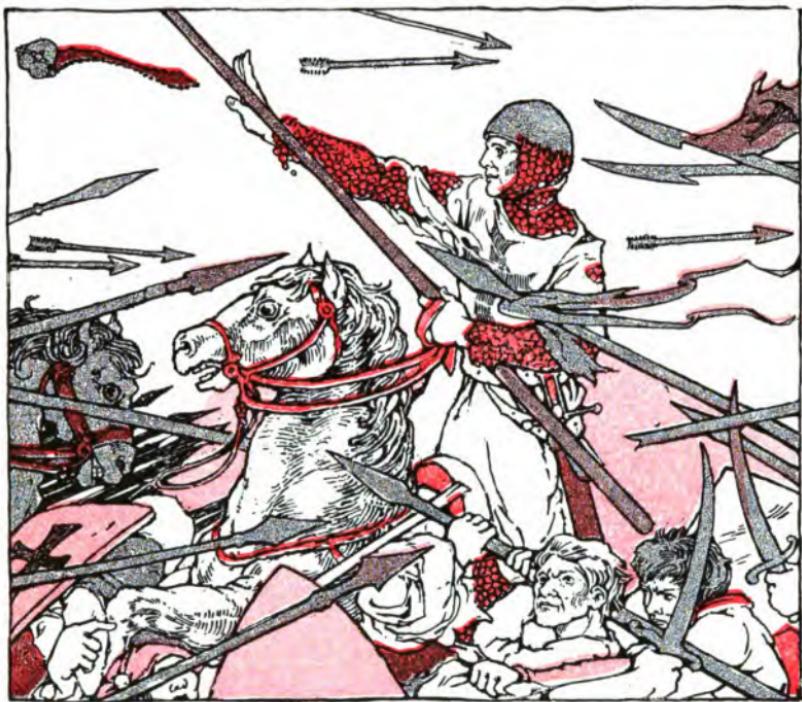
44. Then in his stirrups up he stood,
 So lion-like and bold,
 And held the precious heart aloft
 All in its case of gold.

45. He flung it from him far ahead,
 And never spake he more,
 But — "Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,
 As thou wert wont of yore!"

46. The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
 And heavier still the stour,
 Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
 And swept away the Moor.

47. "Now praised be God, the day is won !
 They fly o'er flood and fell —
 Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
 Good knight, that fought so well?"

48. "Oh, ride ye on, Lord King !" he said,
 "And leave the dead to me ;
 For I must keep the dreariest watch
 That ever I shall dree !



49. "There lies above his master's heart,
 The Douglas, stark and grim ;
And woe, that I am living man,
 Not lying there by him !

50. "The world grows cold, my arm is old,
 And thin my lyart hair,
And all that I loved best on earth
 Is stretched before me there.

51. "O Bothwell banks, that bloom so bright
Beneath the sun of May !
The heaviest cloud that ever blew
Is bound for you this day.

52. "And, Scotland, thou may'st veil thy head
In sorrow and in pain :
The sorest stroke upon thy brow
Hath fallen this day in Spain !

53. "We'll bear them back unto our ship,
We'll bear them o'er the sea,
And lay them in the hallowed earth,
Within our own countrie.

54. "And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,
For this I tell thee sure,
The sod that drank the Douglas blood
Shall never bear the Moor!"

55. The King he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
So stately as he lay.

56. "God give thee rest, thou valiant soul !
That fought so well for Spain ;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again !"

57. We lifted thence the good Lord James,
 And the priceless heart he bore ;
 And heavily we steered our ship
 Towards the Scottish shore.

58. No welcome greeted our return,
 Nor clang of martial tread,
 But all were dumb and hushed as death,
 Before the mighty dead.

59. We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,
 The heart in fair Melrose ;
 And woeful men were we that day —
 God grant their souls repose !

— WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN

Learning to Study and Think

Read carefully the story that precedes the poem. It tells briefly in prose the story that is told more fully in the poem.

The figures in parentheses are stanza numbers.

Stanzas 1-4:

By whom is this story told ?

Why were the knights in “dark array”? (2) Were they in mourning ? For whom ?

What is meant by “as the shore grew less”? (3)

Whose was the only *tranquil*, or quiet, heart on board the ship ? (4) Why ?

Stanzas 5-19:

To whom does Douglas relate his dream and tell of "the freit that lies near his soul," — his foreboding of coming ill?

Why was Douglas *wan*, or pale? (5) Do you think he was afraid to die? or was he troubled because he feared he should not be able to fulfill his promise to his dying king? Read the lines which show that Douglas was brave in battle. (5) What does "in the battle van" mean? What was his promise? (7-8) Why did Robert Bruce make such a strange request?

The word Pilgrim here means one who made a journey to the Holy Land. The Pilgrim — wearing the X-shaped cross of St. Andrew, the national saint of Scotland — represents Scotland.

The putting on of the sword-belt was part of the ceremony of knighthood. What is meant by "belted brand"?

What is the "dearest pledge" referred to here? Why is the heart of Bruce called "Scotland's heart"? (13)

What prophecy is made in stanza 13? in stanza 14? in stanza 15?

Keep the dream carefully in mind as you read the remainder of the poem. Find where each part of the prophecy comes true.

Read stanza 14, using the phrase "heed what I say," instead of "mark my rede." Explain "as it was wont of yore."

Why did Douglas feel he "needs must tell" his dream to Sir Simon, — to ease his mind, or to explain the request that he was about to make? What was the request? (17)

Who says "Betide me weal, betide me woe," (18) — whether good or evil happens to me?

Stanzas 20-25:

As they came to the Spanish port, what did the knights hear? (22) An atabal is a small drum or tambourine used by the Moors.

Who asks a question? (22) Who answers? (23) Use other words for "yon standard." (22)

Castile is a part of Spain.

What is meant by "the Cross in jeopardie"? (24) "Have down, my merry men"? (17) "Let the Scottish lion loose"? (25)

Look up the flag of Scotland in an unabridged dictionary.

Define *grimly, lee, wantonly*.

Stanzas 26-36:

Who speaks? (26, 27) Who answers? (28-31)

Why does the king of Spain say "dear is the sight of a Christian knight"? What was the religion of the Moors?

Did the king know who the Scottish knights were or why they had come? (27)

"Is it for bond" — are you our allies, bound by treaty to help us fight? "Or faith" — are you helping us because you, too, are Christians? "Or yet for golden fee" — do you expect to be paid for fighting for us?

Instead of saying, "Do you bring the flag of France or Burgundy?" the king speaks of the flowers or emblems these flags bear, — as we speak of our flag as "the Stars and Stripes."

“Bond or plight” (29) — pledge, promise — is used in the same sense as in 27.

What is meant by “the tree”? (29)

Eyne is an old plural of the word eye. (32)

What does the king mean by : “There is not such a lance as thine, in all the host of Spain”?

Why was Douglas’s “glance high”? (35) Of what was he proud? (35, 36) What did he mean by “King Robert’s here”?

Look up *stalwart, valiant, peers, weltering, hard, amain, and frank*. What is meant by “belted peers”?

Stanzas 37-45:

Read the stanzas that describe the battle (37-40, 42, 46).

“Cross bolts” (37) were *bolts*, or blunt-headed arrows, shot from a cross-bow.

Saracen (38) was another name for Moor.

“We rode like corn” (38), — as we would ride through a wheat field.

Why were the Moors *fain*, or glad, to let the Scottish knights through their ranks? (39) “Wondrous few,” — see second stanza. *Fell*, causing to fall, — hence, deadly. (40) What is meant by “hard at bay”? “The rain” (42), — arrows falling like rain.

What is meant by “never spake he more”? “Pass thee first — as thou wert wont of yore”? (45)

Look up *array* and *dauntless*.

Stanzas 46-59:

Look up *stark, heavily, martial*.

Stour (46) is an old Scotch word for battle.

Who speaks in stanza 47? To whom?

Who were put to flight "o'er flood and fell" (47),—
over stream and hill?

Who speaks in stanzas 48–54? What promise is he going to fulfill? Compare stanza 53 with stanzas 17 and 18. Why does he say this is "the dreariest watch that ever I shall *dree*, or endure? (48)

Lyart (50) is a Scotch word for gray.

Bothwell (51) is the name of Douglas's home.

Who speaks in stanza 56?

Douglas Kirk (59) is the name of the church where Douglas was buried. Melrose Abbey is where the kings of Scotland were buried.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Learning to Study and Think

What is a smithy? Read the lines that describe the appearance of the smith.

What is the meaning of *sinewy?* *brawny?*

Read the lines which tell that the smith was honest.

Is there anything in the poem that tells you that the smith was not lazy? Read the lines.

Did he love children? Explain why you think so.

What is there about the blacksmith's work that makes it honorable? Is he a better man than many who occupy higher stations in life? Why?

Read the last stanza. Is there any way in which we are all like the blacksmith? Explain.

If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.

— R. W. EMERSON.

REVERENCE

It may seem a small offense, especially in a child, to be rude; a gnat is a small thing, and yet it may cause much irritation. Sometimes we see a child who does not answer when he is spoken to, or who turns his back upon us instead of listening; who yawns in our face, or whistles while we are engaged in some quiet study; who pushes past us in the street, or does not step aside to let others pass; who slams doors; who eats his meals without helping to serve others; who stands staring at a friend or guest, instead of meeting him pleasantly and replying to his greeting; who contradicts and denies flatly what others say, from habit and not because he knows better than they do. All these ugly ways cause irritation and annoyance to others; and if they become habits, they will sour the disposition, and the inner feelings will become as rough and rude as the outward manners.

Rude behavior is called repulsive: that means, it drives away; kind and courteous behavior is called attractive: that means, it draws towards. Thus, like all other things which are ugly and wrong in our conduct, rudeness separates us from our fellow-creatures and tends to make us alone in the world; while courtesy unites us with others.

Rudeness and disrespect are wrong towards anybody, but rudeness from a child to a parent is odious. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is called "the first commandment with promise."

Do not we all feel that we have a right to be respected by others if we have done nothing that degrades us? Does not even a little child feel angry when he is treated with rudeness? Even the little dog or the cat which sits at our feet and loves to be with us, is sorely wounded if we push it aside rudely or speak to it with harshness.

Everything that lives and feels is entitled to our kindness and in some way to our respect, either as our fellow-creature or as a beautiful and wonderful existence whose being is a mystery beyond our understanding.

See the boy who clutches and crushes the butterfly as it spreads its wings; who stamps with his heavy foot the life out of the merry, busy little insect, which

speeds along his path ; who hurls a stone at the tender bird as it warbles sweetly in the bush ; who plucks and scatters the delicate flowers as they bend towards him on their graceful stems. He has not soul enough to admire their beauty, he has not sense enough to feel the marvel of their existence. He is like the lowest savage who cannot admire nor wonder at anything.

See two men enter a magnificent building. Statues of great and good men of the past stand around. The organ is pealing forth the grand music of those who have left their spirits in the harmony they created. One of these two men enters with reverence. He takes off his hat in sign of respect ; he sits down quietly lest he should disturb others in their enjoyment. The persons who are near him at once welcome him as a kindred spirit who helps them to admire and enjoy by his sympathy, although they may not know who he is.

The other man comes in, hat on head, hands in his pockets. He stands lounging about or pushes against others ; he talks or whispers so as to disturb every one who is listening to the music ; he is too dull to feel the beauty either of the building or of the music, so he noisily walks out before the performance is finished ; and every one is glad that he is gone. The reverence of the first man makes him attractive and the rudeness of the other makes him repulsive.

See, again, two children who are old enough to think and feel about what they hear and read. One of them does not think and has no feeling. He reads how Sir Humphry Davy invented a safety lamp for the poor miners, but he quickly turns over to a more amusing page of the book. He does not care about others, or for what happens to them.

The other child both thinks and has feeling. He cannot leave Sir Humphry Davy or his lamp until he understands the clever contrivance by which light is taken a safe prisoner down among the explosive gases of the dark pit.

Which of these two children is likely to do what is good and kind and noble when he himself becomes a man?

— MRS. CHARLES BRAY

Learning to Study and Think

People often excuse rudeness in a child by saying, "He is only a child," or "He doesn't know any better." Ought they to do so? Will the child ever become well-mannered in that way?

Make a list of the rude acts which the author of this selection mentions as being common among children. Add to the list any others that you may think of. Write opposite each the courteous thing to do. Do you do any of the rude things mentioned? Read the sentence which tells what the result of such actions will be.

What does *repulsive* mean? *attractive*? Which word would you rather have people use when speaking of you?

To whom do we particularly owe respect?

What kind of person is rude, cruel, unfeeling, and does not enjoy the beauty about him?

Read carefully the paragraph about the two men who enter the building. Have you ever noticed anything like this?

Can you form any good resolutions after reading this selection?

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant,
When life flows along like a song;
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

THE QUEEN'S PARDON

James II, King of England, was a tyrant. He tried to deprive the people of their civil rights and to interfere with their religious liberty. The people sent word to William, Prince of Orange, who had married the king's daughter Mary, asking him to come over to England and be their king. So when William landed from Holland with an army, most of the people sided with him, and James had to leave the country.

Now, while most of the people hated James and were glad to be rid of him, he still had some powerful friends in England who made several attempts to bring him back. In one of these attempts, Lord Preston took a prominent part. For this treason to William and Mary, he was imprisoned in the Tower of London and condemned to die.

Lucy, the nine-year-old daughter of Lord Preston, was allowed to visit him in prison a short time before the day set for his execution. When the child arrived at the gloomy Tower and saw the soldiers on guard, she trembled and hid her face in her nurse's cloak.

"Is my father shut up in this dreadful place?" she asked.

"Yes," answered the nurse; "are you afraid to enter?"

"No," replied Lucy; "I am afraid to enter no place where my father is."

So with her little head held high, she followed the rough soldier who led her to the room where her father was confined.

In her joy at seeing her father again, the child for a time forgot her gloomy surroundings and chatted cheerfully of the time when he should be set free. Looking up suddenly, she saw him watching her with love and sadness in his eyes.

"Dear father," cried the child, — frightened she knew not why, — "why do you look at me so sadly?"

"Listen, dear little daughter," answered the nobleman, gathering his child in his arms. "I will tell you the truth. It is better that you hear the story from one who loves you than from a stranger. I shall never come home again. I have offended against the law by trying to have my old master, King James, restored to his throne. For this I am to die."

When Lucy heard this terrible news, she screamed aloud in terror. But her father held her close and comforted her.

By and by the child mastered her sobs, and looking into her father's face, said: "I remember King James. The day you took me to Whitehall to see him, he was so kind. Don't you remember he laid his hand on my head, and said I was like his dear daughter, the Princess of Orange, when she was my age?"

"Well, my child, soon after you saw King James, the Prince of Orange came over to England, and drove King James from his throne and kingdom; and now he is king, and the Princess Mary is queen."

"But, father," cried the child, "how could she treat her father so shamefully when he loved her so much?"

"Hush, hush, my child. You must not speak such words. Perhaps she thinks she is doing right."

“I have heard that the queen is good and kind,” said Lucy’s nurse. “Perhaps she would pardon you, my lord, if some one could only see her.”

“Alas!” answered Lord Preston. “There is no one who dares plead for a traitor, lest he also be suspected of favoring King James.”

“Father,” cried Lucy, “let me go to the queen. I shall beg her so hard for your pardon, that I know she will grant it.”

At first Lord Preston said “no” to his little daughter’s plea. But at last he thought, “It will, at least, keep her mind occupied, and prevent her thinking too much of the horrible doom that hangs over me.” So he said: “Well, Lucy, I will write a petition of pardon for you to take to the queen. The Countess of Clarendon, a friend of mine who is one of the ladies in waiting, will see that you have an interview with the queen.”

Lord Preston wrote a short petition, which he gave to the child. Then he kissed her again and again, and bade her a sad farewell, for he felt he should never see his only little daughter again. But Lucy said goodbye with a glad heart, for she felt persuaded she could win her father’s pardon from the queen.

Next morning, Lucy and her nurse arrived at the castle early. The Countess of Clarendon was very kind to the child, but told her plainly that she con-

sidered the attempt to win the queen's pardon doomed to failure.

"Only let me see the queen!" pleaded the child.
"I am sure she cannot refuse me."

"Well, little one," answered the countess, "you shall have the opportunity you seek. But I fear your little heart will fail when you see the queen face to face."

The countess conducted the child into a long picture gallery, saying: "Every morning the queen walks here. And — hark! here she and her ladies come now. The one who walks in front of the other ladies is the queen. When she approaches, kneel and present your father's petition. Be of good courage!"

The countess then made a hasty retreat, leaving Lucy alone to meet the queen. How the poor child's heart beat! But when the queen came near, she advanced a step and dropped on her knees, holding out the petition.

The queen stopped and looked down at the beautiful child. The keen sorrow in the little face touched her heart.

"What can I do for you, dear child?" she said.

Without a word, Lucy put the petition into her hands. The queen opened it; but when she saw the name of Lord Preston, her face hardened. Casting



the petition from her in anger, she turned to walk away without speaking.

But little Lucy, losing all awe of the queen in her fears for her father, grasped the queen's robes and cried in a voice of agony: "Spare my father, my dear father, royal lady!"

These were the only words the poor child could say in her anguish, and she said them over and over again till her voice choked. Then burying her face in the queen's robe, she sobbed aloud.

Queen Mary pitied the child, but she considered Lord Preston a dangerous traitor and felt that she could never be secure on her throne as long as he lived.

All this she told Lucy as kindly as possible, adding quietly and firmly, "It grieves me, my child, but I cannot grant your request."

The little maid raised her blue eyes, swimming in tears, to the face of the queen. "But he is good and kind to every one," she cried.

"He may be so to you, dear," replied the queen, kindly; "but he has broken the laws of his country, and therefore he must die."

Lucy rose slowly to her feet, turned and walked over to a large picture of King James that hung in the gallery.

"This is your father's picture, is it not, my queen?" she asked.

"Yes," answered the queen, with a slight frown.

"He used to love you very much when you were a little girl. He told me so himself. Oh, how strange it is that you wish to kill *my* father, only because he loves *yours* so faithfully!"

Her words went to the very heart of the queen. Slowly she raised her eyes to the pictured face of that once dearly-loved father. She stood for a while silent, thinking of the old days when he had been such a

tender, loving father. Then she thought of him — an exile in a foreign land. The tears rose to her eyes. She drew little Lucy to her breast.

“Dear child,” she said, “thou hast prevailed. Thy father shall not die. Here, I will sign his pardon. Thy love has saved him!”

Learning to Study and Think

Find these words in the story and define them: *treason, restored, lest, deprive, doom, anguish, prevailed*.

What is a tyrant? What tyrannical acts did King James commit? What was his punishment?

What are “civil rights”?

What crime did Lord Preston commit? Did he think that he was doing right? What was to be his punishment?

What is there in the story to show that King James was sometimes a kind-hearted man even though he ruled tyrannically as king?

Who were the new king and queen? What relation were they to King James?

Did Lord Preston think that Lucy would be successful in securing his pardon from Queen Mary? Why did he consent to her going? Did he think that she was safe from harm?

Why did the Countess of Clarendon make a hasty retreat after pointing out the queen to Lucy?

What argument finally changed the queen’s mind? Do you think that any other person could have secured the pardon?

THE RED THREAD OF COURAGE

In all her wars, Britain has never had more stubborn foes to fight than the Hillsmen of India. Their attack is always swift and sudden. They seldom fight in the open, but, like the American Indians, lie in ambush and fight from cover. Their homes are far in the interior, hidden among the hills, and can be reached only by a few well-covered and well-guarded passes. These Hillsmen are brave and reckless, and admire courage more than any other virtue.

They have a peculiar way of showing respect for their dead chiefs. After a battle, they tie around the wrists of their bravest warriors who have fallen in the fight, a green or a red cord. The red cord is the highest tribute they can pay to the bravery of a dead hero.

A small body of British troops was once sent into the hills against a tribe that had been making much trouble. Their way led them through a long valley with high hills on either side. From these hills the enemy harassed them, so they marched on rapidly, trusting to reach an open space before long.

On their way they came to a large mass of rock. The main body of the troops kept to one side; but a sergeant and eleven men, thinking it was only a huge

bowlder in the way, went around the other side, expecting to meet their comrades when they had passed the rock. They soon found, however, that they had left the main valley and were in a narrow ravine entirely shut in by high hills, with no outlet but the one by which they had entered the chasm.

On top of a steep mountain just in front of them was a flat platform defended by a strong breastwork of tree trunks, behind which were hidden seventy Hillsmen. From behind this barricade they sent down a pitiless fire.

The officer in command of the British signaled the little party to retreat. By some mistake they understood the signal to mean "charge!"

Without a moment's hesitation the small band of heroes answered the mistaken order with a cheer, and charged the heights.

Think of it — twelve unsupported men charging seventy protected by cliffs and a strong breastwork! Up, up, up, they toiled, and six reached the very top! Then followed a hand-to-hand struggle, which lasted until the last of the little band lay dead; but — every British life cost two lives of the Hillsmen.

When the main body of the troops reached the place, they found the bodies of their dead comrades at the base of the precipice from which they had been hurled

by their savage foes. They were stripped, covered with ghastly wounds, and crushed ; but *round both wrists of every British hero was twined the red thread of courage.*

Even the wild Hillsmen had been impressed with the bravery of the handful of Englishmen and had paid the enemy their last and highest tribute.

— FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON

Learning to Study and Think

Look up in the dictionary : *ambush, tribute, harassed, ravine, barricade, ghastly.*

In what country did these events occur? Why were the savages called Hillsmen? Why were they hard to defeat?

What did the red thread mean to the Hillsmen? What do you think the green thread meant?

After reading the description of the valley through which the troops were passing, draw a map of it, showing how the twelve men were separated from the main body of troops.

What was the command really given to the party? What did they understand it to be?

What was the result of the fight? What did the Hillsmen do with the bodies of the British soldiers? Why did they tie the red thread on both wrists?

Gashed with honorable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie ;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendor through the sky.

— MONTGOMERY

THE BRAVE CABIN BOY

Many years ago when Charles II was king of England, there was a war between England and Holland. One stormy afternoon in the autumn, an English fleet, under Sir John Narborough, was scudding along before the oncoming gale. The sailors were disheartened. For days they had been cruising around, hoping to meet with some ships of the enemy, but not a Dutch sail had been sighted.

Suddenly upon the ears of the eager sailors broke the cry of the lookout, "A sail!" Immediately all eyes were busy searching the angry waters. Away on the horizon appeared one, two, then more and more ships. The men watched them with intense interest. "Are they ships of the enemy?" "Perhaps they belong to a friendly nation." "Are they coming on to battle, or will they fly when they discover us?"

Nearer and nearer come the ships. There is now no doubt. They are Dutch men-of-war, and they mean to fight.

Quickly the English ships are cleared for action; officers and men are all ready at their stations to greet the enemy, when they come within range of the guns. The Dutch are as eager for the fight as the English,

and soon the dashing of the waves and the howling of the wind are drowned in the roar of the cannon.

On board the admiral's ship the fighting has been incessant. The captain of the guns approaches the admiral. "Sir," he reports, "most of the guns are disabled." Before the admiral can reply, another officer reports that the ship is in a dangerous condition. "Unless we get help soon, nothing can save the ship."

The admiral looks around. What his officers say is true: his deck is covered with dead and dying sailors; his ship is entirely surrounded by the ships of the enemy; he cannot signal any of the other English ships, for the smoke from the guns hangs like a great fog, cutting them off from his sight.

Quickly the admiral writes a short note, asking the other English ships to come to his assistance. With the note in his hand, he speaks to his sailors: "Men, we must have help at once from the rest of the fleet. I will give fifty guineas to the man who will deliver this note to the commander on one of our other ships. Who will volunteer?"

Immediately a number of men step forward, but the little cabin boy, pushing them back with his small hands, presses eagerly to the front.

"Oh, Sir Admiral, let me go!" he pleads. "I can swim as well as any man. I am so little that the

Dutch can't see me, and I am not needed here as much as a man. 'Do let me go!'

"You shall go, my brave boy," answers the admiral.

The boy took the note and, folding it as small as possible, put it in his mouth. Then throwing off his coat and boots, he slipped into the stormy sea, and was soon out of sight.

Shortly afterwards a rousing British cheer, rising above the thunder of guns and the noise of battle, assured the listeners on the flagship that the boy had reached his goal. Soon the flagship, reënforced by the other ships, was able to drive off the Dutch fleet and add another to Britain's long roll of naval victories.

Next morning all the men on the flagship were ordered on deck. There they stood at attention, while their admiral told them of the little cabin boy. Then calling the boy to him and offering him a purse, the admiral said: "Here is the fifty guineas I promised to the man who would carry my message. Take it, boy, for well have you earned it."

But the boy drew himself up proudly and clasped his hands tightly behind him. "No, no, I won't have it!" he cried. "I didn't do the job for money! I did it for love of the flag! And I'm glad if you are satisfied!"

Then what a cheer burst from the men! Not all

the rules and regulations of the British navy could have kept down that cheer. One might think they had gained another victory.

The good admiral overlooked this breach of discipline, while he looked at the boy with pride and something else shining in his eyes. Then taking the boy's hand in his own, he said, "My lad, I am proud of you, and some day England will be proud of you, for you are surely destined to become a great man."

"Think of it!" said the boy afterwards. "Our great admiral shook hands with me before all the men! Oh, wasn't that worth hundreds of guineas!"

And the best of the whole story is this, — every word that the admiral spoke came true. The brave little cabin boy became one of England's greatest admirals, — Sir Cloutesley Shovel.

Learning to Study and Think

What is meant by a "Dutch sail"? Why were the English sailors disheartened? How did they feel when they finally sighted the enemy?

What are the duties of a cabin boy?

What happened to the admiral's ship? Why could he not signal the other ships for help? What reward did he offer to any one who would carry a message? What was the only way in which the message could be carried?

What reasons did the boy give to convince the admiral that he should be selected instead of one of the men?

What dangers did the boy encounter on his trip in the water? What made the swimming especially hard?

What was the final result of the battle?

Why did the boy refuse the purse which the admiral offered?

What prediction did the admiral make about the boy's future? How did it come true?

Honor and shame from no condition rise;

Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

— POPE

LITTLE DAYLIGHT

Once upon a time a beautiful little princess, named Daylight, was born in a far-away country. All the fairies in the land were invited to her christening, and an old witch who was not invited was there, too. The fairies knew she was there for no good, and they planned to keep her from doing as much evil as they could.

Five fairies had one after the other given the child such gifts as each counted best, and the fifth had just stepped back to her place, when, mumbling a laugh between her toothless gums, the wicked witch hobbled out into the middle of the circle, and at the moment when the archbishop was handing the baby to the lady at the head of the nursery department, addressed him

thus, giving a bite or two to every word before she could part with it :

“Please your grace, I’m very deaf; would your grace mind repeating the princess’s name?”

“With pleasure, my good woman,” said the archbishop, stooping to shout in her ear; “the infant’s name is Little Daylight.”

“And little daylight it shall be,” cried the fairy, in the tone of a dry axle, “and little good shall any of her gifts do her. For I bestow upon her the gift of sleeping all day long, whether she will or not. Ha, ha! He, he! Hi, hi!”

Then out started the sixth fairy, who, of course, the others had arranged should come after the wicked one, in order to undo as much as she might.

“If she sleep all day,” she said mournfully, “she shall at least wake all night.”

“You spoke before I had done,” said the wicked fairy. “That’s against the law. It gives me another chance.”

“I beg your pardon,” said the other fairies, all together.

“She did. I hadn’t done laughing,” said the crone. “I had only got to Hi, hi! and I had to go through Ho, ho! and Hu, hu! So I decree that if she wakes all night she shall wax and wane with its mistress, the

moon. And what that may mean I hope her royal parents will live to see. Ho, ho! Hu, hu!"

But out stepped another fairy, for they had been wise enough to keep two in reserve, because every fairy knew the trick of one.

"Until," said the seventh fairy, "a prince comes who shall kiss her without knowing it."

The wicked fairy made a horrid noise like an angry cat and hobbled away. She could not pretend that she had not finished her speech this time, for she had laughed Ho, ho! and Hu, hu!.

"I don't know what that means," said the poor king to the seventh fairy.

"Don't be afraid. The meaning will come with the thing itself," said she.

I will not attempt to describe what they had to go through for some time. . . . At certain seasons the palace rang all night with bursts of laughter from Little Daylight, whose heart the old fairy's curse could not reach; she was Daylight still, only a little in the wrong place, for she always dropped asleep at the first hint of dawn in the east. But her merriment was of short duration.

When the moon was at the full, she was in glorious spirits and as beautiful as it was possible for a child of her age to be. But as the moon waned, she faded,

until at last she was wan and withered like the poorest, sickliest child you might come upon in the streets of a great city, in the arms of a homeless mother. Then the night was quiet as the day, for the little creature lay in her gorgeous cradle night and day, with hardly a motion, and indeed, at last without even a moan, like one dead.

At first they often thought she was dead, but at last they got used to it, and only consulted the almanac to find the moment when she would begin to revive, which, of course, was with the first appearance of the silver thread of the crescent moon. Then she would move her lips, and they would give her a little food ; and she would grow better and better and better, until for a few days she was splendidly well. When well, she was always merriest out in the moonlight ; but even when near her worst, she seemed better when, in warm summer nights, they carried her cradle out into the light of the waning moon. Then in her sleep she would smile the faintest, most pitiful smile.

For a long time very few people ever saw her awake. As she grew older she became such a favorite, however, that about the palace there were always some who would contrive to keep awake at night, in order to be near her. But she soon began to take every chance of getting away from her nurses and enjoying her

moonlight alone. And thus things went on until she was nearly seventeen years of age.

As she grew older she had grown more and more beautiful, with the sunniest hair and the loveliest eyes of heavenly blue, brilliant and profound as the sky of a June day. But so much more painful and sad was the change as her bad time came on. The more beautiful she was in the full moon, the more withered and worn did she become as the moon waned. At the time at which my story has now arrived, she looked, when the moon was small or gone, like an old woman exhausted with suffering. . . .

A little way from the palace there was a great open glade, covered with the greenest and softest grass. This was her favorite haunt; for here the full moon shone free and glorious, while through the trees she could generally see more or less of the dying moon as it crossed the opening. Here she had a little rustic house built for her, and here she mostly resided. Whether the good fairies had anything to do with it or not, I cannot tell, but at last she got into the way of retreating farther into the wood every night as the moon waned, so that sometimes they had great trouble in finding her; but as she was always very angry if she discovered they were watching her, they scarcely dared to do so.

About this time, in a neighboring kingdom, an insurrection took place upon the death of the old king; the greater part of the nobility was massacred; and the young prince was compelled to flee for his life, disguised like a peasant. For some time, until he got out of the country, he suffered much from hunger and fatigue; but when he got into that ruled by the princess's father and had no longer any fear of being recognized, he fared better, for the people were kind. He did not abandon his disguise, however. . . .

For a day or two he had been walking through the palace wood and had had next to nothing to eat, when he came upon the strangest little house, inhabited by a very nice, tidy, motherly old woman. This was one of the good fairies. The moment she saw him she knew quite well who he was and what was going to come of it; but she was not at liberty to interfere with the orderly march of events. She received him with the kindness she would have shown to any other traveler, and gave him bread and milk, which he thought the most delicious food he had ever tasted, wondering that they did not have it for dinner at the palace sometimes.

The old woman pressed him to stay all night. When he awoke he was amazed to find how well and strong he felt. She would not take any of the money he

offered, but begged him, if he found occasion of continuing in the neighborhood, to return and occupy the same quarters.

"Thank you much, good mother," answered the prince; "but there is little chance of that. The sooner I get out of this wood the better."

"I don't know that," said the fairy.

"What do you mean?" asked the prince.

"Why, how *should* I know?" returned she.

"I can't tell," said the prince.

"Very well," said the fairy.

"How strangely you talk!" said the prince.

"Do I?" said the fairy.

"Yes, you do," said the prince.

"Very well," said the fairy.

The prince was not used to being spoken to in this fashion, so he felt a little angry, and turned and walked away. But this did not offend the fairy. She stood at the door of her little house, looking after him till the trees hid him quite. Then she said, "At last!" and went in.

The prince wandered and wandered, and got nowhere. The sun sank and sank, and went out of sight, and he seemed no nearer the end of the wood than ever. He sat down on a fallen tree, ate a bit of bread the old woman had given him, and waited for the moon.

Up she came, slow and slow, but of a good size—pretty nearly round, indeed; whereupon, greatly refreshed with his piece of bread, he got up and went—he knew not whither.

After walking a considerable distance, he thought he was coming to the outside of the forest; but when he reached what he thought the last of it, he found himself only upon the edge of a great open space in it, covered with grass. The moon shone very bright, and he thought he had never seen a more lovely spot. Still, it looked dreary because of its loneliness, for he could not see the house at the other side. He sat down, weary again, and gazed into the glade. He had not seen so much room for several days.

All at once he spied something in the middle of the grass. What could it be? It moved; it came nearer. Was it a human creature, gliding across—a girl dressed in white, gleaming in the moonshine? She came nearer and nearer. He crept behind a tree and watched, wondering. It must be a nymph, he thought. But when she came close to where he stood, he no longer doubted she was human,—for he had caught sight of her sunny hair, and her clear blue eyes, and the loveliest face and form that he had ever seen.

All at once she began singing like a nightingale, and dancing to her own music, with her eyes ever



turned toward the moon. She passed close to where he stood, dancing on by the edge of the trees and away in a great circle toward the other side, until he could see but a spot of white in the yellowish-green of the moonlit grass. But when he feared it would vanish quite, the spot grew and became a figure once more. She approached him again, singing and dancing and waving her arms over her head, until she had completed the circle.

Just opposite his tree she stood, ceased her song,

dropped her arms, and broke out into a long, clear laugh, musical as a brook. Then, as if tired, she threw herself on the grass and lay gazing at the moon. The prince was almost afraid to breathe lest he should startle her and she should vanish from his sight. As to venturing near her, that never came into his head. . . .

Again she began dancing to her own music, and danced away into the distance. Once more she returned in a similar manner; but although he was watching as eagerly as before, what with fatigue and what with gazing, he fell fast asleep before she came near him. When he awoke, it was broad daylight, and the princess was nowhere.

He could not leave the place. What if she should come the next night! He would gladly endure a day's hunger to see her yet again. . . . He walked round the glade to see if he could discover any prints of her feet. But the grass was so short and her steps had been so light that she had not left a single trace behind her.

He walked halfway round the wood without seeing anything to account for her presence. Then he spied a lovely little house, with thatched roof and low eaves, surrounded by an exquisite garden, with doves and peacocks walking in it. Of course this must be where the gracious lady who loved the moonlight lived.

Forgetting his appearance, he walked toward the

door, determined to make inquiries ; but as he passed a little pond full of gold and silver fishes, he caught sight of himself and turned to find the door to the kitchen. There he knocked, and asked for a piece of bread. The good-natured cook brought him in and gave him an excellent breakfast, which the prince found nothing the worse for being served in the kitchen.

While he ate, he talked with his entertainer, and learned that this was the favorite retreat of the Princess Daylight. But he learned nothing more, both because he was afraid of seeming inquisitive and because the cook did not choose to be heard talking about her mistress to a peasant lad who had begged for his breakfast.

As he rose to take his leave, it occurred to him that he might not be so far from the old woman's cottage as he had thought, and he asked the cook whether she knew anything of such a place, describing it as well as he could. She said she knew it well enough. . . .

"Which way does it lie from here?" asked the prince.

She gave him full instructions ; and he left her with many thanks.

Being now refreshed, however, the prince did not go back to the cottage that day ; he remained in the forest, amusing himself as best he could, but waiting

anxiously for the night, in the hope that the princess would again appear. Nor was he disappointed, for, directly the moon rose, he spied a glimmering shape far across the glade. As it drew nearer, he saw it was she indeed — not dressed in white as before ; in a pale blue like the sky, she looked lovelier still. He thought it was that the blue suited her yet better than the white ; he did not know that she was really more beautiful because the moon was nearer the full. In fact, the next night was full moon, and the princess would then be at the zenith of her loveliness. . . .

He watched the whole night long, and saw that as the moon went down she retreated in smaller and smaller circles, until at last he could see her no more.

Weary as he was, he set out for the old woman's cottage, where he arrived just in time for her breakfast, which she shared with him. He then went to bed, and slept for many hours. When he awoke the sun was down, and he departed in great anxiety lest he should lose a glimpse of the lovely vision. But he lost his way.

I shall not attempt to describe his misery when the moon rose and he saw nothing but trees, trees, trees. She was high in the heavens before he reached the glade. Then, indeed, his troubles vanished ; for there was the princess coming dancing toward him, in a dress

that shone like gold and with shoes that glimmered through the grass like fireflies. She was, of course, still more beautiful than before. Like an embodied sunbeam, she passed him and danced away into the distance.

Before she returned in her circle, clouds had begun to gather about the moon. The wind rose, the trees moaned, and their lighter branches leaned all one way before it. The prince feared that the princess would go in, and he should see her no more that night. But she came dancing on, more jubilant than ever, her golden dress and her sunny hair streaming out upon the blast, waving her arms toward the moon. The prince could hardly believe she was not a creature of the elements, after all.

By the time she had completed another circle, the clouds had gathered deep and there were growlings of distant thunder. Just as she passed the tree where he stood, a flash of lightning blinded him for a moment, and when he saw again, to his horror, the princess lay on the ground. He darted to her, thinking she had been struck; but when she heard him coming, she was on her feet in a moment.

“What do you want?” she asked.

“I beg your pardon. I thought — the lightning —” said the prince, hesitating.

"There is nothing the matter," said the princess, waving him off rather haughtily.

The poor prince turned and walked toward the wood.

"Come back," said Daylight; "I like you. You do what you are told. Are you good?"

"Not so good as I should like to be," said the prince.

"Then go and grow better," said the princess.

Again the disappointed prince turned and went.

"Come back," said the princess.

He obeyed, and stood before her, waiting.

"Can you tell me what the sun is like?" she asked.

"No," he answered. "But where's the good of asking what you know?"

"But I don't know," she rejoined.

"Why, everybody knows."

"That's the very thing; I'm not everybody. I've never seen the sun."

"Then you can't know what it's like till you do see it."

"I think you must be a prince," said the princess.

"Do I look like one?" said the prince.

"I can't quite say that."

"Then why do you think so?"

"Because you both do what you are told and speak the truth. — Is the sun so very bright?"

"As bright as the lightning."

“But it doesn’t go out like that, does it?”

“Oh, no! It shines like the moon, rises and sets like the moon, is much the same shape as the moon, only so bright that you can’t look at it for a moment.”

“But I *would* look at it,” said the princess.

“But you *couldn’t*,” said the prince.

“But I *could*,” said the princess.

“Why *don’t* you, then?”

“Because I *can’t*.”

“Why *can’t* you?”

“Because I *can’t* wake. And I never shall wake until —.” Here she hid her face in her hands, turned away, and walked in the slowest, stateliest manner toward the house. The prince ventured to follow her at a little distance, but she turned and waved him back, and, like a true gentleman prince, he obeyed at once. He waited a long time, but as she did not come near him again, and as the night had now cleared, he set off at last for the old woman’s cottage.

It was long past midnight when he reached it, but, to his surprise, the old woman was paring potatoes at the door. Fairies are fond of doing odd things. Indeed, however they may dissemble, the night is always their day. And so it is with all who have fairy blood in them.

“Why, what are you doing there, this time of the

night, mother?" said the prince; for that was the kind way in which any young man in his country would address a woman who was much older than himself.

"Getting your supper ready, my son," she answered.

"Oh! I don't want any supper," said the prince.

"Ah! you've seen Daylight," said she.

"I've seen a princess who never saw it," said the prince.

"Do you like her?" asked the fairy.

"Oh! don't I?" said the prince. "More than you would believe, mother."

"A fairy can believe anything that ever was or ever could be," said the old woman.

"Then you are a fairy?" asked the prince.

"Yes," said she.

"Then what do you do for things not to believe?" asked the prince.

"There's plenty of them — everything that never was nor ever could be."

"Plenty, I grant you," said the prince. "But do you believe there could be a princess who never saw the daylight? Do you believe that, now?"

This the prince said, not that he doubted the princess, but that he wanted the fairy to tell him more. She was too old a fairy, however, to be caught so easily.

"Of all people, fairies must not tell secrets. Besides, she's a princess."

"Well, I'll tell *you* a secret. I'm a prince."

"I know that."

"How do you know it?"

"By the curl of the third eyelash on your left eyelid."

"Which corner do you count from?"

"That's a secret."

"Another secret? Well, at least, if I am a prince, there can be no harm in telling me about a princess."

"It's just princes I can't tell."

"There aren't any more of them — are there?"

"What! you don't think you're the only prince in the world, do you?"

"Oh, dear, no! not at all. But I know there's one too many just at present, except the princess —"

"Yes, yes, that's it," said the fairy.

"What's *it*?" asked the prince.

But he could get nothing more out of the fairy, and had to go to bed unanswered. . . .

The prince had so far stolen a march upon the old witch that she did not know he was in the neighborhood until after he had seen the princess those three times. Now, however, the witch was going to do all she could.

She so contrived it by her deceitful spells, that the next night the prince could not find his way to the glade. It would take me too long to tell her tricks. They would be amusing to us, who know that they could not do any harm, but they were something other than amusing to the poor prince. He wandered about the forest till daylight, and then fell fast asleep. The same thing occurred for seven following days, during which he could not find the good fairy's cottage.

After the third quarter of the moon, however, the bad fairy thought she might be at ease about the affair for a fortnight at least, for there was no chance of the prince wishing to kiss the princess during that period. So the first day of the fourth quarter he did find the cottage, and the next day he found the glade. For nearly another week he haunted it. But the princess never came.

I have little doubt she was on the farther edge of it some part of every night, but at this period she always wore black, and, there being little or no light, the prince never saw her. Nor would he have known her if he had seen her. How could he have taken the worn, decrepit creature she was now for the glorious Princess Daylight?

At last, one night when there was no moon at all, he ventured near the house. There he heard voices

talking, although it was past midnight ; for her women were in considerable uneasiness, because the one whose turn it was to watch the princess had fallen asleep and had not seen which way she went. And this was a night when she would probably wander very far, describing a circle which did not touch the open glade at all, but stretched away from the back of the house, deep into that side of the forest — a part of which the prince knew nothing.

When he understood that the princess had disappeared, he plunged at once into the wood to see if he could find her. For hours he roamed with nothing to guide him but the vague notion of a circle, which on one side bordered on the house.

It was getting toward the dawn, but as yet there was no streak of light in the sky, when he came to a great birchtree, and sat down weary at the foot of it. While he sat — very miserable, you may be sure, — full of fear for the princess and wondering how her women could take it so quietly, he bethought himself that it would not be a bad plan to light a fire, which, if the princess were anywhere near, would attract her. This he managed with a tinder box, which the good fairy had given him. The fire was just beginning to blaze up, when he heard a moan, which seemed to come from the other side of the tree.

He sprang to his feet, but his heart throbbed so that he had to lean for a moment against the tree before he could move. When he got round, there lay a human form in a little dark heap on the earth. There was light enough from his fire to show that it was not the princess. He lifted it in his arms, hardly heavier than a child, and carried it to the flame. The countenance was that of an old woman, but it had a fearfully strange look. A black hood concealed her hair, and her eyes were closed.

He laid her down as comfortably as he could, chafed her hands, put a little cordial from a bottle, also the gift of the fairy, into her mouth ; took off his coat and wrapped it about her, and, in short, did the best he could. Soon she opened her eyes and looked at him — so pitifully !

The tears rose and flowed down her gray, wrinkled cheeks, but she said never a word. The tears kept on flowing, and her whole appearance was so utterly pitiful that the prince was very near crying too. He begged her to tell him what was the matter, promising to do all he could to help her ; but still she did not speak.

He thought she was dying, and took her in his arms again to carry her to the princess's house, where he thought the good-natured cook might be able to do something for her. When he lifted her, the tears

flowed yet faster, and she gave such a sad moan that it went to his very heart.

“Mother, mother!” he said — “Poor mother!” and kissed her on the withered lips.

She started ; and what eyes they were that opened upon him ! But he did not see them, for it was still very dark, and he had enough to do to make his way through the trees toward the house.

Just as he approached the door, feeling more tired than he could have imagined possible — she was such a little thin old thing — she began to move and became so restless that, unable to carry her a moment longer, he thought to lay her on the grass. But she stood upright on her feet. Her hood had dropped, and her hair fell about her.

The first gleam of the morning was caught on her face : that face was bright as the never aging Dawn, and her eyes were as lovely as the sky of darkest blue. The prince recoiled in overmastering wonder. It was Daylight herself whom he had brought from the forest ! He fell at her feet, nor dared look up until she laid her hand upon his head. He rose then.

“You kissed me when I was an old woman ; there ! I kiss you when I am a young princess,” murmured Daylight. — “Is that the sun coming ?”

— GEORGE MACDONALD

Learning to Study and Think

Does the first part of this story remind you of any other fairy story that you have read? In what way?

What do you suppose were the gifts that the five fairies gave to the princess? How many bad fairies were there? Can one evil person often undo the work of many good ones?

What is the meaning of "in the tone of a dry axle"; "every fairy knew the trick of one"; "favorite haunt"; "zenith of her loveliness"; "a creature of the elements"?

Look up in the dictionary: *bestow, reserve, duration, rustic, insurrection, massacred, fatigue, jubilant, embodied, dissemble, vague, cordial, recoiled*.

How had the good fairies planned to undo the work of the wicked witch? Did their plan work? What mistake did they make? What harm did this mistake do?

Why was the witch angry after the seventh fairy had spoken?

Explain just how each part of the witch's evil wish influenced the princess's life. How did the sixth fairy's promise affect her?

How did the prince happen to come into the country where the princess lived? Do you suppose that the good fairies had anything to do with this? How did the witch try to prevent his meeting the princess?

Why did the prince kiss Daylight? Did he know who she was when he did it? Did this fulfil the seventh fairy's promise?



WHAT THE OLD MAN DOES IS ALWAYS RIGHT

I will tell you a story which was told to me when I was a little boy. Every time I thought of the story it seemed to me to become more and more charming; for it is with stories as it is with many people — they become better as they grow older.

A little farmhouse stood out in the country; and in this house dwelt an old couple — a peasant and his wife. Small as was their property, there was one article among it that they could do without — a horse, which made a living on the grass it found by the side of the highroad. The old peasant rode into the town on this horse; and often his neighbors borrowed it of him, and rendered the old couple some service in return for the loan of it. But they thought it would be best if they sold the horse or exchanged it for some-

thing that might be more useful to them. But what might this something be?

"You'll know that best, old man," said the wife. "It is fair day today, so ride into town, and get rid of the horse for money or make a good exchange; whichever you do will be right to me. Ride off to the fair."

And she fastened his neckerchief for him, for she could do that better than he could; and she tied it in a double bow, for she could do that very prettily. Then she brushed his hat round and round with the palm of her hand, and gave him a kiss. So he rode away upon the horse that was to be sold or to be bartered for something else. Yes, the old man knew what he was about.

The sun shone hotly down, and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The road was very dusty, for many people, who were all bound for the fair, were driving or riding or walking upon it. There was no shelter anywhere from the sunbeams.

Among the rest, a man was trudging along, and driving a cow to the fair. The cow was as beautiful a creature as any cow can be.

"She gives good milk, I'm sure," said the peasant. "That would be a very good exchange — the cow for the horse."

"Hallo, you there with the cow!" he said. "I tell you what—I fancy a horse costs more than a cow, but I don't care for that; a cow would be more useful to me. If you like, we'll exchange."

"To be sure I will," returned the man; and they exchanged.

So that was settled, and the peasant might have turned back, for he had done the business he came to do; but as he had once made up his mind to go to the fair, he determined to proceed, merely to have a look at it; and so he went on to the town with his cow.

Leading the animal, he strode sturdily on; and after a short time, he overtook a man who was driving a sheep. It was a good fat sheep, with a fine fleece on its back.

"I should like to have that fellow," said our peasant to himself. "He would find plenty of grass by our palings, and in the winter we could keep him in the room with us. Perhaps it would be more practical to have a sheep instead of a cow. Shall we exchange?"

The man with the sheep was quite ready, and the bargain was struck. So our peasant went on in the highroad with his sheep.

Soon he overtook another man, who came into the road from a field, carrying a great goose under his arm.

“That’s a heavy thing you have there. It has plenty of feathers and plenty of fat, and would look well tied to a string, and paddling in the water at our place. That would be something for my old woman ; she could make all kinds of profit out of it. How often she has said, ‘If we only had a goose !’ Now, perhaps, she can have one ; if possible, it shall be hers. Shall we exchange ? I’ll give you my sheep for your goose, and thank you into the bargain.”

The other man had not the least objection ; so they exchanged, and our peasant became the owner of the goose.

By this time he was very near the town. The crowd on the highroad became greater and greater ; there was quite a crush of men and cattle. They walked in the road, and close by the paling ; and at the barrier they even walked into the tollman’s potato field, where his own fowl was strutting about with a string to its legs, lest it should take fright at the crowd and stray away, and so be lost. This fowl had short tail feathers, and winked with both its eyes, and looked very cunning.

“Cluck, cluck !” said the fowl.

What it thought when it said this, I cannot tell you ; but directly our good man saw it, he thought, “That’s the finest fowl I’ve ever seen in my life ! Why, it’s

finer than our parson's brood hen. On my word, I should like to have that fowl. A fowl can always find a grain or two, and can almost keep itself. I think it would be a good exchange if I could get that for my goose.—Shall we exchange?" he asked the toll-taker.

"Exchange!" repeated the man; "well, that would not be a bad thing."

And so they exchanged; the toll-taker at the barrier kept the goose, and the peasant carried away the fowl.

Now, he had done a good deal of business on his way to the fair, and he was hot and tired. He wanted something to eat and to drink; and soon he was in front of the inn. He was just about to step in, when the hostler came out; so they met at the door. The hostler was carrying a sack.

"What have you in that sack?" asked the peasant.

"Shriveled apples," answered the hostler; "a whole sackful of them — enough to feed the pigs with."

"Why, that's terrible waste! I should like to take them to my old woman at home."

"What will you give me for the sackful?" asked the hostler.

"What will I give? I will give my fowl in exchange."

And he gave the fowl accordingly, and received the

apples, which he carried into the guest room. He leaned the sack carefully by the stove, and then went to the table. But the stove was hot; he had not thought of that. Many guests were present — horse-dealers, oxherds, and two Englishmen; — the two Englishmen were so rich that their pockets bulged out with gold coins, and almost burst.

Hiss-s-s! hiss-s-s! What was that by the stove? The apples were beginning to roast.

“What is that?”

“Why, do you know — ” said our peasant.

And he told the whole story of the horse that he had exchanged for a cow, and all the rest of it, down to the apples.

“Well, your old woman will give it to you when you get home!” said one of the Englishmen.

“What — give me what?” said the peasant. “She will kiss me and say, ‘What the old man does is always right.’ ”

“Impossible!” cried the Englishman. “Prove that, and we’ll fill your sack with gold coins.”

“Nothing easier,” answered the peasant. “Come with me.”

The Englishmen ordered their carriage, and they and the peasant got in. Away they went, and soon they stopped before the peasant’s hut.

“Good evening, old woman.”

“Good evening, old man.”

“I’ve made an exchange.”

“Yes, you understand what you’re about,” said the woman. .

And she embraced him, and paid no attention to the stranger guests, nor did she notice the sack.

“I got a cow in exchange for the horse,” said he.

“Heaven be thanked!” said she. “What glorious milk we shall now have, and butter and cheese upon the table! That was a most capital exchange!”

“Yes, but I changed the cow for a sheep.”

“Ah, that’s better still!” cried the wife. “You always think of everything; we have just pasture enough for a sheep. Ewe’s milk and cheese, and woolen jackets and stockings! The cow cannot give those, and her hairs will only come off. How you think of everything!”

“But I changed away the sheep for a goose.”

“Then this year we shall really have goose to eat, my dear old man. You are always thinking of something to give me pleasure. How charming that is! We can let the goose walk about with a string to her leg, and she’ll grow fatter still before we roast her.”

“But I gave away the goose for a fowl,” said the man.

“A fowl? That was a good exchange!” replied the woman. “The fowl will lay eggs and hatch them, and we shall soon have chickens; we shall have a whole poultry yard! Oh, that’s just what I was wishing for!”

“Yes, but I exchanged the fowl for a sack of shriveled apples.”

“What! — I must kiss you for that,” exclaimed the wife. “My dear, good husband! Now, I’ll tell you something. Do you know, you hardly left me this morning before I began thinking how I could give you something very nice this evening. I thought it should be pancakes with savory herbs. I had eggs, and bacon, too; but I wanted herbs. So I went over to the schoolmaster’s — they have herbs there, I know — but the schoolmistress is a mean woman, though she looks so sweet. I begged her to lend me a handful of herbs. ‘Lend!’ she answered me. ‘Nothing at all grows in our garden, not even a shriveled apple. I could not even lend you a shriveled apple, my dear woman.’ But now I can lend her twenty, or a whole sackful. That I’m very glad of; that makes me laugh!”

And with that she gave her husband a sounding kiss. “I like that!” exclaimed both the Englishmen together. “Always going downhill, and always merry; that’s worth the money.”

So they paid a sackful of gold to the peasant who was not scolded, but kissed.

Learning to Study and Think

Make a list of all the exchanges which the old man made on his way to the town. Does each exchange look like a great loss by itself? What does he finally have instead of the horse? Does this look like a great loss?

What is a peasant? a fair? a tollman?

What does the word *barrier* mean?

What words are used in the story to mean *necktie*, *traded*, *walking*, *fence*?

Why did the Englishmen think that the old man's wife would be angry with him? Why was the old woman not angry? What was gained through her good nature?

Why do you think the author liked this story better every time he thought of it?

Just whistle a bit, if the day be dark

And the sky be overcast;

If mute be the voice of the piping lark,

Why, pipe your own small blast.

Just whistle a bit, if the night be drear

And the stars refuse to shine;

And a gleam that mocks the starlight clear

Within you glows benign.

—PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

THE GREEDY SHEPHERD

Once upon a time there lived in the south country two brothers, whose business it was to keep sheep on a great grassy plain, which was bounded on the one side by a forest and on the other by a chain of high hills. No one lived on that plain but shepherds, who dwelt in low cottages thatched with heath and watched their sheep so carefully that no lamb was ever lost. Nor had one of the shepherds ever traveled beyond the foot of the hills and the skirts of the forest.

There were none among them more careful than these two brothers, one of whom was called Clutch and the other Kind. Though born brothers, two men of distant countries could not be more unlike in disposition. Clutch thought of nothing in this world but how to catch and keep some profit for himself, while Kind would have shared his last morsel with a hungry dog. This covetous mind made Clutch keep all his father's sheep when the old man was dead and gone, because he was the elder brother, allowing Kind nothing but the place of a servant to help him in looking after them.

Kind would not quarrel with his brother for the sake of the sheep, so he helped him to keep them, and Clutch had all his own way. This made him agree-

able. For some time the brothers lived peaceably in their father's cottage, which stood low and lonely under the shadow of a great sycamore tree, and kept their flock on the grassy plain, always having their pipe and crook with them, till new troubles arose through Clutch's covetousness.

On that plain there was neither town nor city nor market place, where people might sell or buy, but the shepherds cared little for trade. The wool of their flocks made them clothes; the milk gave them butter and cheese. At feast times every family killed a lamb or so, and their fields yielded them wheat for bread. The forest supplied them with firewood for winter; and every midsummer, which is the sheep-shearing time, traders from a certain far-off city came through by an ancient way to purchase all the wool the shepherds could spare, and give them in exchange either goods or money.

One midsummer it so happened that these traders praised the wool of Clutch's flock above all they found on the plain, and gave him the highest price for it. That was an unlucky happening for the sheep; from thenceforth Clutch thought he could never get enough wool off them. At the shearing time nobody clipped so close, and in spite of all Kind could do or say, he left the poor sheep as bare as if they had been shaven.

And as soon as the wool grew long enough to keep them warm, he was ready with the shears again — no matter how chilly might be the days or how near the winter. Kind did not like these doings, and many a debate they caused between him and his brother.

Clutch always tried to persuade Kind that close clipping was good for the sheep, and Kind always strove to make Clutch think he had got all the wool — so they were never done with disputes. Still Clutch sold the wool and stored up his profits, and one mid-summer after another passed. The shepherds began to think him a rich man, and close clipping might have become the fashion, but for a strange thing which happened to his flock.

The wool had grown well that summer. Clutch had taken two crops off his sheep, and was thinking of a third — though the misty mornings of autumn had come, and the cold evenings made the shepherds put on their winter cloaks — when first the lambs, and then the ewes, began to stray away ; and search as the brothers would, not one of them was ever found again.

Clutch blamed Kind for being careless, and watched with all his might. Kind knew it was not his fault, but he looked sharper than ever. Still the straying went on. The flocks grew smaller every day, and all

the brothers could find out was, that the closest clipped were the first to go ; and, count the flock when they might, some were sure to be missed at the folding.

Kind grew tired of watching, and Clutch lost his sleep with vexation. The other shepherds, over whom Clutch boasted of his wool and his profits, were not sorry to see pride having a fall. Most of them pitied Kind ; but all of them agreed that the brothers had marvelous ill luck, and kept as far from them as they could, for fear of sharing it.

Still the flock melted away as the months wore on. Storms and cold weather never stopped them from straying, and when the spring came back, nothing remained with Clutch and Kind but three old ewes,



the quietest and lamest of their whole flock. They were watching these ewes one evening in the primrose time, when Clutch, who had never kept his eyes off them that day, said :

“Brother, there is wool to be had on their backs.”

“It is too little to keep them warm,” said Kind. “The east wind still blows sometimes”; but Clutch was off to the cottage for the bag and shears.

Kind was grieved to see his brother so greedy, and to divert his mind he looked up at the great hills ; it was a sort of comfort to him, ever since their losses began, to look at them evening and morning. Now their far-off heights were growing crimson with the setting sun, but as he looked, three creatures like sheep scoured up a cleft in one of them, as fleet as any deer. And when Kind turned, he saw his brother coming with the bag and shears, but not a single ewe was to be seen. Clutch’s first question was, ‘What had become of them?’ and when Kind told what he saw, his brother scolded him with might and main for ever lifting his eyes off them.

“Much good the hills and the sunset do us,” said he, “now that we have not a single sheep. The other shepherds will hardly give us room among them at shearing time or harvest ; but for my part, I’ll not stay on this plain, to be despised for poverty. If you like

to come with me and be guided by my advice, we will get service somewhere. I have heard my father say that there were great shepherds living in old times beyond the hills ; let us go and see if they will take us for sheep boys."

Kind would rather have stayed and tilled his father's wheat field, hard by the cottage ; but since his elder brother would go, he resolved to bear him company.

Next morning, accordingly, Clutch took his bag and shears ; Kind took his crook and pipe, and away they went over the plain and up the hills.

All who saw them thought they had lost their senses, since no shepherd had gone there for a hundred years, and nothing was to be seen but wide moorlands, full of rugged rocks and sloping up, it seemed, to the very sky. Kind persuaded his brother to take the direction the sheep had gone, but the ground was so rough and steep that after two hours' climbing they would gladly have turned back if it had not been that their sheep were gone and the shepherds would laugh at them.

By noon they came to the stony cleft up which the three old ewes had scoured like deer ; but both were tired, and sat down to rest. Their feet were sore, and their hearts were heavy ; but as they waited, there came a sound of music down the hills, as if a thousand

shepherds had been piping. Clutch and Kind had never heard such music before.

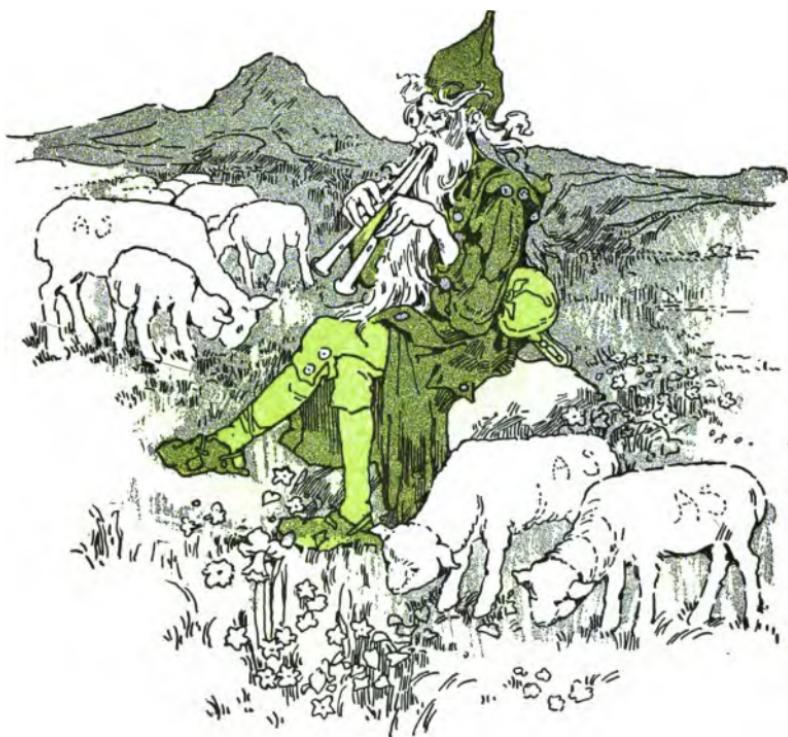
As they listened, the soreness passed from their feet and the heaviness from their hearts ; and arising, they followed the sound up the cleft and over a wide heath covered with purple bloom ; till, at sunset, they came to the hilltop and saw a broad pasture, where violets grew thick among the grass and thousands of snow-white sheep were feeding, while an old man sat in the midst of them, playing on his pipe.

He wore a long coat, the color of the holly leaves ; his hair hung to his waist, and his beard to his knees ; both were as white as snow, and he had the countenance of one who had led a quiet life and known no cares nor losses.

“Good father,” said Kind, for his elder brother hung back and was afraid, “tell us what land this is, and where we can find service ; for my brother and I are shepherds, and can well keep flocks from straying, though we have lost our own.”

“These are the hill pastures,” said the old man, “and I am the ancient shepherd. My flocks never stray, but I have employment for you. Which of you can shear the better ?”

“Good father,” said Clutch, taking courage, “I am the closest shearer in all the plain country ; you



would not find as much wool as would make a thread on a sheep when I have done with it."

"You are the man for my business," replied the old shepherd. "When the moon rises, I will call the flock you have to shear. Till then sit down and rest, and take your supper out of my wallet."

Clutch and Kind gladly sat down by him among the violets. Opening a leathern bag which hung by his

side, the old man gave them cakes and cheese, and a horn cup to drink from a stream hard by.

The brothers felt fit for any work after that meal ; and Clutch rejoiced in his own mind at the chance he had for showing his skill with the shears. “Kind will see how useful it is to cut close,” he thought to himself.

They sat with the old man, telling him the news of the plain, till the sun went down and the moon rose, and all the snow-white sheep gathered and laid themselves down behind him. Then he took his pipe and played a merry tune, when immediately there was heard a great howling, and up the hills came a troop of shaggy wolves, with hair so long that their eyes could scarcely be seen. Clutch would have fled for fear, but the wolves stopped, and the old man said to him :

“Rise and shear — this flock of mine have too much wool on them.”

Clutch had never shorn wolves before, yet he could not think of losing the good service, and went forward with a stout heart ; but the first of the wolves showed its teeth, and all the rest raised such a howl the moment he came near them that Clutch was glad to throw down his shears and run behind the old man for safety.

“Good father,” cried he, “I will shear sheep, but not wolves.”

“They must be shorn,” said the old man, “or you go

back to the plains, and they after you ; but whichever of you can shear them will get the whole flock."

On hearing this, Clutch began to exclaim over his hard fortune, and accused his brother of bringing him there to be hunted and devoured by wolves ; but Kind, thinking that things could be no worse, caught up the shears his brother had thrown away in his fright, and went boldly up to the nearest wolf. To his great surprise the wild creature seemed to know him and stood quietly to be shorn, while the rest of the flock gathered round as if waiting their turn.

Kind clipped neatly, but not too close, as he had wished his brother to do with the sheep ; and he heaped up the hair on one side. When he had finished one, another came forward, and Kind went on shearing by the bright moonlight till the whole flock were shorn.

Then the old man said : "You have done well ; take the wool and the flock for your wages, return with them to the plain, and, if you please, take this little-worth brother of yours for a boy to keep them."

Kind did not much like keeping wolves, but before he could make answer, they had all changed into the very sheep which had strayed away so strangely. They had grown fatter and thicker of fleece, and the hair he had cut off lay by his side, a heap of wool so fine and soft that its like had never been seen on the plain.

Clutch gathered it up in his empty bag, and glad was he to go back to the plain with his brother ; for the old man sent them away with their flock, saying no man might see the dawn of day on that pasture but himself, for it was the ground of the fairies.

So Clutch and Kind went home with great gladness. All the shepherds came to hear their wonderful story, and ever after liked to keep near them because they had such good luck. They keep the sheep together till this day ; but Clutch has grown less greedy, and Kind alone uses the shears.

— FRANCES BROWNE

Learning to Study and Think

Look up in the dictionary the meaning of *thatched, covetous, ewe, vexation, cleft, scoured, countenance*.

What season of the year is “primrose time”? What is meant by “at the folding”; “ewes had scoured like deer”?

Do the names of the two brothers tell anything about their characters? Explain.

When should sheep be sheared? Why is close clipping cruel?

Did Clutch care for the comfort of his sheep? Did Kind? Which brother had his way?

Who do you think the ancient shepherd was? Why did the flocks melt away? Who took them away?

What lesson did Clutch learn in the mountains? How was he punished for his past greed? How was Kind rewarded for his goodness?





Heroes of old ! I humbly lay
The laurel on your graves again ;
Whatever men have done, men may, —
The deeds you wrought are not in vain !

— Austin Dobson

KING HORN

There was great joy throughout the Scottish realm, for King Horn, beloved of his people, was about to wed his cousin, the fair Margaret. "With a king so true and noble, and a queen so gentle and fair, Scotland shall be doubly blest," said all.

It was but one week to the wedding day, and Lady Margaret sat in her bower, sewing on her bridal gown. Happy smiles lighted her face and bits of glad melody burst from her heart. A more joyous or a fairer bride could not be — at least so thought King Horn as he entered her room.

Lady Margaret looked up with a smile of welcome that suddenly faded when she saw the king's face more clearly.

"Why dost thou look so grave?" she asked.

"A message has just reached me calling me to France, and I must leave at once," he answered.

"Must leave at once! For France! And why?" she cried.

"To help France's king fight against the heathen," he replied.

"To fight! O my lord, go not, I pray you! Let the French king fight his own battles! Stay thou safe in Scotland," entreated the Lady Margaret.

"Nay, that I cannot do. 'Tis not only my brother in France who calls me, but mine own honor. I have pledged to him my word. Wouldst have me forsworn?"

"No, no, my lord! Go forth and conquer! But —"

"Grieve not," interrupted the king. "I shall soon return. Come, dry thine eyes and give me a token to carry with me."

Lady Margaret smiled bravely through her tears; and taking a jeweled ring from her finger, she handed it to the king, saying, "Here is a magic ring that was given to me by my mother who had it from a great wizard. The magic lies in the seven diamonds it bears. Read what is written within."

The king peered into the golden circle and read aloud,

"When these stones grow dim and wan,
Ye may know by it my love is gone."

He slipped the ring on his finger, saying, "Ah, my lady, well I know thy true heart! Never shall these stones grow dim!"

Ere Lady Margaret could make reply, the king's chamberlain entered the room, and having bowed low to the lady, turned to the king and said, "Sire, your ship awaits you with all your good knights already on board."

"I will be with them in a moment's time," replied the king.

The chamberlain left the room, but neither Lady Margaret nor the king noticed that he left the door ajar.

"Margaret," said King Horn gravely, "in my absence, rule thou as Scotland's queen. If I fall in battle, thou wilt become queen in truth, for thou art the next heir to the throne. I leave thee then my golden scepter. Rule my people with gentle justice till I come again."

"I leave thee also the seven laverocks in their golden cage which now hangs in my own room. So long as they greet the morning with song, thou mayst be sure that all is well with me; but should they droop and be silent, know that I am slain and will return to my land and to thee no more. Guard then the bonny birds well, and pray for my safe return."

Upon receiving Lady Margaret's brave, though tearful promise to do all that he had asked, the king bade her a fond farewell and hastened to join his knights for their adventure in France.

For a full year King Horn was absent from his native land. Then, the heathen scattered, he returned again to his own people. So eager was he to see Lady Margaret that he waited not until his knights had debarked, but set off alone toward his castle. He walked joyously along the highway, drawing deep breaths of his native air, thankful that he had helped win the victory ; that his life had been spared ; that he was once more at home ; but most of all, was he thankful that, throughout all his danger, the diamonds in the magic ring had remained bright. As he thought thus of the ring, he raised his hand to look at it.

One glance, and his hurrying footsteps stopped, and he stood as one turned to stone. Not one gleam from the gems greeted the sunbeams that played upon them. Every stone was as dull as the wayside pebbles.

“No! No! No! It cannot be! Mine eyes deceive me!” he muttered o'er and o'er, as one who talks in his sleep.

A whining voice broke in on his deep grief, “A penny, most noble knight. A penny, for the love of charity.”

The king looked up from the ring and saw an old beggar man standing before him.

“What is the news of the country? What news of thy queen? Hasten, old man, and tell me!” he cried.

“Alas!” replied the beggar. “My news brings joy to no true Scottish hearts: the queen weds today.”

“The queen — weds — today!” repeated the king. “Methought she was promised to King Horn.”

“Aye, she was,” answered the beggar; “but it is now a year since our noble king sailed away with a gallant company to the wars in France. Since then naught has been heard of him, and the wily chamberlain has at last convinced the queen that he and all his knights lie dead beyond the sea.”

“The chamberlain!” cried the king. “What is it to him?”

“Much! It is he who weds the queen today,” replied the beggar. “But, hark you, stranger! We common people think he lies to gain the queen and the throne. We believe that King Horn will come again to his own. And let him come by night or by day, he shall find every true Scottish heart ready to welcome him and every true Scottish blade ready to cut a way for him to his rightful throne.”

The old beggar’s words of love and loyalty touched the king deeply. “May the day soon dawn that will restore thy king to his people,” he said, “and doubt not, when that time comes, he will know how to reward his faithful friends, as well as how to punish all traitors.

"And now, my friend, let us exchange cloaks. I have a mind to play the beggar's part for a time."

"And I have a mind to play the knight's part, if but for an hour," answered the beggar, as he threw his old ragged cloak to the king and wrapped himself proudly in the brave crimson cloak the king handed him.

The king pulled the hood of the beggar's cloak over his head, hiding most of his face. "Now tell me, old beggar," he said, "what words shall I speak when I ask for alms?"

"Say, 'Give alms, I pray, for the sake of King Horn,'" replied the beggar.

"Why these words?" asked the king.

"Because," answered the beggar, "there is no name dearer to Scottish hearts than that of our good king. It never fails to fetch a gift."

"Thank thee," said the king. "I shall try the power of thy plea."

So saying, he left the beggar and hurried on to his castle.

Arriving at the gate, he passed unchallenged into the courtyard. There he found a great stir. Servants were hurrying from place to place.

The king stopped one of them. "An alms, I pray, my fair maid," he begged in a whining voice.

"Out of my way, old man!" she answered. "Thinkest

thou we have time to waste on beggars, in the midst of preparing for the queen's wedding?"

"An alms!" he repeated, "an alms, in the name of King Horn!"

At that word the maiden stopped, and in a gentle voice said, "Come into the kitchen, old man. For our dear king's sake, who was ever good to the needy, thou shalt have thy fill today. No servant in this castle can refuse anything asked in that name."

"Then, in the name of King Horn, I beg thee to ask the queen to come hither. Tell her it may be the last time any one shall ask a favor of her in the name of King Horn."

"I shall ask her," said the maid, "but I know not if she will come."

"What!" he cried. "Has the queen already forgotten King Horn? Lives he only in the memory of beggars and servants?"

"Nay, I think thou dost wrong the queen. It is the chamberlain who forces her into this marriage. Wait here, and I will carry thy message to her," replied the maid.

She hurried away, but returned in a very few minutes with the queen. Though still lovely, her face looked white and wan, and her eyes were heavy with unshed tears.

At the sight of her, the king stepped forward and tried to bend a knee, but, completely overcome with emotion, he staggered and would have fallen but for the aid given him by two servants who, seeing his condition, rushed to his side.

“Poor old man!” said the queen in her sweet, gentle voice. “He is faint. Run, bring a cup of wine.”

The wine was brought, and the queen, taking it from the servant, handed it to King Horn, saying, “Drink this, and regain thy strength.”

He took the cup from her white hand, drank the wine, and dropped the magic ring into it. He then returned the cup to the queen, saying in a disguised voice, “A wedding gift, O Queen !”

One swift glance, and the queen seized the old man by his cloak.

“The ring! the ring!” she cried. “Where didst thou get this ring? Didst steal it? Didst find it on my dead lord’s hand? Speak, man! Oh, speak to me !”

“I stole it not; neither did I find it on a dead man’s hand,” he answered. “It was given to me.”

“Oh, I cannot, I will not believe that King Horn gave this ring to any man! It was too precious in his eyes!” she said.

“Madam, he valued it not after the stones turned dull,” he replied.

"But they never turned dull on his hand!" she exclaimed. "As long as he lived they were bright and beautiful. 'Twas but yesterday I promised to wed, and King Horn died ten long weary months ago."

"How knowest thou this, my lady?" he asked.

"Oh! I know by a certain sign," she replied earnestly. "When my lord left, he gave me seven laverocks in a golden cage. He told me with his own lips that as long as they sang and were happy, I might know that he was safe; but if they drooped their heads and were silent, I might know surely that he was slain. I guarded my dear birds—oh, so carefully!—but scarce a month after he left, I found them all dead in their cage. And so I knew that my dear lord was no more."

The queen finished speaking and stood unheeding the onlookers, with tears streaming down her pale cheeks.

King Horn was about to step forward and make himself known, when the chamberlain, clad in kingly robes, swept proudly to the spot.

"Why all this crowd, and why the tears on thy cheeks, my queen?" he demanded in an arrogant voice.

"'Tis a beggar that bears news of King Horn," replied the queen. "I have not yet heard his tale. Wait and hear it with me."

At King Horn's name the chamberlain looked fright-

ened ; but he instantly recovered himself, and, taking the queen's hand, tried to draw her to the castle.

"Come away," he said. "Hear him not. Doubtless, he brings us a lying tale. Who heeds the words of a wandering beggar?"

Then stepped forth King Horn, and throwing the beggar's cloak aside, said in a stern voice, "But thou shalt heed the words of me, thy rightful king!"

At the sight of the loved face, at the sound of the loved voice, the crowd that had gathered in the court-yard shouted aloud in joy, "King Horn ! Long live King Horn ! Our king has come to his own again!"

But above all their shouting, the king heard words breathed scarce above a whisper, "My dear, dear lord!"

One swift look of affection for the queen, one smile of greeting to his people, then the king's face, again stern and cold, was turned toward the chamberlain.

"Speak up, sirrah," he said, "and tell me what thou hast done to convince the queen and my people of my death."

The chamberlain, seeing no chance of escape, fell on his knees and whined: "I will confess all. Oh, I have been proud — proud and wicked ! I have always longed for power. On the day that you left for France, I heard what you told the queen about the

laverocks ; and I saw a chance to gain the throne. I carried the birds to my own room, and put seven dead birds into their golden cage. After long urging I persuaded the queen to marry me, telling her that the people wanted a king to lead them in battle and to rule over them. Once married to the queen and seated on the throne, I thought I could defy you, should you return, for you yourself had given her the golden scepter.

“I have spoken the truth ; now deal with me as I deserve, for I am indeed a traitor.”

The chamberlain finished speaking, and, with his head bowed in the dust, remained kneeling before the king.

“My queen,” said the king at last, “thou still holdst the scepter of our land. On thee, therefore, falls the duty to judge this man. What is thy will ?”

“Chamberlain,” said the queen gravely, “when the king gave the scepter into my hand, he urged me to rule with ‘gentle justice.’ I, therefore, grant thee thy life, but decree that thou shalt leave this court and this country forever.”

The chamberlain rose slowly to his feet and opened his lips as if to speak. But the king stretched out his hand, pointed to the gates, and said, “Not one word shalt thou utter in the queen’s presence. Go !”

Without a backward look, the traitor slunk away.

Then the people murmured in anger, "After him! He shall not so escape the reward of his crimes! Slay him! The queen has been too merciful."

With a word and a gesture, the king stayed them, saying, "Let him go. I freely forgive him."

"Surely," said the queen, "I can be merciful if he who so nearly lost his throne can forgive his enemy!"

"King Horn can never lose his throne while he reigns in the hearts of his loyal people and his queen," cried the king. "And now, friends, let us proceed to the marriage."

Thus, after all his trials and dangers, did King Horn arrive in time to wed the beautiful Queen Margaret.

Learning to Study and Think

Where in the story do you get the first hint that the chamberlain was not true to the king? How else did you know that he was a traitor before you read his own confession?

Did the king ever have any doubt of the queen's loyalty? Give reasons for your answer.

What do you think of the queen's judgment on the chamberlain? What would you have done if the judgment had been left in your hands? She said she showed *gentle justice*. What in her decision might be called dealing *justice*? What might be called showing *gentleness*?

Laverocks is an old name for larks.

Make a list of the other old and unusual words in this lesson. Look them up in the dictionary and be prepared to use another word in place of each.

Notice that the king and queen use *thou* in addressing each other and in speaking to their servants; but the servants say *you* to the king and queen. In olden times, *thou* was used in familiar address to friends and servants, and *you*, when used in speaking to one person, was a term of respect.

THE OUTLAW MURRAY

One morning the king of Scotland held council with his knights in Edinburgh castle. All faces were grave, for Sir Roderick, one of the bravest Scottish knights, had been missing from his duties for two weeks. This day the king had called his knights together to form plans for a thorough search of the land.

“We must find him — living or dead,” said the king.

He had hardly finished speaking when Sir Roderick himself walked into the room. Pale and wan he looked, but he held himself erect and saluted his king with knightly courtesy.

“Marry,” cried the astonished king, “thou art thrice welcome! We thought never to see thy face again. Where hast thou been this fortnight past? Take thy chair at our council table, and tell us thy tale.”

The knight took his place, and all leaned forward to hear the better.

“Two Thursdays ago,” began Sir Roderick, “while hunting in Ettrick Forest, I became separated from my companions. I wandered until I was deep in the woods. Suddenly, clear and shrill, I heard the call of a bugle. Thinking it had been blown by one of my company, I hastened toward the place from whence the sound came. There I found — not one of my own men — but a stranger, a tall man dressed in Lincoln green. At the same instant that I arrived, many other men gathered to the spot from every direction, all summoned by their leader’s bugle blast, and all dressed, like him, in Lincoln green. I knew at once that I was in the presence of the outlaw Murray and his merry men.”

The listening knights sprang to their feet. “The Murray!” they cried. “What said he?” “What did he?” “What ransom did he demand?” “How did you es—”

“Peace!” cried the king. “Take your places and let this man finish his story.”

As soon as the knights were again gathered about the council table, Sir Roderick continued :

“When I saw myself surrounded by the outlaws, I confess that I quaked inwardly. But I would not

have the Murray think a Scottish knight a coward, so I drew my sword and cried in a loud voice, 'Here stand I, Sir Roderick, a loyal knight of our good Scottish king. If ye be friends, I offer ye my hand; if ye be enemies, I offer ye my sword. Give me room and fair play and I will meet you one by one as long as I can wield my blade!'"

"Good! good!" cried the knights. "Well and bravely said!"

"'Twas brave but rash," said the king.

"Then out stepped the leader and said, 'Thou comest here as our enemy to spy upon us. Therefore we refuse thy hand. But never shall it be said of Murray of Ettrick Forest that he took an unfair advantage of any man. Stand out, Sir Knight! Thy sword against mine!'"

"'But,' I replied, 'you still have the advantage. Should I conquer you in combat, what surety have I that your men will not kill me in revenge?'

"'My word!' answered the Murray proudly; and, turning to his men, he made them promise to see me safe to Edinburgh if he were wounded or slain. Then we prepared for the contest."

"Fight Murray! Murray of the strong hand!" interrupted the knights. "Why—"

"Silence!" cried the king. "On, Sir Roderick, on!"

“There is not much more to tell, your majesty,” replied Sir Roderick. “We fought, but I was as a babe in his hands. For a short time I held my own, then — but why go on? No man likes to tell of his defeat!”

The king stretched out his hand and placed it kindly on the knight’s shoulder, saying, “Nay, Sir Roderick, belittle not thyself. Right gallantly thou foughtest. That I swear by my own good sword!”

“Aye, did you! We know you fought well!” cried the knights.

“Thanks, your majesty; thanks, my loyal comrades,” answered Sir Roderick. “To continue — From the moment I felt myself slipping to the earth, I knew nothing till I opened my eyes in a noble hall. The ceiling was high and arched; the walls were covered with weapons and trophies of the chase. I was in the house of Murray.

“There I was tenderly nursed by his wife, Lady Margaret, and her maidens until my wound was healed. Murray and his merry men treated me with great kindness and respect. This morning they brought me safe to the gates of Edinburgh.”

“Marry!” cried a knight, “but the outlaw is a *man!*”

“Aye, a man indeed,” answered the king, “too noble and too brave a man to live an outlaw in the land of Scotland. I wish that he were one of my knights!”

“O Sire!” said one of the knights. “Why not send a messenger to this bold outlaw, offering him a full pardon if he will pledge his allegiance to you?”

“I fear it will be useless,” answered Sir Roderick. “The Murray has five hundred men who serve him loyally. Think ye that he will give up his free life in the greenwood to serve another? He calls himself the King of Ettrick Forest.”

The king sprang to his feet in anger. “He, the King of Ettrick Forest, forsooth! There shall never be two kings in this land! I here and now make vow that either I shall be King of Ettrick Forest, or that bold outlaw shall be King of Scotland!

“James Boyd, my noble brother, thou shalt be my messenger. Go, haste to the outlaw Murray, and tell him that if he present himself within seven days in my town of Edinburgh and pledge his allegiance unto me, I will grant him free pardon; and he shall continue to hold, under me, the dominion of Ettrick Forest. But, if he fail to appear within the seven days, I will send an army to conquer him, to tear down his castle, and to hang him and his merry men in the greenwood.”

James Boyd bowed before the king and immediately left the castle to prepare for his dangerous mission.

Next morning early he reached the forest, and late in the afternoon he came to the noble castle that Murray

had built for his dwelling place. Murray himself, with Lady Margaret by his side, sat on the greensward before the castle, watching his merry men shooting at a target. The archers glanced at Boyd as he approached; but when they saw that he was alone, they paid him no further heed and went on with their sport.

James Boyd walked straight to the Murray. Standing before the outlaw he gave greeting: "God save thee, brave Murray, thy lady, and all thy merry men!"

"Faith, thou art welcome, though I know thee not," replied the Murray.

"I am James Boyd, Earl of Arran, and brother of the King of Scotland," answered the messenger.

"And why this visit to an outlaw, noble earl?" asked Murray.

"The King of Scotland has sent me here with a message of peace," replied the earl. "But first I ask thee—of whom dost thou hold thy lands?"

"The land is my own," answered the outlaw, proudly. "I hold it at no man's pleasure. With my good sword I won it from the English."

"To what king, then, dost thou owe allegiance?" asked the earl.

"I owe allegiance to no king in Christendom! I am my own master!" was the haughty reply. "And

now if thou hast ended thy questions, I am ready to hear the king's message."

"The king of Scotland requests thee to come to Edinburgh and pledge to him thine allegiance. In return he will grant thee full pardon for the crimes that have made thee an outlaw, and will leave thee master of Ettrick Forest under him," said the earl.

"And if I refuse?" questioned Murray.

"Then," replied the king's messenger, "he has vowed to conquer thee, to tear down this noble dwelling place, and to hang thee and thy merry men to the tallest trees in Ettrick Forest."

At these words the Murray laughed long and loud. "Now, by my truth," he cried, "thy king must think me a child and easily frightened! Long before the king comes within sight of my castle, many of his knights will lie cold under the trees in Ettrick Forest. Lady Margaret will not be the first widowed by the war. What thinkest thou, my wife?"

"Thou shalt never go to Edinburgh with my consent," cried Lady Margaret. "I trust not the king. I fear this is but a trap to take thee."

"Nay, Lady Margaret," said the earl, in an earnest voice, "thou dost wrong the king. He wishes only good to thy lord. I will stay here while the Murray is in Edinburgh. If any evil befall him, thou mayest

slay me. Thus with my life will I prove the honesty of the king's offer."

"My noble earl," said the Murray, "here is my answer. Say to the king, — I won these lands without help from him or his knights, but with my good sword and the aid of my merry men. I shall hold them as I won them. The Murray is well able to protect his own. Fare-thee-well."

Having finished speaking he took Lady Margaret by the hand and led her into the castle. The earl stood for a moment looking about him. He noted the strength of the outlaw's stronghold, the number of his merry men, and their skill with the bow. Then, shaking his head, he set out on his journey to Edinburgh.

As soon as the earl was out of sight, Murray returned to his merry men. In a few words he told them of the king's offer and of the threatened invasion of Ettrick Forest. At once all were busy making ready. Messengers were sent to bring in all clansmen and kinsmen from the surrounding country.

Early the next day more than five hundred men had gathered at the Murray's summons. A gallant company they were, clad in their Lincoln green, and armed with battle-ax, sword, and bow. And so thought the proud Murray, as, accompanied by Lady Margaret, he reviewed the ranks.

"Ye are indeed clansmen and kinsmen to be depended upon," he said. "By my faith, the king will be hard set to find trees enough in Ettrick Forest to hang you all. We will —"

Here he was interrupted by a sentry who came up, conducting the Earl of Arran.

"This man claims to be a messenger sent from the king to thee," said the sentry.

"Dost thou come to repeat thy message, noble earl? If so, here is thine answer," said Murray, pointing to his men.

"Nay," answered the earl. "This time I bring thee a sad message, Murray — one that I grieve to tell."

"Speak out, man," cried the outlaw. "Will it grow better with the keeping?"

"This morning thine only son was captured by the king's men, and —"

"And — and — oh, speak, man! What of my son?" cried the Murray, in a broken voice.

Lady Margaret stepped forward, and placing her hand on the Murray's arm, as if to support and comfort him, asked in a firm, low voice, "Aye, what of our boy?"

At sight of the noble pair, a great pity welled from the earl's heart and shone from his eyes as he answered

in a kindly voice: "The king bids thee, my lord Murray, meet him at Penman's Core and bring four of thy company with thee. There if thou dost surrender thyself unto the king, he promises to save thy son alive. But if by sunset thou art not there, thy son shall hang from the nearest tree."

"But — my husband!" said Lady Murray. "What will the king do to him if he surrenders himself?"

"That I cannot answer, my lady," answered the earl. "The king will deal with the Murray according to his own good pleasure."

"And we will deal with thee according to ours!" cried Lady Margaret. "Thou art now in the lion's den! We hold thee hostage for our son. Let but one hair of his head be harmed, and thou, the king's own brother, shalt die the most fearsome death!"

"Ye shall do as ye please, lady," answered the earl calmly. "I came here at my own risk. What ye do to me shall in no wise change the fate of your son."

"Hush thee, my lady," said Murray, in a gentle voice. "The Earl of Arran is no coward to be frightened by threats. He has given his message like a brave man. I must go with him to the king or lose my son. Thou well knowest, my lady, that there is but one way that thy husband can take."

Then turning to the earl, the Murray continued,

“Give me but one hour to set my house in order and bid farewell to my wife and to my merry men, and I will go with thee to the king.”

“I await thy pleasure,” the earl said gravely, and respectfully bowing to Lady Margaret, he withdrew to a distance from the castle.

Within the hour, accompanied by four of his kinsmen, Murray joined the earl and they at once set out on their journey to Penman’s Core.

On their arrival, they were brought before the king. Without waiting for a proper presentation, without any kind of salute, the Murray advanced, and standing proudly before the king, said in a defiant voice, “I have come to redeem my son.”

The Murray’s rude manner and insolent voice brought the angry blood to the king’s face, but he controlled himself and answered calmly, “Thy son is safe. He shall be returned to his mother this evening. One of thy four companions shall go with him. The other three shall stay here and share thy fate.”

At these words, Murray’s four kinsmen cried together, “I will abide with thee and share thy fate!”

“Peace, kinsmen true,” said the Murray. “Ralph, thou art the youngest. Many years of life lie before thee. Thou shalt take my son home, and in thy care and keeping I leave him.”

"I obey," replied Ralph, "because thou commandest, but I had rather stay and share thy fate."

"But ye know not what fate awaits your chief," said the king.

"And I care not how hard it may be," answered young Ralph, "I would gladly share it."

The king turned toward the Murray and said, "Art thou as hot-headed as this rash youth? Carest thou not what fate awaits thee? Wilt thou ask no mercy for thyself or for thy devoted kinsmen?"

Proudly the outlaw answered, "The Murray has never learned to beg mercy of an enemy. As for my kinsmen —"

"We too are Murrays!" they interrupted.

"Then," said the king, "if thou wilt ask no mercy, thou shalt have justice. For years thou hast been an outlaw and a traitor to thy king. Thou hast broken his laws and spurned his offers of forgiveness and mercy. Tonight at sunset thou shalt hang from the highest tree in Ettrick Forest."

"Even so, let it be," replied Murray. Then a look of pain passed over his face, and he continued: "In Ettrick Forest are many good men and true, my gallant followers. I pray you, grant them the royal pardon. What wrongs they have done, they did at my command. Let me bear all the blame." One quick

step forward and he knelt before the king. "Never did I think to kneel thus before any man, but now I beg of you, save my faithful men!"

"Arise, my lord Murray," said the king in a kind voice. "I but tested thee. Thou art indeed a gallant gentleman. Pledge me now thine allegiance—for I am in truth thy rightful king—and I will grant a free pardon to all thy faithful followers and to thee."

"My king!" cried the Murray. "You have won me by your mercy. I promise henceforth to be most loyal and faithful to you, the King of Scotland!"

"And I promise that thou and thy children shall rule in Ettrick Forest as long as upward grow the trees," answered the king.

Thus did the outlaw Murray become one of the most faithful and gallant of the Scottish knights.

Learning to Study and Think

If this story is dramatized, how many scenes will be necessary? Where is each laid?

Which character in the story do you like best? Give reasons for your answer.

Do you think the king would have hanged Murray's son if the father had refused to go to Penman's Core? Give reasons for your answer.

What are the bravest words spoken by any one in the story? Read them as you think they were spoken.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

1. The King sits in Dunfermline town,
So merrily drinking the wine ;
“Where will I get a skipper true
To sail this ship of mine ?”
2. Then up spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king’s right knee,
“Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.”
3. The king has written a broad letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
Was walking on the strand.
4. “To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o’er the foam,
The king’s daughter to Noroway,
’Tis thou must take her home.”
5. The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughed he ;
The next line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e’e.
6. “Oh ! who is he has done this deed,
Has told the king of me,

To send us out this time o' year
To sail upon the sea?

7. "Be it wind or wet, be it hail or sleet,
Our ship must sail the foam;
The king's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis we must take her home."
8. They hoisted sail on Monday morn,
With all the speed they may;
And they have landed in Noroway
Upon the Wodensday.
9. They had not been a month, a month,
In Noroway but three,
When the lords of Noroway began to say,
"Ye spend all our king's money."
10. "Ye spend all our good king's gold,
And all our fair queen's fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye lie most loud,
As any man may see."
11. "For I brought as much white money,
As gain my men and me,
And a half-fou of good red gold,
Came over the sea with me."
12. "Make ready, make ready, my merry men a'!
Our good ship sails the morn."

“Now, ever alack, my master dear !
I fear a deadly storm.

13. “I saw the new moon late yestereen,
With the old moon in her arm ;
And I fear, I fear, my master dear,
That we shall come to harm.”
14. They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the sky grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And stormy grew the sea.
15. The anchors broke, the top-masts lap,
It was such a deadly storm ;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship,
Till all her sides were torn.
16. “Oh ! where will I get a good sailor
Will take the helm in hand,
Till I go up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I spy the land ?”
17. “Oh ! here am I, a sailor good,
Will take the helm in hand,
Till ye go to the tall top-mast,
But I fear ye'll ne'er spy land.”

18. He had not gone a step, a step,
 A step but barely one,
When a bolt flew out of the good ship's side,
 And the salt sea it came in.

19. "Go fetch a web of the silken cloth,
 Another of the twine,
And wrap them into the good ship's side
 And let not the sea come in."

20. They fetched a web of the silken cloth,
 Another of the twine.
And they wrapped them into the good ship's side,
 But aye the sea came in.

21. Oh ! loath, loath, were our good Scots lords
 To wet their leathern shoon ;
But long e'er all the play was o'er
 They wet their hats abune.

22. Oh ! long, long may the ladies sit,
 With their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the land.

23. And long, long may the maidens sit,
 With their gold combs in their hair,
A-waiting for their own dear loves,
 For them they'll see no mair.

24. Half o'er, half o'er to Aberdeen,
It's fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens
With the Scots lords at his feet.

Learning to Study and Think

Find each of the following words in the ballad and use in place of each the meaning written opposite :

broad — either a letter on a broad page or a long letter.
strand — beach.

Noroway — Norway.

lap — roll or sway far out with the motion of the ship.

fee — wealth.

white money — silver.

gain — serves or supplies.

half-fou — half-bushel.

league — three miles.

lap — sprang.

wrapped — packed.

loath — unwilling.

shoon — shoes.

abune — above.

mair — more.

Read the words that the king spoke ; the old knight ; Sir Patrick Spens ; the sailors ; the lords of Noroway.

TO A DOUGHBOY

I watched you slog down a dusty pike,
One of many, so much alike,
With a spirit keen as a breath of flame,
Ready to rise and ready to strike
Whenever the fitting moment came;
Just a kid with a boyish grin,
Waiting the order to hustle in
And lend your soul to the battle thrill,
Unafraid of the battle din
Or the guns that crashed from the hidden hill.

I watched you leap to the big advance,
With a smile for Fate and its fighting chance,
Sweeping on till the charge was done;
I saw your grave on a slope in France
Where you fell asleep when the fight was won;
Just a kid who had earned his rest
With a rifle and helmet above his breast,
Who proved, in answer to German jeers,
That a kid can charge a machine-gun nest
Without the training of forty years.

I watched the shadows drifting by
As gray dusk came from a summer's sky,

And lost winds came from beyond the fight,
And I seemed to hear them croon and sigh:
“Sleep, little dreamer, sleep tonight;
Sleep tonight, for I’m bringing you
A prayer and a dream from the home you knew;
And I’ll take them word of the big advance,
And how you fought till the game was through
And you fell asleep in the dust of France.”

The Stars and Stripes, Sept. 20, 1918

Learning to Study and Think

Read the first stanza. What does it tell about? What is a doughboy?

Notice the use of soldier slang: *doughboy, slog, pike, kid*. What words would we be apt to use in place of these?

Read the second stanza. What happens in this stanza? Explain “you fell asleep.” What had the doughboy’s life proved?

Read the third stanza. Who speaks the words in quotation marks? Who hears them? To whom were they spoken?

What is the meaning of *croon*?

Let this banner wave forever;
May its lustrous stars fade never,
Till the stars shall pale on high.

CAPTURING A TORPEDO

When you first go on lookout, it's black, black sky, black sea, black space. Your eyes, coming from the lighted mess-hall below decks, are not open wide enough for the little light that comes from — where? The stars, perhaps, hidden behind the clouds, the phosphorescence of many white-capped waves, some hidden ray of moonlight unable to break through the sky pall, but filtering down, a slender illumination, to make fearsome shapes of wave tops and periscopes of every shadow on the water.

Jacky Smith stared into the blackness from the bow of the U. S. Destroyer *New York*. Of course, his name wasn't Smith, and we do not name destroyers after states, reserving that honor for battleships. Nor can it be said that it was the Atlantic. It was a "certain well-known ocean," and the lad whose name wasn't Smith stood in the bows of a destroyer the name of which wasn't *New York* and looked for a black shadow which wasn't there, but which, if it were there, could be named in print without running contrary-wise to the behests of the Committee on Public Information or the powers that be of the Navy Department. He was looking for submarines, and so were a hundred other pairs of eyes on the *New York*

and the *Texas* and the *Michigan* and the *Iowa* and the *Oklahoma*, all of which are not the names of the destroyers engaged in convoying several heavily-laden troop-ships from an "eastern port" to "somewhere in France."

The fact that Jacky Smith couldn't see anything but made him look the harder. And after half an hour he could see quite well a few things that really existed, and a hundred that didn't exist at all, even more plainly. He could see the waves distinctly — great black shadows which rolled up out of nowhere and raised a white arm threateningly, then curled up and lay down peacefully under the bows, while the *New York* half cut through, half lifted over with a lurch that would be sickening only one got used to it in time — rather liked it, in fact. Every now and then he could catch sight of a dim black shadow against the black sky, which might be another destroyer and might be a transport. It was only when the waves lifted the *New York* just right that his eyes were lined up with such a shadow and the sky. But he knew that the other destroyers were there and that the troop-ships were there, and that all was well with the convoy. There were no sparks showing from smoke-stacks and no lights from ports and no running lights — for the submarine has a sharp eye in its little periscope,

and the special business of a convoy is to avoid a submarine if possible — and drive it away or fight it when it cannot be avoided.

But the things Jacky Smith saw which were not there at all, and which he knew were not there, were numerous and objectionable. Every third wave showed him a periscope, as plain as could be. About every five minutes he saw a white streak across the sea which could be nothing but a torpedo wake,—only it wasn't, because nothing happened. Every ten minutes he saw a conning-tower and now and then the flash of a gun. A collection of bubbles on a wave-side is an excellent imitation of the water under an imaginary submarine's bows, and as for oil — why, the waves were covered with it, in the dim light and the swiftly-working imagination of Jacky Smith.

But he knew better than to call these "discoveries." In the first place, he was a rookie jacky — just from the training-station, and on either side of him was a "regular" sailor — jackies who had been in the Navy for years. In the second place, his officer had warned him that he wanted a lookout kept for real things and not for shadows.

"Of course," said the officer, "I'd rather you'd report a periscope that isn't there than fail to yell for one that is; but never forget that when there is

a periscope and we stop for a fight, it means lights and noise, and gunfire and flashes — and if it *isn't* a periscope, really, and there is a real one just out of your sight, you are just playing into its hands."

So Jacky Smith let his short hair twitch and the chills chase themselves up and down his spinal column at the submarines that were not there and the periscopes that didn't exist and the torpedo wakes that he didn't really see, and decided he'd be sure there was something to yell about before he yelled. And between many another pair of seasoned jackies were many other recruits having exactly the same experience.

It wasn't all stand still and stare at the darkness and be scared at things that weren't there, of course. The "scare" was not for what might happen if what he saw *was* a periscope or a sub or a torpedo — it was that some other pair of eyes might see it and yell first. Jacky Smith wasn't at all scared of being blown up. You are not, you know, when you are in the Navy. You get all that worked out of you in the training-station. You go in a raw boy, and you come out a regular man. You go in with the idea that you are you, and rather important, — to yourself, anyway, — and you come out with the idea that the only important thing about you is that you are a little cog in the finest Navy machine in the world, and that the most

important thing in your life is to be a good cog and work properly. You have pride in yourself, because you are a man-o'-war's man, trained, healthy, fit. You have pride in the Navy, because you find out it is a magnificent institution that can use men who are men and hasn't any use for any other kind. You are so proud of the flag that the Navy serves that you get a lump in your throat every time the band plays the national anthem, because you are a part of it — you not only own a little piece of one star and one stripe because you are an American, but because you are actually in the service that renders service to the flag.

So standing in the bows and looking at the blackness for things that are not there isn't all disagreeable. There is companionship and the feeling that you are doing something important — for are not you, a boy in blue, doing your bit to help those other boys in khaki, thousands and thousands of them, get across the "certain well-known ocean" to a "port in France"? Yes indeed you are!

One of the things the training-station teaches any recruit is to work fast and think fast. If he cannot do both, he isn't sent on a destroyer. The destroyer has officers to do the thinking for Jacky, of course, and he isn't expected often to have to do anything "on his own." But if he can't, when the necessity

arises, he is no true servant of those guns which are helping to make the world a decent place to live in.

So when Jacky Smith, staring into a blackness that was one moment transparent and the next a blank wall about him, looking for the thing that wasn't there and seeing it, actually saw it, he didn't waste any time. There was no question in his own mind that what he saw was a real something. The things he had been thinking he saw, he knew were not real. This *was* real, and he knew it. He knew just what it was. And while the thoughts that raced through his mind took only the flash of a second, they were perfectly distinct. There were three of them.

The first, "Torpedo!"

The second, "Adrift — no bubbles — wonder why it hasn't sunk? Sinking-valve wouldn't work, probably!"

The third "*What if we hit it — what if a transport hits it!*"

There might have been a fourth thought, only one cannot think very well when one has a mouthful of salt water, and one's home is receding into the distance at twelve knots an hour, and one is groping blindingly in foam and cold wet water for a spent torpedo that is somewhere around, and wondering very intently indeed whether an accidental blow on its nose from an

arm or a leg is strong enough to make it blow up! And that was what Jacky Smith was doing.

When he found the slender metal object and got an arm over it and straightened himself out in the water and began to think, Jacky Smith hadn't any idea how he managed to do what he did. It was just instinct — the spent torpedo floating, a menace to any ship in the convoy, his sudden realization that to give the alarm, to stop to go and look for it, were absolutely futile, that the only thing to do was to get that torpedo while it was gettable and before it was lost in the night.

"But now I've got it, what am I going to do with it?" asked Jacky Smith of himself, very practically indeed. And Jacky Smith, quick-witted and brave, had no answer for his own question.

Jacky Smith knew quite well that the torpedo didn't have any regular business being where it was. A torpedo is a young submarine, fired from a tube, propelled by a compressed-air engine, and made to ske-daddle through the water forty miles an hour until it hits something, when the blow on its "war nose" sets off the explosive it contains and — the submarine has another victim. But torpedoes which have exhausted their compressed air and thus stopped ske-daddling at forty miles an hour, are no more healthy for U-boats to bump into than for any other kind of

ship. So the torpedo manufacturer provides the torpedo with a valve, which opens when the torpedo has missed its mark and stopped moving, and the ocean crawls inside and takes the torpedo to the bottom. Jacky Smith didn't know much about torpedoes, but he knew all that, and surmised that this particular torpedo had a valve which hadn't worked as it should.

"Hope the old thing doesn't open on me and sink now!" he thought, speaking aloud for the company of his voice.

It would be pleasant to relate that Jacky Smith was not at all frightened. But it wouldn't be true. Jacky Smith was very much frightened. All alone in the middle of the "certain well-known ocean," with one arm over a torpedo, and water that was entirely too cold for comfort all over him, and nothing in sight but more water and black sky, and no real hope of ever seeing a friendly face again — it's enough to scare any one.

Jacky Smith was not panicky. He didn't moan or cry or weep or yell. He just lay there in the water hugging the torpedo and did his duty as he saw it.

"Anyway, the blame thing can't explode unless it hits nose on, and it can't hit nose on as long as I'm hanging on to it," he thought. For although a torpedo is big and heavy and Jacky Smith wasn't, still he

knew how to swim, and if the succeeding destroyers ran up on him, he would head the torpedo away. And if the thousand-in-one chance happened, and the next destroyer or the next or the next, struck him fair —

“Well, I’ll have plenty of company then,” said Jacky Smith to himself.

Now, it couldn’t have been a very long time that Jacky Smith lay in the water and hugged a spent torpedo and wondered how long it would be before his strength gave out and if there would be a ship in sight when the light came — and if there was a ship, if it would see him. A convoy at twelve miles an hour doesn’t take so very long to pass a given spot. But it was long enough for Jacky Smith to be very glad he had done what he did ; long enough for him to be quite resigned to giving up his own life for the chance that the sacrifice might prevent his comrades from a horrible fate ; long enough for him to get back his courage and make up his mind that he wasn’t going to drown if he could help it, but that if he did, he was going to drown to some good end. So Jacky Smith, with a good deal of difficulty, used his tie, and his belt, and his trousers, which he wriggled out of with a great deal of trouble, to lash himself to the smaller end of the torpedo — in some sort of haphazard way — and then

he gave himself up to the business of keeping his nose out of water and waiting for the light.

Perhaps there is a special providence that watches over brave boys, perhaps it was that old Neptune thought there had been enough victims to Hun torpedoes in that particular "well-known ocean." No one knows. But the facts show that before the last of the destroyers passed, the light came — not much, but just a streak of dawn, and that when the U. S. *Oklahoma* (of course that wasn't her name because it was a destroyer, not a battleship) came cutting through the water some fifty feet from Jacky Smith and his torpedo, there were plenty of lookouts to see him and let out a yell. There was a crackle of wireless from somewhere, a faint bell, a destroyer suddenly stopping, a searchlight beam playing in his eyes and blinding him, and Jacky Smith waved a very tired arm in the air and sent a lusty voice, somewhat weakened with salt water, to the rapidly-approaching boat.

"Hi, you! Go easy! This thing's loaded!" was what he called.

"Go easy" they did. The young officer in the boat knew what he was doing. Jacky was soon on board, very wet, very cold, very tired, and — very happy. The torpedo was most carefully hoisted on to the destroyer, and then, after some very hot coffee, which

scalded his throat, and getting into some clothes much too big for him, Jacky Smith saw the inside of a captain's cabin for the first time and told his short story to an impassive-faced young man who apparently paid no attention to anything he said, but who surprised Jacky when he had finished by getting up, coming over, and shaking hands with him.

“Put you back on the *New York* when we get across,” he said. “I’ve told her we picked you up. Some stunt!” And as Jacky Smith went out, bobbing his head awkwardly, he heard something he didn’t quite understand — about “Hun wonders why the U-boat isn’t more effective when we’ve that kind of lad —”

That’s all.

Oh ! of course, when he came back to America they introduced him to several officers in gold lace who smiled at him, and a smooth-faced man in civilian clothes whom every one treated with a good deal of respect and whom some one called Mr. Secretary, and he learned that he was in line for promotion just as soon as he knew a little more. No, they didn’t give him any medal, and the papers didn’t carry the story, and Smith isn’t his name, and the *New York* wasn’t his boat. It won’t do to let the U-boat people know too much when we go carrying soldiers across.

But the very best thing about it all is that Jacky

Smith is just one of thousands, any one of whom would do the same if he had the chance.*

— C. H. CLAUDY

Learning to Study and Think

When did this story happen? Do you think it is a true story? Why were the names of the ocean, the ships, and the man kept secret?

What is a *lookout*, *periscope*, *submarine*, *convoy*, *conning-tower*, *rookie*, *torpedo*?

What is the meaning of *futile*?

Why was Jacky Smith called a "rookie"? What was he watching for? Was he alone on watch? Why did he think he saw so many things that did not exist? Why was it important for him not to make a mistake?

What was Jacky to do when he saw a periscope? Why did he not do this when he really saw the torpedo? What did he do? What was his reason for doing it?

Can you explain why this torpedo had not sunk? Why are they made so that they will not usually float?

How long was Jacky in the water? How did he keep himself from drowning? How was he finally saved?

Explain the last paragraph.

* From "In a Certain Well-Known Ocean," *St. Nicholas*, Vol. XLV, No. 9, July, 1918. By permission of *The Century Company*.

POPIES

Poppies in the wheat fields on the pleasant hills of
France,

Reddening in the summer breeze that bids them nod
and dance ;

Over them the skylark sings his lilting, liquid tune —
Poppies in the wheat fields, and all the world in June.

Poppies in the wheat fields on the road to Monthiers —
Hark, the spiteful rattle where the masked machine-
guns play !

Over them the shrapnel's song greets the summer
morn —

Poppies in the wheat fields — but, ah ! the fields are
torn.

See the stalwart Yankee lads, never ones to blench,
Poppies in their helmets as they clear the shallow
trench,

Leaping down the furrows with eager, boyish tread
Through the poppied wheat fields to the flaming woods
ahead.

Poppies in the wheat fields as sinks the summer sun,
Broken, bruised, and trampled — but the bitter day
is won ;

Yonder in the woodland where the flashing rifles shine,
With their poppies in their helmets, the front files hold
the line.

Poppies in the wheat field ; how still beside them lie
Scattered forms that stir not when the star shells burst
on high ;
Gently bending o'er them beneath the moon's soft
glance,
Poppies in the wheat fields on the ransomed fields of
France.

— JOSEPH MILLS HANSON

Learning to Study and Think

Dictionary study: *lilting, shrapnel, blench.*

Monthiers (mõn tyā'), a small French town.

In northern France poppies grow thickly along the road-sides, in the meadows, and in the fields of grain. These gay abundant flowers are mentioned in many of the letters and poems and stories written by American soldiers who took part in the World War. This poem tells of a battle fought on one of these poppy-covered fields of France.

What picture do you get from the first stanza? Is there anything in it that is unpleasant?

Compare this with the picture given in the second stanza ; in the third ; in the fourth ; in the fifth.

Notice that each stanza gives a different picture of the poppies. Which one do you like best? Why?

THREE BRAVE MUSKETEERS

It was a Sunday in September, 1918. But no Sunday calm and peacefulness reigned in the trenches near Le Catelet, in France, occupied by the American troops on that day. Instead, the awful and deadly roar of great guns banished all thoughts of the Sabbath, and the bursting of shells on all sides made the day one of horror and anxiety rather than one of rest and peace. The Americans were preparing to go over the top. Every face was set and determined, every hand grasped the rifle with a firm clutch, every heart and brain was fired with the determination to do or die.

Zero hour came, the signal was given, and the splendid line of khaki swarmed up the ladders, went over the top, and charged gallantly over No Man's Land. Great tanks rumbled awkwardly out before them. The American guns behind them belched forth a curtain of fire which went over the heads of the advancing soldiers and burst far in front within the enemy lines. The Germans replied with a fierce bombardment, the shells falling thick among the American attackers and bursting with deadly effect, tearing great holes in the earth. From the German trenches immediately in front came the constant

spitting of rifle and machine-gun fire, relentlessly picking off the advancing Americans.

On, on went that khaki line until it neared the enemy trenches. The American barrage had done its work and the guns ceased firing. The success of the attack now depended upon the men charging across No Man's Land. Should they falter or fail, all the plans of the commander, all the work of the big guns, all the efforts of the brave men who fell and died in the charge, would go for nothing.

Suddenly a great cloud of smoke rolled out from the German lines. Thick and black it came on, enveloping the attackers, hiding the enemy trenches, shutting the Americans off from one another like a fog. The men could see only a few feet in any direction. Confused and blinded, they were obliged to slow up. In the smoke barrage they soon lost their sense of direction and could not tell whether they were going forward toward the enemy lines or backward toward their own.

Three men, Sergeants Eggers and Latham and Corporal O'Shea, were well out in front of the charging line when the smoke barrage came upon them. Almost instantly they lost sight of their comrades behind. This did not alarm them, for they were sure that the Americans would keep on coming until the smoke lifted and they could see their way again. They drew

close together in order not to lose sight of each other and kept on toward the German trenches.

After a time the smoke thinned. The three soldiers looked about them. They found that they had actually gotten within the enemy lines and were quite cut off from their own army. To advance farther would be certain death or capture, while retreat was equally impossible. Already the enemy had caught sight of them and machine-gun bullets were falling thick around them. Realizing the extreme danger of their situation, they looked about them for shelter.

Close by they saw a great hole torn in the ground by an exploding shell. It was several feet across and six or eight feet deep. Its gaping mouth seemed to offer the safety they needed.

“Quick!” shouted the one who saw it first; “into that shell hole. They can’t see us there.”

In a moment all three were lying in the bottom of the hole — safe for the time at least — from the enemy fire.

“What next?” asked Corporal O’Shea, when they regained sufficient breath for talking.

“I don’t know exactly,” replied Sergeant Eggers, “but we’re safe for a while anyway. They won’t dare try to capture us here, for this hole is as good as a trench and we all have our guns. And we’ll never surrender.”

"Indeed we will not," replied his comrades.

They lay still for a few minutes while the roar of the battle rose loud and fierce around them. Finally Latham spoke.

"Perhaps our men will come up this far," he said; "then we can join them."

"Perhaps," replied O'Shea. "And if they don't come before night, we can try to crawl back to our own lines."

"Well, there's nothing to do for the present except to be as comfortable as we can," said Eggers.

There they lay in the shell hole, listening to the incessant roar of the guns. They could tell little about the progress of the battle, except that it was going on with terrible fury. They took turns in peeping over the edge of the hole, to see if any attempt was being made by the enemy to approach their place of refuge. But the Germans seemed content to wait until hunger or desperation drove them out of their shelter. There was no attempt to molest them.

"There's an American tank about thirty yards to our right," said Corporal O'Shea, after one of these lookouts. "It seems to have been hit by a shell. Wonder what has become of the crew?"

"Probably gone west," replied Eggers, "they haven't much chance in one of those things if a shell hits them fairly."

Suddenly Latham sat up.

“Listen!” he said, “I’m sure I heard a call.”

The three men lay still and listened intently. In a moment the sound came again, muffled and very faint amid the noise of battle, but unmistakably calling voices, a call for help from the disabled tank.

The three soldiers looked at one another.

“What can we do?” said one. “It’s almost certain death to leave this hole.”

Corporal O’Shea rose to his knees. His eyes were shining and his face was set with determination.

“Boys,” he said quietly, “you know how awful those tanks are — hot and close and stifling. Those fellows are probably wounded and suffering. If I were in that tank, I’d want help and I’d want it quick. I’m going over.”

The others grasped his hands. “We’re all going,” they told him. “Of course we are going. We can’t leave those fellows to die without help.”

“We’ll leave our guns,” said Sergeant Eggers. “They’ll be no use to us. But we’ll take our canteens. Those poor fellows may need water.”

Then Latham gave the word.

“A quick dash, fellows,” he said. “Come on!”

They scrambled out of the hole and ran quickly across the open field. The enemy spied them at once

and opened a furious machine-gun fire upon them. The bullets spattered thick around them. Halfway to the tank Corporal O'Shea went down. The others paused, but he waved them away.

"Go on, boys," he said, "I'm done. Goodby."

His comrades reached the tank unhurt. There they found an officer and two men, all wounded and unable to leave the tank without help.

If Latham and Eggers tried to carry the wounded men to the shell hole, moving slowly across the field swept by machine-gun fire, they would probably all lose their lives. But they could not stay in the tank. What was to be done? Near by was a deserted trench. Perhaps they could make a dash to that. And they did, carrying the wounded men with them, before the Germans realized what they were doing and directed a deadly fire upon them. Having left their guns in the shell hole, they were now without arms, at the mercy of the enemy if an attempt should be made to capture them.

"This won't do," said Sergeant Eggers, "we've got to have something to defend ourselves with."

"There's a Hotchkiss gun in the tank," suggested the rescued officer. "It can easily be dismounted and brought over here, if you can reach the tank again."

"We'll get it," said Sergeant Latham. "Come, Eggers. Here we go."

The two heroes dashed out upon the fire-swept field, dismounted the gun and brought it safely to the trench, where they set it up ready for use. And use it they did during the rest of the day, for the enemy made repeated attempts to drive them out of their shelter.

That night under cover of darkness, they crawled back to their own lines, taking the wounded men and the gun with them.

For this act of bravery and self-sacrifice, the three men were cited for gallantry, and their names were placed on General Pershing's list of one hundred heroes.

Learning to Study and Think

Dictionary study: *tanks, bombardment, barrage*.

Can you see in your mind a picture of the battle field just before the attack? What are the principal things you see?

There are several soldiers' phrases in this selection. "Over the top" means going out of the trenches in an attack; "zero hour" was the army name for the time of the beginning of an attack; "No Man's Land" was the ground lying between the most advanced trenches of the opposing armies; "gone west" means died.

Why did the Germans send out the smoke barrage?

How did the three soldiers get lost? Why could they not go back to their own army when they found out where they were? What made their position dangerous?

How were the men in the tank in danger? Did the rescuers realize their own danger in going to aid the men in the tank?

FULL DIRECTIONS

We saw them, but we did not need to ask where lay the front;

Their clothes were neat and rolls aback, well-made;
They marched with faces wrinkled, not by smiles or many frowns,

Betokening men determined, unafraid.

Once more we saw them, needing not to ask where lay the front;

Their clothes were soiled, and packs in careless roll;
They, greeting, made their way along with faces tired yet bright,

Betokening men who fought with heart and soul.

We need not hear the cannon's boom to know where action lies,

Nor yet to seek until we find the place,
For map and compass, signboard, news we're ever getting from

The look upon the passing *poilu's* face.

— DANIEL TURNER BALMER

Learning to Study and Think

Read the first stanza. Who are meant by "them"?
What signs showed where they were going?

Read the second stanza. Where are "they" going now?

What signs show where they had been? What is the difference in their faces?

What does the third stanza tell?

A *poilu* (pwa lü') is a French soldier.

NOBILITY

True worth is in *being*, not *seeming*, —

In doing each day that goes by
Some little good — not in dreaming

Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure —

We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight, for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to glory
Gives all that he hath for her smile.

For when from her heights he has won her,
Alas ! it is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honor,
And nothing so loyal as love !

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets ;
And sometimes the thing our life misses,
Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
Against the world, early and late,
No jot of our courage abating —
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth ;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

— ALICE CARY

Dictionary study : *mete, avenges, blisses, malice, jot.*

Commit to memory the first stanza of this poem.

Express in your own words the thought of the first four lines of the second stanza.

Explain "We cannot make bargains for blisses."

BRIEF DICTIONARY

Only words that are likely to offer difficulties either in pronunciation or meaning are included in this vocabulary. In limited space it is impossible to give all the meanings — even the distinctly different meanings — of every word. Care has been taken to define the words in accordance with their use in the text, with the purpose of aiding the pupil to understand the text. This vocabulary is not given as a satisfactory substitute for a dictionary, with which every pupil reading this book ought to be supplied, but merely with the hope that it may prove of some service to those pupils who are not fortunate enough to possess dictionaries.

In pronunciation and in marking to indicate pronunciation, the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary is followed. Familiarity with this key to the marks will enable the pupil to pronounce words correctly.

KEY TO MARKS OF PRONUNCIATION

<i>d</i> , as in	so'fā	<i>ü</i> , as in	cir'cüs
<i>ā</i> , as in	fāte	<i>ū</i> , as in	tūbe
<i>ā</i> , as in	fāt	<i>ū</i> , as in	tūb
<i>ā</i> , as in	fär	<i>ū</i> , as in	būrn
<i>ā</i> , as in	āsk	<i>ū</i> , as in	tūnite'
<i>ā</i> , as in	cāre		{ fool
<i>ā</i> , as in	sen'ātē	<i>ōō</i> , as in	rude (rōōd)
<i>ā</i> , as in	fin'āl		ru'mor (rōō'mər)
<i>ē</i> , as in	mē		{ book
<i>ē</i> , as in	mēt	<i>ōō</i> , as in	put (pōōt)
<i>ē</i> , as in	hēr		pull (pōōl)
<i>ē</i> , as in	ē vent'	ou, as in	out
<i>ē</i> , as in	nov'ēl	oi, as in	oil
<i>ī</i> , as in	pīne	ə (= ng), as in . .	bank
<i>ī</i> , as in	pīn	th, as in	thin
<i>ō</i> , as in	nōte	th, as in	then
<i>ō</i> , as in	nōt	hw (for wh), as in .	what
	{ lōrd	ū, as in	na'thre
<i>ō</i> , as in	all (ōl)	dū, as in	ver'düre
	{ saw (sō)	zh, like z in	azure
<i>ō</i> , as in	ō bey'	' as in pardon (pär'd'n) indicates the	
<i>ō</i> , as in	ōft	elision of a vowel	
<i>ō</i> , as in	cōnnect'		

a ban'doned (ə-bän'dünd), left; given up.	au dac'i ty (ə-däsh'ü-tü), daring spirit; resolution; impudence.
Ä'ber hau'sen (ä'bär-hou'sen), a place in Germany.	au thor'i ty (ə-thör'i-tü), right to command; rightful power.
ac cost'ed (ə-köst'üd), spoken to.	a veng'ës (ə-vëñj'ëz), inflicts just punishment.
all-armed (əl-ärmd), completely armed.	a void' (ə-void'), to keep away from; to escape; to evade.
al le'giance (ə-lë'jäns), obedience; loyalty; devotion.	"aware of," observed; saw.
alms (ämz), anything given to relieve the poor; charity.	aye (ä), ever; always.
a main' (ə-män'), with might; with full force.	
a mazed' (ə-mäzd'), astonished.	Bag dad' (bäg-däd'), a city in Turkey, Asia.
am'bush (äm'bösh), to lie in wait for.	balm (bäm), a fragrant ointment; anything that heals or that lessens pain.
am'mu ni'tion (äm'ü-nish'ün), military stores; firearms, powder, etc.	bal'sam (böl'säm), anything that heals, soothes, or restores, especially a salve.
an'guish (än'gwish), great pain or suffering of mind or body.	ban'quet (bän'kwët), feast.
an noy'ance (ä-noi'äns), that which troubles, vexes, or disturbs.	bard (bärd), poet and musician.
anx i'e ties (äng-zl'ë-tiz), cares; fears; uncertainties; troubles of mind, especially about some future event.	bar rage' (bä-räzh'), a barrier to the advance or retreat of enemy troops, made by rapid firing on a certain place or by other means.
ap peared' (ä-pärd'), came in sight.	bar ri cade' (bär-l-käd'), fortification.
ap'pro ba'tion (äp'rö-bäshün), approval; liking.	bar'rider (bär'l-ër), railing or fence to keep back a crowd.
arch'bish'op (ärch'bish'üp), the principal of the bishops.	bar'tered (bär'tërd), traded; exchanged.
ar'mor (är'mér), a suit of steel or other metal worn by a knight to protect the body.	bat'ed (bät'üd), lessened; almost stopped.
ar ray' (ä-rä'), dress; line of battle.	bat tal'ion (bä-täl'yün), a body of soldiers including two or more companies.
ar'ro gant (är'ö-gänt), proud; haughty.	Ba va'ri a (bä-vä'ri-ä), a part of Germany.
as sault' (ä-sölt'), attack.	bay (bä), state or position of one obliged to face an enemy or a difficulty, when escape is impossible.
a sun'der (ə-stün'där), in two; into parts.	ba zaar' (bä-zär'), market place; shop; fair.
at'a bal (ät'ü-bäl), a small drum used by the Moors.	be guile' (bë-güll'), to deceive; to divert or amuse.
at trac'tive (ä-träk'tiv), having the power to attract or draw to.	
au da'cious (ə-dä'shüs), impudent; insolent; bold in wickedness.	

be **seech'** (bē-sēch'), to ask ; to entreat.

be **sieged'** (bē-sējd'), attacked by an armed force.

be **stow'** (bē-stō'), to give ; to grant.

be **thought'** (bē-thōt'), considered ; called to mind.

be **tide'** (bē-tīd'), to befall ; to happen.

be **tray'** (bē-trā'), to deliver to an enemy ; to disclose a secret.

be **trothed'** (bē-trōtht'), promised in marriage.

bil'lows (bil'ōz), waves.

blanched (bláncht), white ; made pale.

blench (bléñch), to shrink ; to flinch.

bliss'ea (blis'ēz), great joys.

bogged (bōgd), sank down ; stuck, as in the mud.

bom bard'ment (bōm-bärd'mēnt), a continued attack with shot, shell, etc.

bond (bōnd), a binding agreement, as a treaty.

bon'ny (bōn'I), pretty.

bow (bou), forward part of a ship.

bow'er (bou'ēr), lady's private apartment or room.

brands (brändz), swords.

brown'y (brōn'I), strong.

brin'y (brīn'I), salty ; pertaining to the sea.

Bus'so rah (būs'sō-rā), a river port in Turkey, Asia.

cam paign' (kām-pān'), a series of operations or movements forming a distinct stage in a war.

can'o py (kān'ō-pi), a covering carried on poles over a person of high rank, as a mark of honor.

cap'i tal (kāp'i-täl), excellent.

ca'pons (kā'pōnz), fattened fowls.

Car mi'chael (kär-mi'käl).

casques (kāks), helmets.

cau'tious ly (kō'shūs-li), carefully ; watchfully.

cav'a liers' (kāv'a-lērz'), members of a king's escort ; armed horsemen ; knights.

chal'lenge (chāl'ēnj), a summons to fight.

Chesh'ire (chēsh'ir or ēr).

chiv'al ry (shiv'äl-rē), order of knighthood.

chords (kōrdz), strings.

churl (chūrl), a man of the lowest rank ; a rude, ill-bred fellow.

civ'il (siv'il), pertaining to a citizen ; "civil rights," the rights of citizens or people.

clam'ors (klām'ärz), demands loudly and insistently.

clang'ing (kläng'ing), a loud, ringing sound.

cleft (klēft), opening in a rock.

col'lier (kōl'yēr), a worker or dealer in coal.

com'bat (kōm'bāt), fight ; contest ; struggle.

com mem'o rate (kō-mēm'ō-rāt), to call to mind ; to serve as a memorial or reminder of.

con duc'tor (kōn-dük'tōr), leader ; guide.

con'ning-tow'er (kōn'ing-tou'ēr), an armored pilot-house for observation purposes.

con'se quence (kōn'sē-kwēns), result ; effect.

con strain' (kōn-strān'), to compel by force.

con triv'ance (kōn-triv'āns), device ; invention ; machine.

con trive' (kōn-triv'), to manage ; to plan.

con'voy' (kōn-vō'l'), to attend as an escort ; to accompany for protection.	only in a file ; a long, narrow pass between hills, rocks, etc.
con'voy (kōn'vō'i), a protecting force accompanying property in course of transportation, as a ship at sea or a military party by land.	de fy' (dē-fē'l'), to challenge ; to provoke to strife.
cops'es (kōps'ēz), bushes ; underwood ; small trees.	de part'ed (dē-pärt'ēd), left ; went away.
cor'dial (kōr'jāl), a strengthening medicine.	de prive' (dē-priv'), to take away from.
cor'dial ly (kōr'jāl-lī), kindly ; heartily.	der'vish (dūr'vesh), a Turkish priest or monk.
co til'lion (kō-till'yōn), a lively dance.	des'per ate (dēs'pēr-āt), extremely dangerous ; daring.
coun'te nance (koun'tē-nāns), face.	de spite' (dē-spit'), in defiance of ; in spite of.
court'iers (kōrt'yērz), attendants at the court of a prince or royal personage.	des'tined (dēs'tīnd), appointed beforehand for a given end or purpose.
court-mar'tial (kōrt-mär'shāl), a military court ; a court for trying soldiers or sailors.	de vice' (dē-vis'), scheme ; plan.
cov'et ous (kūv'ē-tūs), greedy ; eager for gain.	dil'i gent ly (dil'l-i-jēnt-lī), with industry ; busily ; carefully.
crea'ture (krē'tūr), living, created being.	dire (dīr), dreadful ; horrible.
crone (krōn), a withered old woman.	dis as'ter (dīz-ās'tēr), misfortune.
croon (krōōn), to hum or sing in a low tone.	dis guised' (dīs-gīz'd'), dressed to look like some one else ; changed in appearance.
cro quet' (krō-kāt'), a game.	dis'mal (dīz'māl), sorrowful ; sad ; dreary.
cross'bolts' (krōs'bōlt's'), arrows shot from a certain kind of bow called a crossbow.	dis may' (dīs-mā'), to alarm.
cul'pa ble (kūl'pā-bē'l), deserving censure or blame.	dis or'gan ized (dīs-ōr'gān-īzd), broken up ; disordered.
cus'to dy (kūs'tō-dī), imprisonment ; guard ; safe keeping.	dis'po si'tion (dīs-pō-zīsh'ūn), temper of mind ; one's nature.
daunt'less (dānt'lēs), fearless ; brave.	dis pute' (dīs-pūt'), quarrel.
deck (dēk), floor or covering of a ship.	dis're gard'ing (dīs'rē-gārd'īng), paying no attention to ; not heeding ; not noticing.
De Cour'cy (dē kōör'sē).	dis sem'ble (dī-sēm'bēl), to pretend.
de cree' (dē-krē'), order ; command ; law.	di vis'ion (dī-vīzh'ūn), part of an army, consisting of two or more brigades under a general officer.
de crep'it (dē-krēp'īt), feeble ; broken by age.	doom (dōōm), condemnation ; sentence ; fate.
de file' (dē-fil'), a narrow passage or gorge in which troops can march	doub'le quick (dūb'l kwik), in the fastest time or step in marching next to a run.

dough'boy' (dō'boi'), an American soldier; a private.

draw'bridge (drō'brīj), a bridge that may be raised and lowered.

dree (drē), endure; suffer.

Druid (drōō'īd), a member of a religious order among the ancient Celts.

"dubbed (dūbd) a knight," made a knight.

du ra'tion (dū-rā'shūn), length of time. **durst** (dūrst), dared.

ea'ger (ē'gär), anxious; intense; spirited.

eb'on (ēb'ūn), black.

el'e ments (ēl'ē-mēnts), "the four elements" of which everything was formerly believed to be composed were earth, air, fire, and water; "a creature of the elements" was a simple, pure being.

em barked' (ēm-bärkt'), went on board.

em bod'ied (ēm-bōd'īd), formed into a body; collected into one.

en deav'ors (ēn-dēv'ōrz), efforts; trials; labors.

en gaged' (ēn-gājd'), occupied; employed.

e nor'mous (ē-nōr'mūs), of great size; very large.

en vel'op ing (ēn-vēl'ūp-ing), entirely surrounding, wrapping up.

es say' (ē-sā'), to attempt; to try.

e ter'ni ty (ē-tūr'nl-tē), endless time.

e vad'ed (ē-vād'ēd), avoided; shunned.

ev'i dence (ēv'l-dēns), proof; testimony.

ev'i dent ly (ēv'l-dēnt-lē), plainly.

ewe (ū), female sheep.

ex'cla ma'tion (ēks'klā-mā'shūn), sudden outcry.

ex'e cute (ēk'sē-küt), to put to death.

ex'e cu'tion (ēk'sē-kūshūn), death inflicted by law.

ex haust'ed (ēg-zōs'tēd), worn out; tired out; used up; emptied.

ex'ile (ēk'sīl), to drive away from one's country or home.

ex ist'ence (ēg-zis'tēns), life; being.

ex posed' (ēks-pōzd'), laid open, as to attack or danger; got into danger.

ex press' (ēks-prēs'), clear; direct; "by express command," by special order.

ex'qui site (ēks'kwī-zit), excellent; very fine; beautiful.

ex treme'ly (ēks-trēm'lē), in the highest degree.

ex trem'i ty (ēks-trēm'l-tē), end; limit.

eyne (īn), an old form of the word eyes.

fab'ric (fāb'rīk), cloth.

fain (fān), glad; eager; willingly; gladly.

fair (fār), an exhibition of products from farms, homes, etc., for the purpose of winning prizes.

fal'ter (fōl'tēr), to waver.

fare (fār), food.

fath'oms (fāth'ūmz), measures of length. A fathom is about six feet long.

fa tigue' (fā-tēg'), weariness.

fee (fē), pay; money given or paid for service.

fell (fēl), deadly; hill; mountain.

fer'vent ly (fēr'vent-lē), keenly; intensely.

files (fīlz), rows of soldiers arranged one behind another.

fla min'go (fīd-min'gō), a bird that has very long legs and neck.

fo'cal (fō'kāl), central.

fold'ing (föld'ing), bringing into the sheepfold or pen.	hale (häl), to drag.
fond (fönd), foolish ; usually, loving.	har'assed (här'äst), annoyed ; worried.
frank (fränk), free ; brave and noble.	hard (härd), severe ; harsh ; not easy ; "hard by," close to ; near by.
freit (frët), superstitious notion ; omen.	har'ness (här'nës), armor ; the complete outfit of a knight.
froth'y (fröth'l), foamy.	has'tened (häs'nd), hurried.
fu'gally (fröö'gäl-l), carefully ; in a saving, sparing manner.	haugh'ti ly (höfti-lë), proudly.
fu'ry (föö'ri), rage ; violent anger.	haugh'ty (höfti), proud.
fu'tile (föö'til), in vain ; answering no useful end.	haunt (hänt), a place much visited. "have down," go.
gal'lant ly (gäl'änt-lë), bravely ; politely.	heav'i ly (hëv'l-lë), sorrowfully.
gan'grene (gän'grëñ), diseased wounds.	hedge'hog' (hëj'hög'), an animal set with prickles that rolls itself into a ball.
gar'ri son (gär'l-s'n), a body of troops stationed in a fort or fortified place.	hith'er (hith'är), here ; to this place.
gazed (gäzd), looked at intently, especially in wonder or admiration.	hold (höld), part of ship used for cargo.
gemmed (jëmd), adorned with gems or jewels.	Ho'ly Grail (hö'lë gräl), the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper.
gen'u ine (jëñ'u-in), real ; true.	hos'tel (hös'täl), inn.
ghast'ly (gäst'lë), horrible ; shocking ; dreadful ; deathlike.	hu mil'i a'tion (hü-mil'l-i-ä'shün), disgrace ; shame ; lowly condition.
gid'dy (gid'l), dizzy ; having a whirling sensation.	im par'tial (im-pär'shäl), just ; fair.
Gil'lian (gil'yän).	im pas'sive (im-päs'iv), calm ; showing no feeling.
gird'ed (gürd'ëd), bound ; fastened.	im per'ti nent (im-pür'ti-nënt), rude ; insolent.
glade (gläd), an open space in the woods.	in ces'sant (in-sës'änt), constant ; without stop.
grange (gränj), farm.	in cred'i bly (in-krëd'l-bly), unbelievably ; marvelously.
grape'shot' (gräp'shöt'), small shot.	in'do lent (in'dö-lënt), lazy ; inactive ; idle.
grat'i fy (grät'l-fi), to give pleasure to ; to indulge ; to humor.	in quir'y (in-kwir'l), search ; question.
gren a dier' (grën-ä-dër'), a soldier belonging to a special regiment or corps.	in quis'i tive (in-kwiz'l-tiv), curious ; prying ; meddling.
grim'ly (grim'l), sternly ; harshly.	in scrip'tion (in-skrip'shün), lines or words deeply impressed or cut in.
Gris'wold (griz'wüld).	in'so lent (in'sö-lënt), insulting ; rude.
Gryph'on (grif'ün), a fabled monster having the head of an eagle and the body of a lion.	

in struc'tion (in-strük'shün), thing taught ; orders, especially as to duty or conduct.	lee (lē), sheltered side ; side away from the wind.
in'sur rec'tion (in'sü-rék'shün), a rising against the government.	leg'end (lëj'ënd), story.
in'ter course (in'tér-körs), communication.	lei'sure ly (lë'zhür-ly), without haste.
in'ter fere' (in'tér-fér'), to meddle in the affairs of others.	lest (lëst), for fear that.
in vis'i ble (in-viz'i-b'l), not visible ; that cannot be seen.	lilt'ing (lilt'ing), lively ; sung merrily.
irk'some (ürk'süm), tiresome ; annoying.	lists (lists), ground inclosed for a tournament or fight.
ir'ri ta'tion (ir'ri-tä/shün), anger ; impatience ; annoyance.	lit'er al ly (lit'er-äl-ly), exactly.
jeered (jërd), mocked at ; made fun of.	loath'some (loath'süm), disgusting ; hateful ; detestable.
jeop'ard ie (jöp'är-di), jeopardy ; danger.	loft'y (löft'y), tall ; high.
jot (jöt), small amount.	look'out' (lök'out'), the place from which an observation is made.
ju'bi lant (jöö'bi-länt), rejoicing ; shouting for joy.	loon (löön), worthless person.
jus'ti fi ca'tion (jüs'ti-fi-kä'shün), reason for ; explanation of ; defense.	loop'holes' (loop'hölz'), small holes or openings through which guns or other small arms may be fired.
kha'ki (kä'kë), a dust-colored or dull brownish-yellow cloth used for soldiers' uniforms ; hence, those wearing that uniform ; soldiers.	loung'ing (loun'jing), moving or acting in a lazy, listless way.
kin'dred (kin'drëd), of like nature.	lurch (lürch), a sudden roll, as of a ship, to one side.
knight (nít), a man of rank ; in olden times, a man who, after serving as page and squire, was admitted to a special rank and bound to noble conduct.	lurk'ing (lürk'ing), lying in wait.
lad'en (läd'n), loaded ; freighted.	ly'art (li'ërt), a Scotch word meaning white or gray.
lance (låns), a long, heavy spear.	mal'ice (mäl'ës), ill will ; enmity of heart.
lark (lärk), a song bird that builds its nest on the ground.	ma neu'ver (mä-nöö'ver), a military movement or change of position ; "to complete its maneuver," to carry out its plan of action.
Laz'a rus (läz'ä-rüs), the beggar covered with sores, in the parable of the rich man and the beggar. See <i>Luke xvi</i> .	mar'i ners (mär'i-närz), sailors.
La Tour d'Au vergne' (lä tōör dö-värn').	"mark my rede," heed what I say.
Le Cate let (lä kat-lä').	mar'tial (mär'shäl), warlike.
	mar'tyr (mär'tér), one who is put to death, or suffers much for his belief.
	mar'vel ous (mär'vel-üs), wonderful ; strange ; surprising.
	mas'sa cred (mäs'ä-kërd), killed ; murdered.
	match (mäch), fuse ; wick or cord for

setting off a charge of powder or other explosives.

me chan'i cally (mē-kān'i-kāl-ē), done by habit, as if by a machine.

mete (mēt), an old word meaning measure.

me thought' (mē-thōt'), it seemed to me ; I thought.

min'is ter (mīn'is-tēr), one who manages affairs of state.

min'strei (mīn'strēl), one who sang while he played on the harp.

min'strei sy (mīn'strēl-sī), music.

mire (mīr), soft or deep mud.

mock (mōk), imitation ; not real ; false ; to imitate.

mo lest' (mō-lēst'), to disturb.

mon'strous (mōn'strōs), huge ; enormous.

Mun chau'sen (mūn-chō's'n).

mys'ter y (mīs'tēr-ē), something that has not been or cannot be explained ; something unknown.

neck'er chief (nēk'ēr-chīf), necktie.

neg'li gence (nēg'li-jēns), carelessness ; neglect.

no'ble (nō'b'l), above whatever is low, mean, dishonorable, or degrading ; showing high ideals or morals.

no'tion (nō'shūn), idea ; belief ; fancy.

nymph (nīmf), a goddess of the woods, meadows, and waters.

ob'sta cle (ōb'stā-k'l), something that hinders.

oc curred' (ō-kūr'd'), happened.

o'di ous (ō-dī-ūs), hateful.

of fense' (ō-fēns'), that which offends ; crime ; injury.

op'por tu'ni ty (ōp'ōr-tū'ni-tē), convenient time ; chance.

out'law (out'lō), a lawless person ; a person without the protection of the law.

page (pāj), a boy or youth employed to do errands, especially one who was training for knighthood. See **knight**.

pal'frey (pāl'fri), saddle horse.

pal'ing (pāl'ing), fence.

pan'niers (pān'yārz), large baskets carried one on each side of a horse or other beast of burden.

pan'to mime (pān'tō-mīm), a performance or play in dumb show ; dumb show of any sort.

par'cel (pār'sēl), bundle ; package.

par tic'u lar (pār-tik'ū-lār), exact ; special.

pas'sion (pāsh'ūn), rage ; anger.

peal (pēl), loud, melodious sound.

peas'ant (pēz'ānt), a laborer in the country ; one of the lower class of people.

peers (pērz), noblemen ; equals.

per'i scōpe (pēr'ī-skōp), an instrument used on a submarine for looking out over the water when the boat is submerged.

pike (pīk), road.

pil'grim (pīl'grīm), one who travels, especially one who goes to a holy place, with a religious motive.

pledge (plēj), something given as security ; promise.

plight (plīt), promise ; pledge ; treaty ; condition ; state ; "a sad plight," a bad fix.

port (pōrt), left-hand side of a ship ; opening in the side of a ship, to admit light and air, — usually called porthole.

pos til'ion (pōs-tīl'yūn), one who guides the first pair of horses in a coach.

pre vailed' (prē-väld'), succeeded ; gained the victory.	re sist' (rē-zist'), to act against ; to oppose.
pro ceed'ed (prō-sēd'ēd), went on ; went forward.	re store' (rē-stōr'), to return ; to give back ; to bring back.
pro di'gious (prō-dij'ūs), huge ; enormous.	re tired' (rē-tīrd'), went off ; went out.
pro found' (prō-found'), deep.	re treat' (rē-trēt'), to withdraw ; to retire from the presence of an enemy ; departure ; place of retirement ; place of refuge.
prog'ress (prōg'rēs), advance.	rev'er ence (rēv'ēr-ēns), honor to elders and those in authority ; great respect mingled with fear and affection.
prov'i dence (prōv'i-dēns), God's care over his creatures.	rev'er ent (rēv'ēr-ēnt), full of respect.
pro vok'ing (prō-vōk'ing), irritating ; causing anger.	re vive' (rē-viv'), to recover ; to become active.
quaked (kwäkt), trembled.	rev'o lu'tion (rēv'ō-lū'shūn), the overthrowing of one government and the substitution of another by the people governed.
quest (kwēst), search.	rogue (rōg), dishonest person.
ram'part (rām'pärt), bank or wall around a fort.	rook (rōk), a European bird resembling the American crow.
ran'som (rān'sūm), price paid for release of a prisoner or captive.	rook'ie (rōk'ī), an inexperienced sailor.
ra vine' (rā-vēn'), deep, narrow mountain pass.	rus'tic (rūs'tik), plain ; simple ; suitable for the country.
reck'less ly (rēk'lēs-ly), rashly, heedlessly.	
rec'og nized (rēk'ōg-nīzd), knew again ; saw a person known before.	
re coiled' (rē-kōild'), stepped back ; sprang back.	
rede (rēd), saying ; speech.	
reel (rēl), stagger ; fall back.	
reg'i ment (rēj'l-mēnt), body of soldiers commanded by a colonel.	
re lat'ed (rē-lāt'ēd), told.	
re prieve' (rē-prēv'), delay or postponement of execution.	
re pulsed' (rē-pūls't'), driven back.	
re pul'sive (rē-pūl'siv), that which repels or drives away ; forbidding ; offensive ; disgusting.	
re serve' (rē-zūrv'), to keep back for future use.	
re signed' (rē-zīnd'), submitted ; yielded ; gave up.	
	Saar dam' (zār-dām'), a city in Holland.
	sa gac'it y (sā-gās'ī-tī), wisdom ; power to judge wisely.
	said (sēd), already spoken of ; before mentioned.
	Sar'a cen (sār'ā-sēn), Moor ; Mohammedan.
	sar cas'tic (sār-kās'tik), keen ; scornful ; taunting.
	scoured (skourd), ran swiftly ; hurried ; scampered.
	scrū'pu lous ly (skrōō'pū-lūs-ly), cautiously ; exactly ; carefully.
	scud'ding (skūd'ing), moving swiftly before the wind.

sen'tenced (sĕn'tĕnst), named the punishment.

sen'try (sĕn'trī), a soldier on guard.

se'ver'ly (sĕ-vĕr'lī), sternly ; sharply ; harshly.

shiv'er ing (shiv'ĕr-ing), breaking in pieces ; shattering.

shrap'nel (shrap'nĕl), a shell that explodes and scatters projectiles or shot.

shrewd (sh्रōōd), sharp.

sick'le (sik'lī), a curved blade for cutting grass, wheat, etc.

sig'naled (sig'năld), made a sign.

sim'ple (sim'p'l), ordinary ; without title or rank.

sin'ew y (sin'ū-ī), strong ; tough.

sin'gu lar (sin'gū-lär), uncommon ; unusual.

sir'rah (sir'ā), a term of address, used in contempt, implying inferiority.

slog (slög), to tramp ; to plod ; to walk heavily and wearily.

slum'ber (slūm'bĕr), sleep.

smith'y (smith'ī), blacksmith shop.

sore (sōr), very bad ; very great.

spec'ter (spēk'tĕr), ghost.

splice (splis), to unite ; to join by lapping or weaving ; to piece out.

squire (skwīr), the shield bearer or armor bearer of a knight ; next in rank below a knight.

stal'wart (stôl'wĕrt), strong ; sturdy.

stand'ard (stān'dārd), flag ; banner.

star'board (stār'bôrd), right-hand side of ship.

stark (stārk), stiff ; rigid, as in death.

stock ade' (stök-ăd'), an inclosure made with stout posts or timbers set in the ground to form a defense.

stour (stōr), fight ; battle.

straight'ly (strāt'lī), strictly.

stub'ble (stüb'lī), the stumps of wheat,

rye, or other grain left on the ground after reaping.

stuff (stüf), cloth ; goods.

stun (stün), to make senseless or dizzy by a blow, as on the head.

sub'ma rine' (süb'mă-rēn'), torpedo boats operated under water in the sea.

sub mit' (süb-mít'), to yield ; to surrender.

suc'cor (sük'ĕr), to help ; to assist ; to relieve ; to comfort.

sulk'i ly (sül'kī-lī), in a sullen, ill-tempered manner.

sul'ly (sül'lī), to soil ; to stain ; to defile.

su perb' (sü-pürb'), grand ; magnificent ; stately.

sup press' (sü-prĕs'), to subdue ; to overpower.

sur mise' (sür-miz'), to imagine without certain knowledge ; to suppose ; to guess.

Swa'bi a (swā'bī-d).

swerve (swûrv), to turn.

swoo ped (swoopt), swept suddenly down on and seized.

sym'pa thize (sim'pă-thiz), to feel with ; to pity.

tank (tănk), a land fort, consisting of casements of armor plate mounted on a tractor and armed with guns or machine guns, or both.

tap'es tries (tăp'ĕs-trīz), hangings on which pictures are embroidered.

tar'ry (tăr'lī), to stay ; to wait.

thatched (thăcht), covered with a roof of straw, grass, or rushes.

to'ken (tō'kĕn), a souvenir ; a memento.

toll'man (tōl'măn), a man who collects

the toll, or tax, charged for the privilege of traveling over a road.	val'iant (văl'yănt), courageous; brave.
tor pe'do (tōr-pĕ'dō), an engine or machine for destroying ships by blowing them up.	van (văn), the front of an army; in military formation, the leading unit.
tran'quil (trăñ'kwił), quiet; peaceful; still.	van'quish (văñ'kwiș), to overcome; to subdue.
trans'port (trăns'pôrt), a vessel for carrying soldiers, war provisions, etc.; delight; "in a transport of joy," delighted, carried away by joy.	va'ri ous (vă'ri-üs), different.
trans port' (trăns-pôrt'), to enchant; to delight.	ven'ture (vĕn'tüř), to dare; to risk.
trav'erne (trăv'ërs), to cross over; to travel.	ver'dict (vĕr'dikt), the finding or decision of a jury on the matter submitted in trial; decision; judgment.
tre'a'son (tră'z'n), the betraying of trust; an attempt to overthrow the government of the state to which a person owes duty and loyalty.	vex'a'tion (vĕk-să'shün), anger, irritation.
trib'ute (trĭb'üt), respect; honor; money paid by one nation or person to another for peace or protection.	vol'un teer' (vö'l'ün-tër'), to offer one's self for services.
trice (tris), very short time; moment.	wan (wăñ), pale; pallid.
trod (trôd), walked.	wane (wāñ), to grow less.
truece (trōs), the stopping of fighting for a short time by agreement; brief peace.	wan'ton ly (wăñ'tün-li), wildly; playfully, often in a mischievous manner.
trudg'ing (trüj'ing), walking.	war'rant (wōr'ānt), promise.
tur'ban (tûr'băñ), a headdress worn by the Turks and men in some other Eastern countries, consisting of a sort of cap with a sash or long scarf wound around the head.	wax (wăks), to grow larger.
un'ac count'a ble (ün'ă-koun'tă-b'l), not to be accounted for or explained; very strange.	weal (wĕl), well-being; happiness.
un chal'lenged (ün-chă'l'ĕnjăd), unquestioned.	wel'ter ing (wĕl'tĕr-ing), rolling.
un'mo lest'ed (ün'mō-lĕst'ĕd), unharmed.	wend'ing (wĕnd'ing), going; proceeding on one's way.
vague (văg), not clear; uncertain.	wept (wĕpt), shed tears; cried.
val'et (văl'ĕt), man-servant.	wiled (wĭld), tricked; fooled; deceived.
wont (wăñt), to be accustomed to; to be used to.	wont' (wăñt'), to be accustomed to; to be used to.
wor'ship ful (wür'ship-fōl), entitled to respect.	wor'ship ful (wür'ship-fōl), entitled to respect.
wran'gled (răñ'g'ld), quarreled.	wretch'ed (rĕch'ĕd), very miserable; deeply afflicted.
wroth (rōth), angry.	yon (yōn), yonder.
yore (yōr), in the past; long ago.	yore (yōr), in the past; long ago.
Yule'tide' (yōol'tid'), Christmas.	ze'nith (zĕ'nith), height; top; highest point.

NOTES ON AUTHORS AND SELECTIONS

Hans Christian Andersen (1805–1875) was a Danish writer of fairy tales, one of the greatest children's storytellers of the world. Among the best-loved of his tales are "The Ugly Duckling," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "The Fir-tree," "The Nightingale," "The Snow Man," "The Little Match Girl," "The Emperor's New Clothes," and *The Snow Queen*.

The Arabian Nights, or *A Thousand and One Nights*, is a collection of very ancient Oriental tales. Among the best known of these stories are "Aladdin," "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," and "The Adventures of Sinbad the Sailor."

William Edmonstone Aytoun (1813–1865) was a Scottish lawyer and poet who collected the old poems of Scotland and wrote many poems himself, of which those about Scotch history are the most popular. "The Heart of the Bruce" is taken from *Lays of the Cavaliers*, which is his best-known book.

Francis Beaumont (1584–1616) was an English poet, best known by the dramatic poems which he wrote with his friend, John Fletcher. Their best plays are *Philaster* and *The Maid's Tragedy*.

Mrs. Charles Bray (1790–1883) was an English novelist.

Frances Browne (1816–1879) was an Irish writer of poems and children's stories. "The Greedy Shepherd" is from the volume of stories called *Granny's Wonderful Chair*.

Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881) was a Scottish historian and essayist. He wrote *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, *The French Revolution*, *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, and other essays and historical and biographical works.

Lewis Carroll was the pen-name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832–1898), an English clergyman and mathematician. His fame, however, rests chiefly on his two charming, fanciful children's stories, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-glass*, from which the selections in this book are taken.

Alice Cary (1820–1871) was an American poet, who was born in Cincinnati but made her home in New York City. She and her sister Phoebe wrote many pleasing poems.

Alfred John Church (1829–1912) was an English clergyman, educator, and author. He is best known for his popular versions of the stories of classic literature,— *Stories from Homer*, *Stories from Virgil*, and others.

Carl Henry Claudy (1879–) is an American editor and story writer. His best-known books are the *Tell Me Why Stories*.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe (1749–1832) was a famous German poet, dramatist, and philosopher, the greatest of German authors and one of the greatest names in world-literature. His most famous poems are *Iphigenia*, *Wilhelm Meister*, and *Faust*. He wrote many beautiful short poems.

Joseph Mills Hanson (1876–) is an American author, born at Yankton, S. D. He is the author of *Frontier Ballads*, *The Conquest of the Missouri*, and other books.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882) was an American poet, who was born in Maine, but spent most of his life at Cambridge, Mass. He is often called “the children’s poet,” because his poems are such favorites with young people. Among his poems especially beloved by children are *Hiawatha*, “The Children’s Hour,” “The Ride of Paul Revere,” “King Robert of Sicily,” and “The Psalm of Life.”

George Macdonald (1824–1905) was a Scottish clergyman, novelist, and poet. He was the author of many novels, including *David Elginbrod* and *The Marquis of Lossie*. He wrote also *At the Back of the North Wind*, *The Four Macnichols*, *The Princess and the Goblin*, and other stories for children. “Little Daylight” is taken from a volume of stories called *The Light Princess and Other Fairy Tales*.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852) was an Irish poet who is often called “the national poet of Ireland.” The best known of his poems are the *Irish Melodies*, which were set to music by Sir John Stevenson.

Richard Kendall Munkittrick (1853–1911) was a writer of juvenile fiction, who was born in England, but made his home in America.

Rudolph Erich Raspe (1737–1794) was a German author known

chiefly as the compiler of the extravagant stories called *Baron Munchausen's Narrative of his Marvelous Travels and Campaigns in Russia*.

Mrs. R. D. C. Robbins was an American writer, best known by her stories for young people. Her touching story, "The Soldier's Reprieve," based on an incident that really happened, has been widely circulated at home and translated into many foreign languages.

Frederick William Robertson (1816-1853) was an Englishman and one of the most brilliant and influential preachers of his time. The first five years of his life were passed in India, where his father, a captain in the Royal Artillery, was stationed.

The Stars and Stripes was a paper written and published by the American soldiers serving in Europe during the World War.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) was an English poet. His best-known long poems are *The Princess*, *In Memoriam*, and the group of poems called *The Idylls of the King*. "The Brook," "Locksley Hall," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "Sir Galahad;" "Lady Clare," and many of his other short poems are very popular with children.

Charles Welsh (1850-1914) was an English editor and publisher before coming to the United States in 1895. From that year he wrote and edited many educational books for American children.

Gilbert L. Wilson (1868-) was born at Clifton, Ohio. He has done much research work among the Indians for the American Museum of Natural History. Author of *Myths of the Red Children*, *Indian Hero Tales*, *Goodbird the Indian*, and other stories.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

USING

ALDINE READERS, BOOK FIVE

BY

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INTRODUCTION

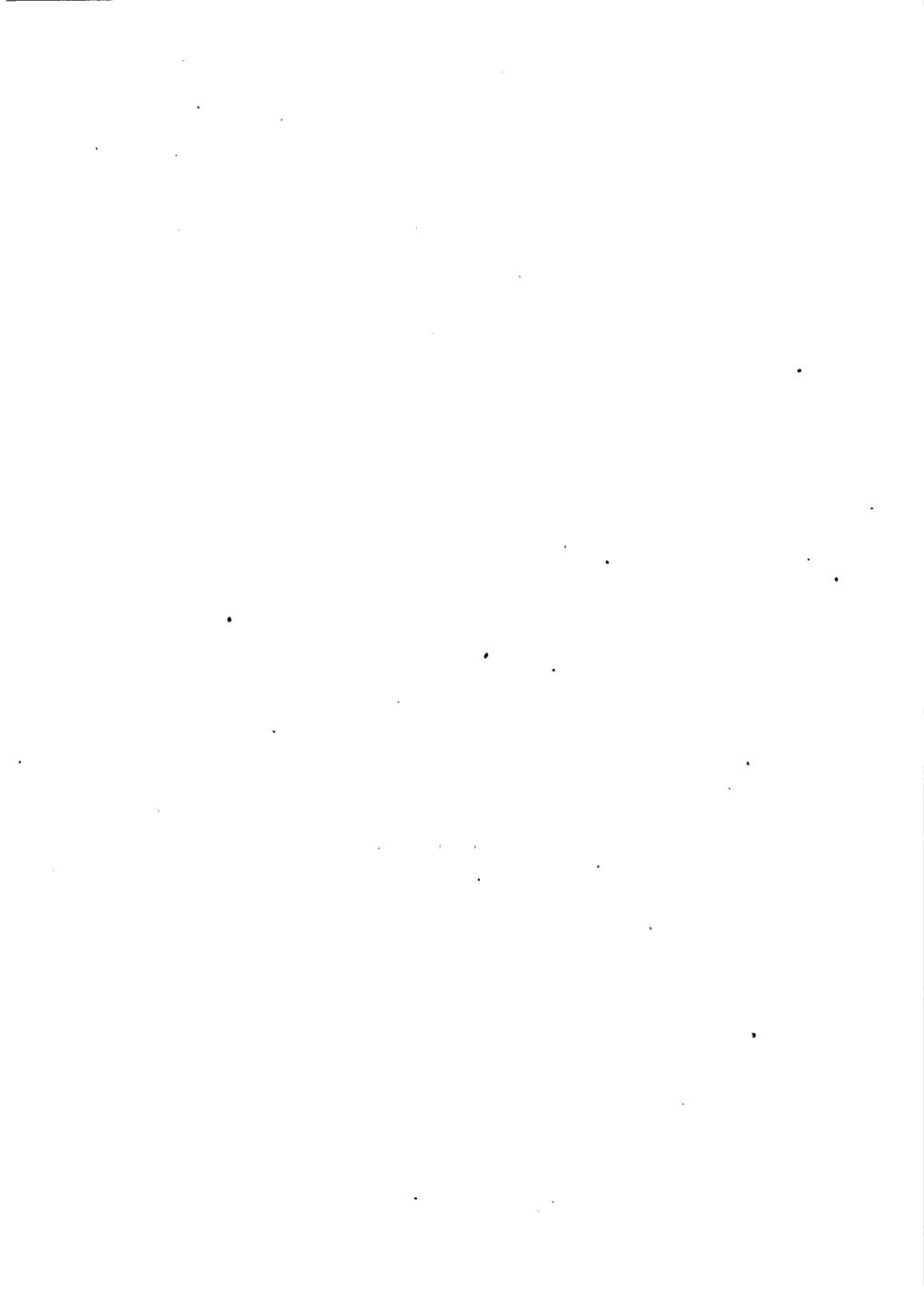
THE Aldine Reader, Book Five, is designed as the basal or study reader for fifth year children. The lessons are to be mastered and are to serve as types for the reading of the many supplementary readers that can easily be read during the year. Through the use of this book, the pupils should form purposeful study habits that will aid them in the acquiring of knowledge in other studies; they should gain facility in the mechanics of reading; and they should learn to gather and to classify facts from the printed page.

Every lesson requires —

- (1) Preparation on the part of the teacher.
- (2) Active, motivated study on the part of the pupil.
- (3) Intelligent reading.
- (4) Test of thought getting.

The word study given in the pupils' book will help them to select the expressive words in each story and will show you on which words they need drill — not only the words that they cannot pronounce, but the words whose meaning and use they do not understand.

The few simple questions following each selection are designed to direct the pupils' attention to the thought side of each lesson. These questions are not complete: they merely suggest the kind of questions to be asked. Supplement them when desirable by others that may be thought-provoking.



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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS

SILENT READING. Most of the questions under "Learning to Study and Think" are to be studied and the answers determined upon during the period devoted to the silent individual reading of the lesson preceding the oral or class reading. By such study the pupils can be trained in the habit of intelligent, sympathetic interpretation of the printed page.

USE OF DICTIONARIES. The brief dictionary at the end of the book is sufficient for the ordinary needs of pupils. However, very definite beginning should be made in this grade in teaching the pupils to use the dictionary. They should be taught to find words according to the alphabetical arrangement, to use the pronunciation helps which are given, and to make a selection from among the several meanings of one which will satisfy the context. This work must be carefully and methodically done by the teacher, so that pupils may form correct dictionary habits from the very beginning.

Where lists of words are given in "Learning to Study and Think" that require pupils to give meanings or to use synonyms, the pupils should be trained to eliminate from these lists all the words of whose meaning they have no doubt. They should look up the other words in a dictionary or in a book of synonyms, and decide which of several definitions or synonyms given is most appro-

priate or correct. An intelligent application of this procedure in each case means a careful study of the context. For example: in "Learning to Study and Think," page 21, the pupils are asked to use other words, having the same meaning, in place of each of the following words: *recognized, courtiers, fury, giddy, execute, provoking, appeared, impertinent, execution, opportunity*. Let us suppose that a pupil is sure of the meaning of all the words in the list except *execute*. He finds these different meanings given in the dictionary — "to perform, carry into effect; put to death; pursue to the end; make valid or legal by signing or sealing; play some piece of music." To determine which meaning applies, the pupil reads the entire sentence in which the word is used — "Off with their heads!" and the procession moved on, three of the soldiers remaining behind to execute the unfortunate gardeners." From the context it is perfectly clear that the meaning of the word is *put to death*.

CHAPTER ONE

TOPSY-TURVY THINGS

The name of this chapter gives a clew to its content. "Topsy-Turvy Things" — things in confusion, not according to the natural order. So we shall expect the stories to contain wonderful, unusual, queer, absurd things. Prepare the children to expect, to look for these unusual, quaint fancies. It helps them appreciate the humorous absurdity of the phraseology and situations as they develop.

Alice, in Lewis Carroll's stories, is a perfect type of the conventional, matter-of-fact child. She takes herself and all that concerns her most seriously. She seems at times almost devoid of humor. The contrast between Alice and the unconventional characters she meets, makes much of the charm of the

Alice books. I have heard of children who did not enjoy *Alice in Wonderland*. An investigation generally shows that these children are of Alice's own type. They, too, fail to see the humor of the situations. Direct the children's attention to these topsy-turvy conditions, absurd actions, and quaint meanings, and they will learn to appreciate and love these stories. Read to the children the beginning of *Alice in Wonderland*.

The Queen's Croquet Party. Page 9.

Children often enjoy making the closest parallel between the characters in this story and an ordinary pack of cards — even to the extent of "setting the stage" with them. Of course the gardeners will be spade cards, and the three whom Alice first met, the two, five, and seven of spades. That is why they call each other Two, Five, and Seven. The fighting men (the ten soldiers carrying clubs) are the numbered club cards. The rich, over-jeweled courtiers are the diamond cards. The royal family are the heart cards — the King, Queen, Knave or Jack of hearts, and the ten children. The guests are the kings, queens, and jacks of the other suits. Having in mind the real character of the actors, the arrogance of the Queen, and the speech and action of all the others, the events will appear most absurd to the least imaginative child.

Read the lesson through, to get the story and the meaning. Observe that, as in all dreams, nothing surprised Alice very much. She was not surprised at the appearance of the gardeners, but was curious to know why they were painting the roses. The unusual procession did not surprise her; she was only concerned as to her own conduct — should she stand to view it, or fall on her face like the gardeners? She entered into the conversation and action in a most natural way.

Note the conversation of the gardeners, that of uneducated

people. In classes where children are accustomed to make the same mistakes, laugh at these queer errors. Encourage the children to laugh at the absurd language. People do not copy what they think absurd.

Have the children read the story in parts, one child reading the narrative, others the conversation of the different actors. Help the children really to enter into the characters of the actors and to set forth the distinctive quality of each,—as, the fierceness of the Queen, the meekness of the King in the presence of the Queen, the timidity of the Rabbit, etc.

From this story we get the comparison that has become a classic, "Grinning like a Cheshire Cat."

The Second Voyage of Sinbad. Page 23.

This story will doubtless introduce many of the children to the thrilling tales of the *Arabian Nights*. Tell or have read some of the other stories from this most wonderful treasure-trove of the East. The stories of Sinbad the Sailor, Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, The Old Man of the Sea, the adventures of Caliph Haroun Al-Rashid, should be known to every boy and girl.

The story in our reader tells of the second voyage of Sinbad, a merchant of Arabia. All his experiences are most marvelous and are told in simple, quaint, direct narrative.

Read the story to the pupils and call their attention to the writer's habit of magnifying everything.

Have children make a list of the superlative words. Write these words on the board and have pupils read them: *enormous, monstrous, marvelous, surprising bigness, extreme fear, prodigious*.

In order to read this lesson intelligently the pupil must appreciate the great exaggerations in the story and note the quaint expressions.

The Walrus and the Carpenter. Page 30.

Read this poem through to the children, stopping to bring out and emphasize the absurdities it contains.

Title — What can be more absurd (topsy-turvy) than the association of a carpenter and a walrus, an inhabitant of the polar regions where there is no timber and no work for a carpenter?

“The sun was shining,” etc. — polishing, see picture.

Throughout the poem the humor is shown by emphasizing common facts — exaggerating them in reading, as,

“The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.”

Note the psychology in lines 13 and 14, page 31.

“We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The mere fact that they pretended to be most exclusive, brought many foolish followers, as they meant it to do.

“The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,” —

The Walrus’s speech, lines 3–8 on page 33, which is absolute nonsense, should be read as if it contained the essence of all wisdom. These words are often quoted by public speakers, by way of introduction to their real subject.

Which was the greater hypocrite, the Walrus or the Carpenter? Before answering this, read the words of the Walrus and the Carpenter, and note their actions in the last five stanzas.

After studying the poem in this way, read it again to the children, before requiring them to read it.

Some Experiences of Baron Munchausen. Page 36.

Baron Munchausen was the pretended author of a volume of travels filled with the most fantastic fictions. The stories are

characterized by audacious and incredible incidents all related with the utmost gravity of manner.

After pupils have read this story silently, assist them to point out the topsy-turvy situations,—the bears attacking the bee, the hatchet flying upward, etc.

Note the long journey to the moon for the recovery of such a trifle as a hatchet. The baron gets out of one difficulty only to be confronted by another, in some surprising and unexpected manner. This rapid succession of adventures and escapes furnishes the greatest entertainment of the stories.

The Rainbow Snake. Page 40.

This Indian legend told in poetic form is taken from *Myths of the Red Children* by Gilbert L. Wilson. It is one of those tales of the beginnings of things which make the lore of primitive peoples so charming.

Read the poem to the children. Ask them what suggested the legend to the Indians. Show them that the primitive mind is prone to explain all unknown phenomena in terms of known things to which they have a real or fancied similarity. Thus, the rainbow by its form suggested a snake, and the sky from its color is called ice, from which the falling particles are snow in winter and rain in summer.

The Troubles of a Lazy Little Boy. Page 43.

What boy has not made a wish similar to that made by the lazy little boy in the story? He made it, of course, without thinking of the consequences that would result if his wish should come true.

Pupils should read the story silently as seat work, then aloud in the class. Assign it to be read in parts with pupils taking the parts of the various characters, the teacher reading the narrative and descriptive parts. Finally, dramatize it.

To select the jury, place in a box a number of slips of paper,—

twelve of which are marked with small circles to represent dew-drops. Blindfold a child to represent the Bat. As he draws out each slip of paper, he calls the name of some child in the class. If the paper has a circle on it, the child named must serve on the jury. If the paper is blank, the child named does not serve.

Lead pupils to see, through discussion, that everything that happened to the little boy was only the logical result of his lazy wish. Perhaps pupils will discover that many of the things which they themselves at the time actually think they desire would not be so pleasant in their consequences should the desires be fulfilled.

The pleasure that lies in honest labor is often not realized by children. Draw their attention to the fact that the little boy finally decided that he liked to work, and complained that when he did not do his own work "everything went wrong."

The Mock Turtle's Story. Page 52.

Here is another selection from *Alice in Wonderland*, that will be read with delight by pupils, because of the burlesque on school subjects.

Have pupils make a list of the school subjects which are parodied by the Mock Turtle's course of study, as follows:

Reeling and Writhing — Reading and Writing.

Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision — Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division.

Mystery — History.

Seaography — Geography.

Drawling — Drawing.

Stretching — Sketching.

Fainting in Coils — Painting in Oils.

Laughing and Grief — Latin and Greek.

See that children appreciate the ludicrousness of the Mock Turtle's heavy grief and sadness where there is no apparent cause for it.

CHAPTER TWO

THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THINGS

Every one is familiar with the saying that there are two sides to every question. Comparatively few people, however, have formed the habit of seriously trying to see clearly any viewpoint other than their own.

The content of this chapter illustrates in various ways the fact that the opposite side is often well worth seeing. In some stories the disastrous result of refusing to consider another's opinion is the theme, in others the opposite side of things is made apparent by turning the tables and placing a character in the position of the opposite party.

Pupils should be able to see and appreciate both sides of the question in each of the stories. They should be able to see the weak and the strong points of each view, and wherever practical should be asked to express an opinion as to which side is right. The lesson of the chapter should be emphasized throughout, and pupils should leave it with the feeling that they themselves will avoid many mistakes in life by giving careful attention to the opposite side of things.

The Lark and the Rook. Page 59.

Two very different modes of life are here depicted. The rook, who is a braggart and a loafer, cannot see any pleasure in the opposite type of life led by the lark. He thinks the sweeter and more modest existence of the lark is a subject of pity, the lark's "dewy meadow" is to him only the "cold, damp ground" and the sweet minstrelsy of the lark is not to be compared with his own noisy cawing. Children will be quick to judge between the two, and will draw the correct conclusion that the noisy swaggerer does not lead a life of which to be proud.

The Emperor's New Clothes. Page 61.

The two rogues in this story were entirely safe from exposure. They could be perfectly sure that no one would endanger his reputation or his position by declaring the truth about them. So the entire city, from the emperor himself down to the people in the streets, was drawn into a most ridiculous web of pretense.

The story may well be dramatized, the children going through the whole pantomime of weaving, cutting, and sewing just as the pretended tailors did in the story.

Did the emperor find out, as he expected, who in his empire were clever and who were dunces? Did he not in reality discover that they all, including himself, were dunces?

Both Sides of the Shield. Page 69.

Many a dispute would be avoided if people before taking a decided stand would take the trouble to look at the question from the other person's viewpoint. In this story two knights engaged in a furious combat which resulted in injury to both, because each was sure that the partial view which he had of the object in dispute was the only right one.

Have the story read silently as seat work, then aloud in class. Ask such questions in addition to those in the pupils' book as will bring out the utter foolishness of the quarrel. Make the application to daily life by some concrete instances with which the children are acquainted. Encourage the children to form the habit of withholding judgment until after they have asked themselves, "Have I looked at both sides of the shield?"

The Lost Camel. Page 72.

In this story the merchants caused themselves much trouble, chagrin, and loss of valuable time by jumping to a conclusion before hearing all of the story. The judge was more deliberate in forming a judgment and his decision was the correct one.

The story is written in dialogue form and should be so read, the pupils taking the different parts and suiting action and expression to the words.

The Charcoal Burner who became a Knight. Page 77.

In this story the charcoal burner saw the king in two rôles; in the first part, the king is a lost wanderer dependent upon Ralph for aid and shelter; in the second part, the tables are turned and the charcoal burner is entirely at the mercy of the king. His bluff self-assurance turns to embarrassment and dismay at this "opposite side of things."

Two modes of life, two codes of courtesy are contrasted. The churl met what to him was the king's lack of courtesy by rough blows; the king rewarded Ralph's roughness by gentle treatment.

Read the story with the pupils, having them look up carefully all unusual words and helping them to understand their meaning. Stimulate extended discussion of the contrasts brought out in the story. Ask pupils to point out the traits of character in Charles which seem kingly, and those in Ralph's character which seem characteristic of the roughly-bred peasant. Why did the king think that Ralph would make a good knight?

Parts of the story may well be dramatized.

Peter the Great and the Deserter. Page 92.

Prepare for this lesson by telling the children stories about Peter the Great and the things which he did for Russia, in shipbuilding and commerce, education, etc. Dwell on his democratic spirit and his eagerness to know at first-hand the details of all the reforms which he advocated for his country. Contrast his attitude with that of other Russian rulers as an explanation of the slow development of the Russian nation.

Assign the parts to different children and have the story read as a dialogue at sight. It will be easy to tell from their expression

how well they understand what they are reading, and to get a clew to the words and sentences which need study.

The character of Peter should be carefully considered. Explain to pupils the harsh conditions under which soldiers in the Russian army were forced to live, and bring out the fact that Stanmitz was forced into the army against his will. Peter was broad-minded enough to recognize these conditions and did not punish the deserter as any other czar would have done.

Call attention also to the attitude of the commanding officer who immediately became very humble when he discovered that his deserting soldier stood high in the favor of the czar.

Glooskap and the Winter Giant. Page 103.

The Indian legends, of which there are a great number, are wholesome and delightful. Every school library should contain some volumes of these tales. There are several volumes by Gilbert L. Wilson from whose *Myths of the Red Children* this story of Glooskap is taken.

The reading of this tale will present few difficulties. The language is simple and well within the understanding of fifth grade children.

The interpretation also is simple. It is the age-long struggle between Summer and Winter. Glooskap was charmed (numbed or possibly frozen) by Winter. He got his revenge by bringing Summer who was powerful enough to cause Winter to melt away and disappear.

A Noble Deed. Page 108.

The greatest value of this selection is to teach the meaning of the word "noble." This meaning should be made the subject of sufficient discussion to fix it in the minds of pupils. We are in general too much accustomed to use the word as the two sons who first told their stories understood it. Mere honesty, bravery,

generosity, etc., while very good and desirable qualities in themselves, should not be called noble.

The third son's act was the expression of a soul which not only could forgive, but which could do good in repayment for evil, forego an opportunity to revenge himself upon a helpless enemy,—in fact, entirely submerge self in warding off danger from another. It is an act of which only persons of high character are capable.

Carefully avoid the error into which pupils will readily fall, of believing that this particular act is the only one which can be called noble. Ask pupils to suggest instances which they consider noble deeds and have the class pass judgment upon them. Make sure that their decisions are correct.

The Boy Captive. Page 112.

Early American history is rich in such stories as this. In many instances white people, both children and adults, were adopted into Indian tribes, and many of them spent the remainder of their lives among the savages. Some of these stories told or read to the children will make an excellent preparation for this particular story.

The story should be read aloud as sight reading, stopping to call attention to the cruelty of the savages toward the weak and their characteristic admiration for the strong and brave.

Children will wonder at Aaron's loss of speech and its sudden restoration. Such occurrences have, however, actually happened and are the result of severe nervous tension or of shock.

They will also probably raise the question why the Indians trusted Aaron to make one of them in the attack on his own home. This may be explained by the fact that they believed the ceremony of adoption, the change of name, and the Indian dress and warpaint had changed the boy into an Indian, and that, in the three years which had passed, he had forgotten his former people and surroundings.

A Desperate Ride. Page 118.

The archives of all wars contain long lists of men who were erroneously reported as killed. The casualty lists published during the World War contained many such names, and for a time there was published a daily list of corrections. However, many corrections are never made, and others are made too late to prevent much sorrow and even tragedy.

How an instance of this kind nearly resulted in life-long sorrow for two people is told in this story of the Revolution. Albert, fired by patriotism, leaves all for the service of his country and is falsely reported dead. His stay-at-home brother enjoys everything which Albert sacrificed,— his home, his horse, and was even about to marry Albert's betrothed.

The two brothers are the "opposite sides." After reading the story carefully, have the children work out the contrasts between them. Albert is a man of courage and action who sacrificed comfort and home to endure the hardship of prison and the terror of battle. He did not hesitate to court danger. His escape was made by a thrilling dash. Ernest is a stay-at-home, confining his activities to speech-making, willing to profit by his brother's misfortune, shaken by fear when Albert returns. There is room to suspect that he was in reality secretly pleased at the news of his brother's death.

Children will at once admire the one character and despise the other, and will feel that Ernest got only his just deserts when he took his brother's place in prison.

The Minstrel Boy. Page 123.

This little Irish song is full of the spirit of the Emerald Isle. Read it to the pupils, bringing out clearly the feeling in each sentence. The boy, a singer, loving his island home, girds on his father's sword to help repel the invader who would enslave his

people. He carries his harp on his back as he goes into battle. Dying, he destroys the harp that it may "never sound in slavery."

The sentiment is typical of the impulsive, liberty-loving Irish people.

A Strange Witness. Page 124.

Neddy saw two very opposite sides of life — the bright side on Mr. Morton's farm and the dark side as the property of the peddler in London. Which he liked the better and why, he tells in his own words.

Read the story with the pupils, helping them with the strange words and expressions. Note the opposite effects of kindness and brutality upon the donkey. Drive home the lesson of kindness to animals which the story implies, showing its reward in love and better service. Have children point out all the places in the story where kindness shown the donkey by different people secured the animal's confidence and obedience. In what one instance did apparent kindness fail? Why?

CHAPTER THREE

"THEY ARE THAT CITY'S SHINING SPIRES WE TRAVEL TO"

Poetry, patriotism, heroism, fairy stories form the content of this chapter. The stories are inspirational, of the sort that will make pupils thrill with the desire to be and do. They are visions of glorious possibilities for the future, which should attend all young people on their journey into the unknown years which lie ahead of them.

The Truth Speaker. Page 137.

Prepare for this lesson by a talk about the many instances of narrow escapes from capture which took place during the Revolutionary War. Emphasize the fact that many of these escapes

were made through the exercise of sharp wits and often through deception. In wartime deceiving the enemy is not considered a dishonest thing.

Read the story with the children, stopping to make clear the pictures which are most striking, — the man pleading with the child to tell the falsehood which he thought would save him, the queer hiding-place under the cloth, the frightened little girl surrounded by enemy soldiers, etc.

Show how the innocent and entirely truthful answers of the child actually deceived the British. They, in reality, outwitted themselves by misinterpreting her answers to their questions. Get pupils to imagine what would have been Hetty's answer if the soldiers had asked her the direct question where her cousin was.

Lead pupils in a discussion of the probability of Griswold's escape if Hetty had agreed to tell the lie and so allowed him to continue his flight. They will agree that his pursuers were so very close on his heels that he would probably have been overtaken. It will be apparent that Hetty's scruples for the truth resulted much better than the falsehood would have done.

Harvest Song. Page 142.

This jingling melody is full to the brim with the joy of the harvest. Its pictures are clear and vivid. Note how few words are used to bring out each detail of the harvest scene.

Read the poem to the children. Ask them to construct in their own words the pictures which it suggests. Get them to point out all the evidences of happiness which are found in the poem. Are there any jarring notes?

Note that all the movements are sprightly, all people are singing, all unpleasantness is forgotten. The sound of the sickle is music.

Children should memorize the verses.

Heroism of a Miner. Page 144

In order to understand the situation which confronted the two miners the children must know something about the details of the arrangement of the mine. Describe to them the narrow shaft running deep down into the mine, the basket which was drawn up and down in the shaft by a rope and windlass, and which was the only means of entering or leaving the mine, the charge of powder, called the "shot," and the slow-match or fuse by which it was fired.

Call attention to the manner in which the miners cut the fuse shorter. Pupils will probably be able to guess that a spark caused by the two stones striking together ignited the fuse.

Will's heroism is the climax of the story. Ask pupils to put into words why they think he was a hero. Compare his act with other types of heroic deeds,—notably those in which the hero had a chance to escape by exercising bravery or strength. Will could only wait helplessly for the end. Which is harder to do?

The Soldier's Reprieve. Page 146.

Make this a Lincoln lesson. Tell the children a number of stories about Lincoln, illustrating his sympathy and kindness of heart.

Tell the children also about the strictness of army discipline and the great necessity for its being so. Point out that a sentinel who sleeps at his post endangers the safety of the whole army and so possibly of his country. The children should have the feeling that in general the sentence of death is not too severe a penalty for this offense.

It is best for the teacher to read this story first. Bring out in your reading the father's sorrow, his resignation, Bennie's lack of bitterness over his sentence, Blossom's brave journey, the deep human sympathy of Lincoln, the happiness of all at the end.

The circumstances upon which the President based his pardon must be carefully emphasized. The children must see that the

case was unusual, and that Bennie's offense was not due to neglect of duty or to carelessness, but entirely to exhaustion. Show how Bennie's resignation and that of his father had an influence with the President, as proving the loyalty of both and their devotion to their country.

Lastly dwell at length upon the character of Lincoln, bringing out his justice, his kindness, his eagerness to discover an excuse for setting aside the harshness of military discipline in order to show mercy. Show that these characteristics and others of a similar nature are marks of a truly great man.

The Rescue of the Garrison. Page 154.

Very little time need be given to this story. A brief reading will bring out the point of the sketch, the device by which the women saved their husbands' lives and brought peace and friendship instead of enmity and war.

First Grenadier of France. Page 157.

There can never be too many stories of courage and cool intelligence exercised for the love and defense of country. This story of heroism from our sister republic illustrates well the spirit which has made France immortal and has enabled her to hurl back the invader from her soil.

Assign the story for silent seat-reading. Encourage pupils to look up all the words which they do not fully understand.

For class discussions, after making sure that the class fully appreciates the remarkable accomplishment of La Tour, draw a comparison between his courage and the cowardice of the original garrison. Call attention also to the fact that La Tour made use of his brains as well as of his courage in determining that he could hold the tower as long as there was any necessity for so doing.

Discuss also the ceremony at roll call which was kept up for so long after the death of the grenadier. Emphasize the fact that

this is an unusual proceeding, and make clear to pupils the deep honor which the ceremony paid to a man who was modest and unassuming while rendering a valuable service to his country.

Sir Galahad. Page 165.

Sir Galahad, the purest of all the knights of King Arthur's court, spent much of his life in search of the Holy Grail, the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper. Legend has it that he was the only knight who succeeded in the quest.

Our poem is an abridgment of Tennyson's "Sir Galahad." Considerable help will need to be given by the teacher before some of the lines can be understood by the children.

The first three stanzas describe a tournament. The teacher must carefully explain to pupils the nature of a tournament and describe to them in detail the manner of carrying it out. This description will be of much interest to pupils at this age. A vivid description of a tournament is found in *Ivanhoe* and it may be read to the class in connection with this poem.

But Sir Galahad's life was not all fighting. Sometimes he saw visions sent from heaven to encourage him in his quest. Stanzas four and five describe such a vision, which encouraged him to ride on, in spite of difficulties and dangers, until he accomplished his object.

Little Giffen. Page 167.

Here is the tale of a Confederate boy soldier in our own Civil War. The young hero, wounded by grapeshot on the battlefield and afflicted with gangrene in the hospital, is given up to die by the surgeons. Friends took him and nursed him through weary months while his indomitable will brought him back to health.

How bitter the fighting had been when he received his wound is tersely told in the captain's letter.

Note Giffen's eagerness to be back in the fight when his comrades were again hard pressed. What he did when he joined

Johnston is left to the reader's imagination. What happened to him is also left to conjecture, although the guessing is made easy by the brief sentence, "He did not write."

In the last stanza the author tells of the depth of his admiration for the boy. Had he the authority to confer knighthood, the highest honors at his command should be bestowed upon little Giffen.

The poem should be read aloud by the teacher, the children following the reading in their own books. The more difficult passages should be discussed and explained by the pupils themselves, with help from the teacher only where necessary. They will be able to understand most of the poem without assistance.

The Heart of the Bruce. Page 169.

The teacher should read carefully the historical sketch which precedes the poem. The children should be made familiar with this sketch before reading the ballad. The story is told by one of James' followers.

Before any detailed study of the poem is begun, the entire ballad should be read aloud by the teacher, the children keeping place on their books.

Note carefully the changes in speakers throughout the poem. The question, "Who is speaking?" should be asked at every change in the dialogue.

Read the poem in parts, the teacher reading the narrative and different children reading the conversation. The poem is chiefly valuable for its history and the picture of old Scottish customs and beliefs.

The Village Blacksmith. Page 185.

After the children have read the poem silently, read it to them. Try in your reading to make them see the pictures as the author describes them. The questions in their book will bring out the thought sufficiently.

This is one of the best pictures that we have of the dignity of humble place in the world. This thought must be carefully emphasized in the discussion.

Reverence. Page 188.

This lesson on rudeness and cruelty is one that should be taught very carefully and effectively. Preaching to children should always be avoided. The best results will be secured by stimulating class discussions, getting the children to do the talking and cultivating a public opinion which is opposed to the undesirable habits.

The reading of this selection may be followed by a resolve on the part of pupils to practice courtesy, and a definite plan may be adopted for giving each other assistance by calling attention to all rudeness which occurs in the school. The lesson is of value only as it can be worked out in practice.

The Queen's Pardon. Page 192.

Children are always interested in tales about kings and queens. This story has all the interest of fiction, but has the added merit of furnishing an introduction to English history.

James II should be discussed at some length,—the teacher telling or reading to the children the facts regarding his tyrannical reign, his banishment, and the accession of William and Mary to the throne. The attempts made to overthrow the new rulers and place James again on the throne will lead up to the story of Lord Preston as told here.

The story is so simple that it will be readily understood by the children. The appeal that touched the heart of the queen was the only one that could have moved her, and no one but Lucy could have accomplished this result.

The scene between Lucy and the queen offers exceptional dramatic possibilities and should be dramatized with more than ordinary study and preparation.

The Red Thread of Courage. Page 200.

This simple story of heroism shows that even people of a very low order of civilization recognize and admire courage even when displayed by an enemy.

A vivid understanding of this story depends largely upon grasping the description of the scene of the fight. The reading of such descriptions usually makes a vague impression upon children. The teacher should make sure, by diagrams or map drawing, that pupils see clearly just how the sergeant and his party became separated from the army, where they found the Hillsmen intrenched, and the difficulty of the ground over which they charged.

The Brave Cabin Boy. Page 203.

A keen understanding of the dangers and difficulties to be overcome is always necessary to an adequate appreciation of any deed of valor. In this story, the teacher must make certain that the pupils see clearly in imagination the various details of the scene.

The stormy sea made swimming very difficult and dangerous, the thick cloud of smoke made it impossible to see the other ships and therefore it was necessary for the boy to grope about blindly until he chanced upon another of the fleet, and the shot and shell flying thick made the danger of being killed in the water very great.

A striking lesson in patriotism is taught by the boy's refusal to accept the reward and his declaration that he "didn't do the job for money," but for the love of the flag. Added interest is given to the story by the fact that it is a true incident in the life of a man who afterwards became famous.

Little Daylight. Page 207.

All children delight in this type of fairy story, in which the good gifts bestowed upon the princess at her christening are marred by the malicious gift of an evil fairy, and this causes much suffering and unhappiness until the prince comes into the story and breaks

the evil spell. The story should be read for enjoyment and recreation, without analysis or serious study.

What the Old Man Does is Always Right. Page 229.

This is a folk story which cannot fail to be amusing. Have it read rapidly, to prevent any break in the continuity of the events. The charm of the plot will carry through to the end, without much assistance from the teacher. Little discussion will be required. The story has served its purpose when it amuses its readers.

The Greedy Shepherd. Page 238.

An obvious lesson regarding the treatment of animals is embodied in this story. Clutch and Kind are types of men common in every community. Clutch is grasping and greedy, while Kind is all that his name implies.

This story, like the two stories immediately preceding, should be read rapidly and connectedly, stopping only to emphasize the opposite traits of character in the two brothers. After the reading, a simple statement by pupils of the lesson which they get from it should close the discussion.

CHAPTER FOUR. HERO STORIES

King Horn. Page 251.

This story is based on one of the oldest ballads and most popular tales of Scotland. *King Horn*, a *gest* in over fifteen hundred short verses, is preserved in three manuscripts and dates back to the thirteenth century. Certain incidents in the story—the exchange of magic tokens, the long absence, the unlooked-for return in disguise, the dropping of the token into the wine cup—are found in many of the old romantic tales and ballads.

Read the following stanzas from the original ballad to the pupils and have them find the paragraphs in the story that relate

the same events. These lines will give the pupils an idea of ballad form, and the story will impress upon them the need of filling in the picture or event that the ballad simply suggests.

“She’s gien to him a diamond ring,
With seven bright diamonds set therein.

“When this ring grows pale and wan,
You may know by it my love is gone.”

“One day as he looked his ring upon,
He saw the diamonds pale and wan.”

The story has been written so that it may easily be read in dialogue form, or dramatized by the pupils.

The Outlaw Murray. Page 263.

The Scottish ballad which suggested this story was well known throughout Scotland before the seventeenth century. It has been called the Scottish Robin Hood. The pupils will be interested to note this parallel and to observe wherein the two tales differ. There seems to be no historical foundation for this ballad.

Have the pupils read this story in dialogue form and dramatize it. With appropriate costumes, the tale is well suited to an out-of-door performance.

Sir Patrick Spens. Page 276.

It seems fitting that the reading of ballad stories should be followed by a story in real ballad form. “Sir Patrick Spens,” is one of the most popular Scottish ballads. Opinions differ regarding its historical foundation. The following story is most generally accepted. Margaret, daughter of Alexander III, King of Scotland, was married in 1281, to Eric, King of Norway. She was conducted to her husband, “brought home,” August, 1281, by Sir Patrick Spens and other Scottish noblemen. They had expected to spend the winter in Norway; but, resenting the

inhospitable speeches of the lords of Norway, they set out, despite the dangers of the wintry seas, to return to their own land. Their vessel was wrecked and every man on board was drowned.

Tell the pupils the story of the ballad, then read it, to give them the ballad rhythm and swing, before having them read it.

Note the omission of words or parts of words in each stanza, as: (1) he said, or the king said; (2) Who; (3) who. Let the pupils find omissions in the remaining stanzas. A study of these omissions is necessary to make certain that the pupils are getting connected thought and narrative from the ballad.

Have the pupils retell the story of the ballad in narrative form, using "King Horn" and "The Outlaw Murray" as models.

Three scenes from the story thus produced may be given in dialogue form: (1) In the king's castle; (2) on the seashore when Sir Patrick receives the king's message and prepares for the voyage; (3) at the court of Norway when the Scottish nobles, insulted by their churlish hosts, take their leave. If the ballad is dramatized, have the above scenes enacted. End the story by having the last three stanzas of the ballad read aloud.

To a Doughboy. Page 281.

Read this poem to the pupils before having them read it for themselves. Then let them study it silently with the aid of the questions in their book. Finally have it read aloud by pupils until they can read it with expression.

The poem gives a vivid picture of the spirit of the fifty thousand American boys who went keenly into battle, died a glorious death, and now lie buried on the hillsides of France.

Capturing a Torpedo. Page 283.

This story was written and published during the World War. Names and places are therefore carefully disguised, in order not

to give any information that might be of use to the enemy. The way in which this is done is a good illustration of the effect of censorship upon all the publications of the time.

This story tells of one of the innumerable heroic deeds performed by American soldiers and sailors in the war. It should be used as a patriotic lesson and should awaken a thrill of patriotism in every boy and girl who reads it.

Prepare for the reading by a discussion of the submarine and its manner of doing its work. Be sure that the pupils have a clear idea of the use of the periscope, conning tower, etc., and that they realize keenly the difficulties of detecting the presence of the U-boat, and the extreme menace which these undersea craft offered to all ships. The children will then have a lively sense of the responsibility which the man on lookout carried.

Jacky Smith's coolness, his quickness of thought and action, and his unhesitating risk of life for the safety of the fleet are characteristic of the spirit of the American fighting man.

Poppies. Page 295.

Be certain that the pupils get the pictures as clearly as possible, — first the sunny, peaceful summer day ; then the bombardment tearing great holes in the fields of flowers ; next the charge, the soldiers dashing across the flowery fields, carrying poppies in their helmets ; then the last scene where the bruised and broken poppies keep watch over the dead who fell during the charge.

The beauty rather than the sadness of the poem should be dwelt upon.

Three Brave Musketeers. Page 297.

A vivid picture of a World War battle can be got from this story, — the artillery preparation to destroy the enemy's defenses, the lumbering tanks, the suspense of waiting for the signal to go "over the top," the gallant charge, the smoke barrage sent

out to confuse the attackers. One has only to add the airplane droning overhead to complete the picture.

The pupils will be interested in the sketches given in the account of "Pershing's one hundred heroes" of these three bravemusketeers, — Sergeant Alan Louis Eggers, of Summit, N. J. Sergeant John C. Latham, an Englishman, and Corporal Tom O'Shea of Summit, N. J. Their spirit of self-sacrifice and generosity should be emphasized in teaching this selection.

Full Directions. Page 304.

Two pictures are here given. In the first the orderly military neatness of clothes and packs showed that the *poilus* or French soldiers were coming from camp; their fearless, determined face indicated that the front, with its duties and dangers, lay before them.

In the second picture note the contrast in the condition of the clothes and packs. Now the faces — weary, yet bright with the sense of duty well and bravely performed — are clearly those of men returning from the trenches.

Thus the face of the *poilu*, says the poet, is like a compass or signboard, and one can tell at a glance in which direction from them lay the fighting front.

Nobility. Page 305.

Before calling on the pupils to read this poem, read it to them so as to bring out the meaning. Then take it up, stanza by stanza, discussing the meaning and asking the pupils to put it in their own words.

Read in connection with it, "A Noble Deed," on page 10. This selection offers an excellent opportunity to review and discuss the stories of kind and brave deeds in the second, third, and fourth chapters.

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